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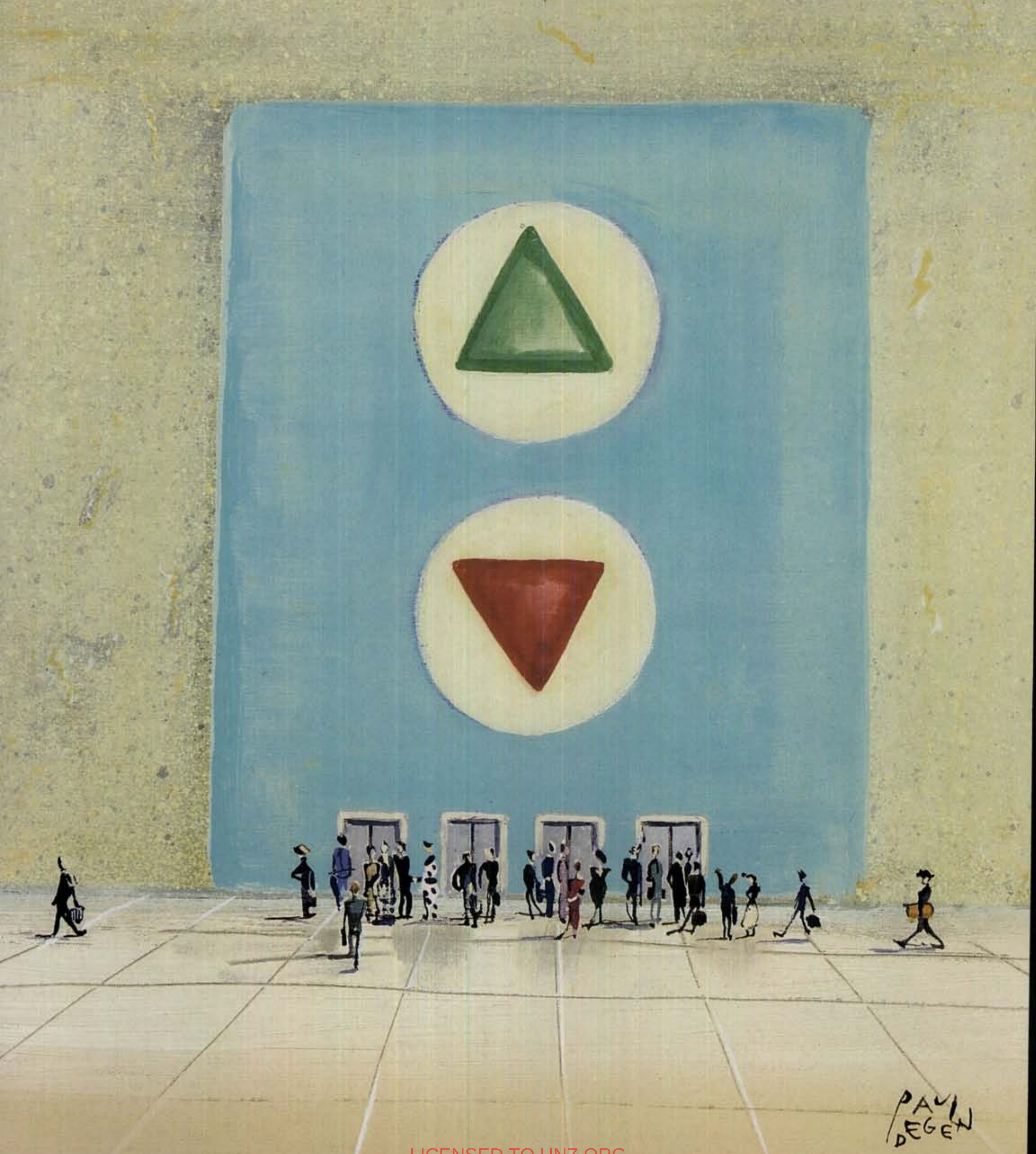

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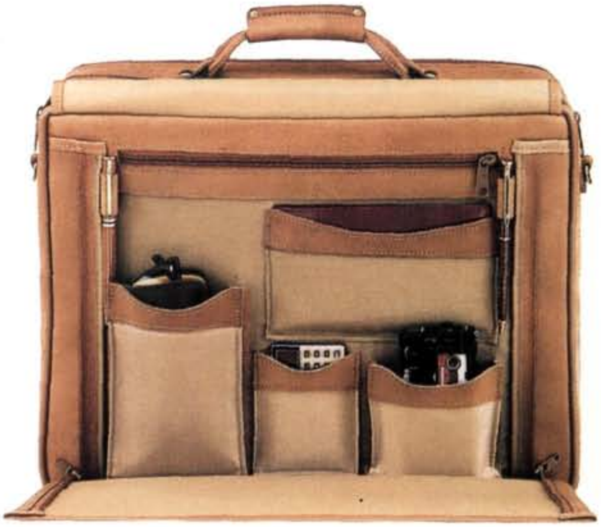
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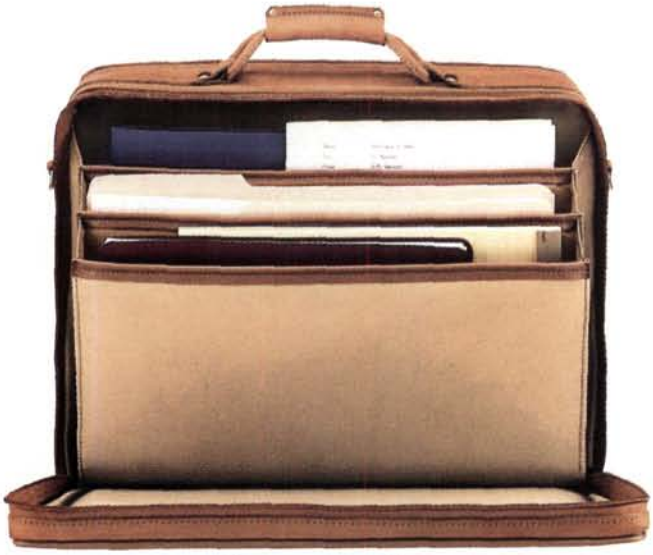
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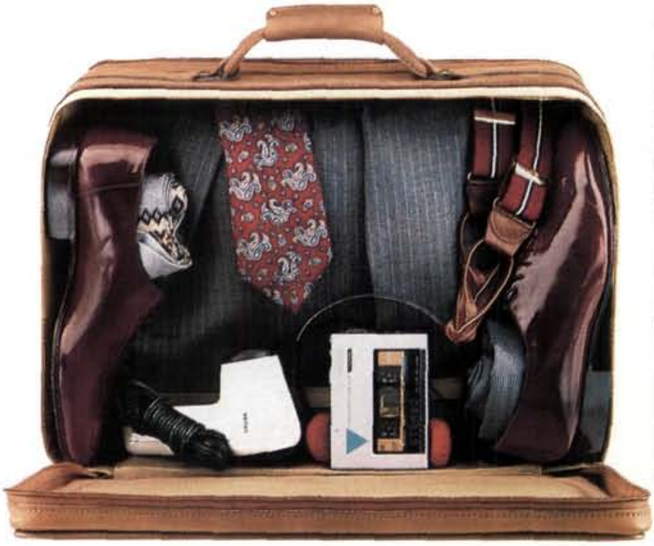
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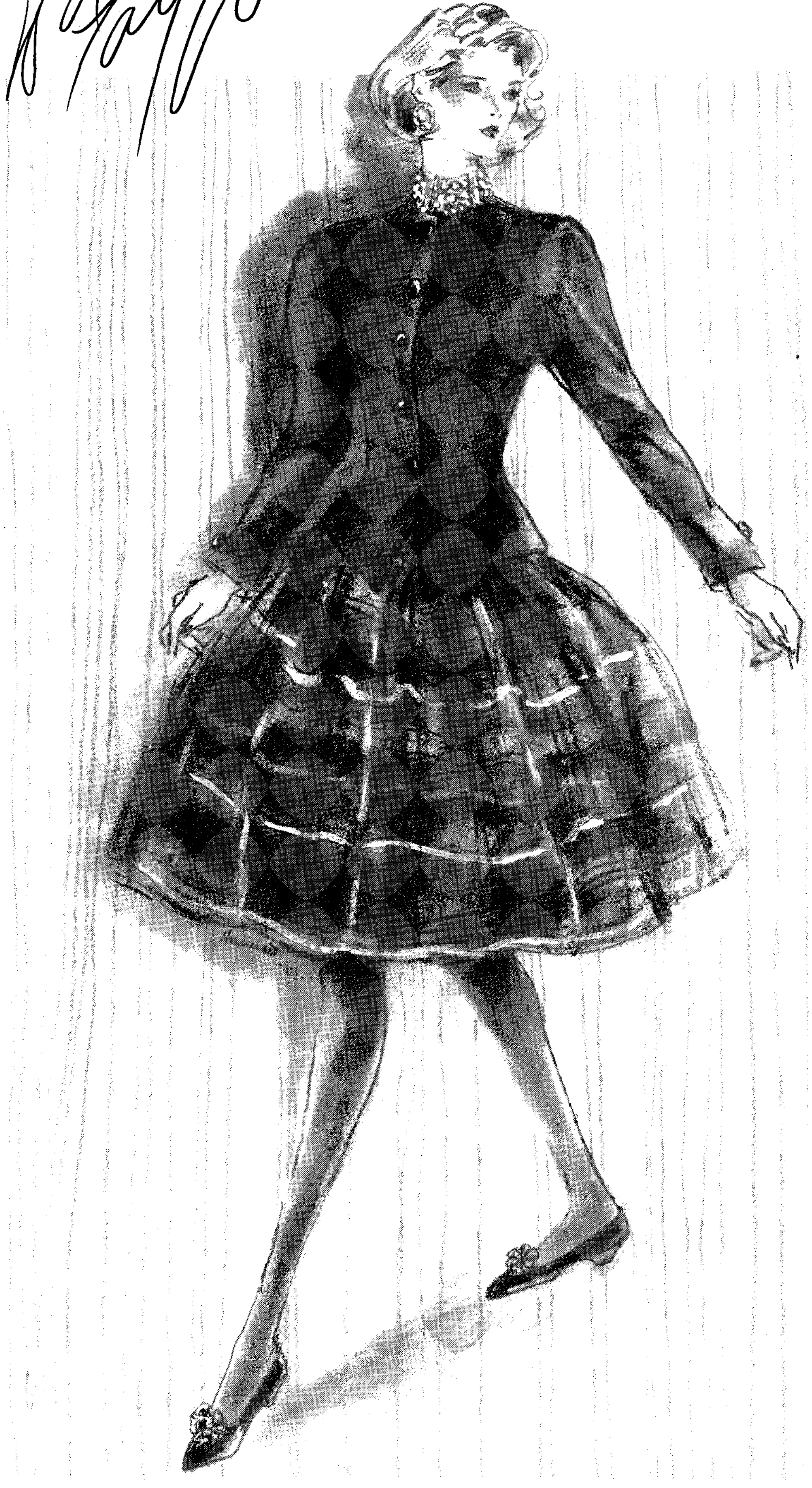

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bouncers—Dan Gerrity, Gerrit Graham, Anthony M. LaPaglia, and Adrian Paul are the four agile actors who handle the more than thirty roles—m. & f.—all of them working class, in this plotless entertainment about a disco outside London. Much of the business that John Godber, the author, has provided for them is amusing—as are their split-second impersonations and some of the lines—but much of it is not. One is torn between laughter and boredom, with more than a little annoyance. There is no denying that Mr. Godber is slumming. Ron Link directed. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (4/27/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

From the Mississippi Delta—A play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. Opens Thursday, Sept. 24, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 25. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 869-3981.)

Happy Days—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Friday, Sept. 25, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3; and Monday through Thursday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, and Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway**, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **two can play**, with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual behavior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satur-

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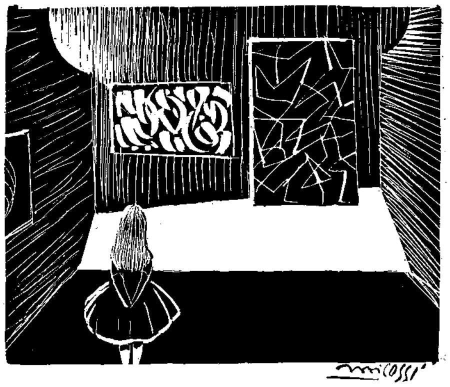

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days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Roza—A musical based on Romain Gary's 1975 novel "La Vie Devant Soi," with a book and lyrics by Julian More and a score by Gilbert Becaud. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 1. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 27.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A program of two one-act plays: Juliet Garson's "Tiny Mommy" and Noble Mason Smith's "Sparks in the Park." (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2 and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

Long Runs—**LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COASTAL DISTURBANCES:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,408 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Oct. 31—Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 7: A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "The Consort," "Embraced Waltzes" (première), and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1-2, at 8: "Tzaddik," "Echo," "Embraced Waltzes," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two" (première), and "The Consort." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Muteki-sha Dance Company—Presenting "Niwa—The Garden," an evening-length Butoh dance piece. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, a vocal group, sing in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a genial, old-fashioned gent, sings show tunes from long ago at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **LONETTE MC KEE** sings at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Carl Anderson sings at eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. **BOBBY MC FERRIN,** a funny, magical, child's dream of a jazz singer, collaborates with guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** through Sunday, Sept. 27; the **WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** a nine-piece neo-swing band, holds forth on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29, in a benefit for Woody Herman; and on Wednesday, Sept. 30, **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI,** the delightful white-haired hot-jazz violinist, arrives with his combo. Music from nine, except during Mr. Grappelli's visit, when it begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A vast pillared emporium that caters to various musical tastes and that accommodates people who like to stop having fun at ten-thirty or eleven as well as the conventional types who don't like to start until then. Wednesday, Sept. 23, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 24-25, Norwegian saxophonist **JAN GARBAREK'S** band; Saturday, Sept. 26, at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, four folkies, including **CHRISTINE LAVIN;** Monday, Sept. 28, **PAUL KELLY & THE MESSENGERS,** an Australian rock band; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, jazz singer **BETTY CARTER** and the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists and, occasionally, horn players. **HAROLD MABERN,** a Memphis-born piano pounder (pianos have been seen to move under his touch), works with bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, Sept. 26, and with tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** on Sunday, Sept. 27. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RED MITCHELL** take charge on Monday, Sept. 28. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. The 29th Street Saxophone Quartet performs through Sunday, Sept. 27; on Tuesday, Sept. 29, trumpeter, flugelhornist, and singer-mumbler **CLARK TERRY** comes in with his foursome. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The figures on the walls of the Café Carlyle—a nude at her easel; a leaping poodle; a guitarist in a harlequin outfit; an unpedigreed dog with a bonnet in its mouth—are by Marcel Vertès, and the personage on the piano bench is **BOBBY SHORT.** He's flanked by **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums). Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **RON CARTER'S** two-bass quintet, with the master on one and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** on the other and the buoyant **ROLAND HANNA** on piano, will be around through Sunday, Sept. 27, and on Tuesday, Sept. 29, **JOE PASS** begins a week of guitar solos. Mondays

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remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. **HILTON RUIZ** will be on duty through Saturday, Sept. 26; Tardo Hammer is in charge starting Tuesday, Sept. 29. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 23-26, Alicia Sherman sings with support from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist Kiyoto Fujiwara; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Music from ten.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** works out on it, with bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** at his side, through Saturday, Sept. 26, and on Tuesday, Sept. 29, **BILL MAYS** and his bassist, **JOHN GOLDSBY,** take over. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, Easy Now medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 23, jazz singer **CASSANDRA WILSON,** at nine, and guitarist **VERNON REID,** at eleven; Friday, Sept. 25, Nora York and Barbara Allen; Saturday, Sept. 26, guitarist **ARTO LINDSAY'S** band; Monday, Sept. 28, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC'S** quartet; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29-30, at eleven, Toshinori Kondo's Ima Band. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, the **JOHN CALE** band, with **CHRIS SPEDDING;** Friday, Sept. 25, Tav Falco; Saturday, Sept. 26, Chicago soul singer **BIG TWIST** and his **MELLOW FELLOWS;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29-30, blues guitarist **ALBERT KING.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **MEL TORMÉ** on the bandstand. Mr. Tormé, a drummer as well as a light-footed singer, is paying tribute to the recently departed Buddy Rich and Fred Astaire. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **HIRAM BULLOCK,** a Jimi Hendrix-inspired jazz-rock guitarist, will be here Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** comes in with his crew. Music from about ten until two.

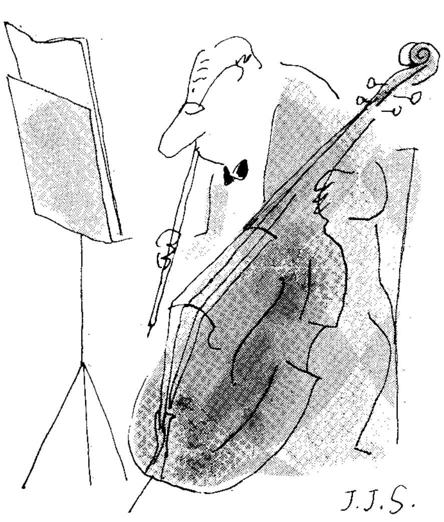
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Thursday, Sept. 24, the Hooters; Saturday, Sept. 26, the **DEL FUEGOS;** Tuesday, Sept. 29, the Fixx; Wednesday, Sept. 30, the Georgia Satellites and the Brandos; and Friday, Oct. 2, the **DB'S.** Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday, Sept. 23, reggae singer Sugar Minott; Thursday, Sept. 24, **BABA OLATUNJI;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, Argentinian saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29-30, salsa singer **CELIA CRUZ.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist whose intense, thundering style works like an incantation on some people, will be here with bassist **AVERY SHARPE** and veteran hard-bop drummer **LOUIS HAYES** through Sunday, Sept. 27. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** moves in with his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** on Tuesday, Sept. 29. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Charles Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix's "Stone Free." Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. Thursday, Sept. 24, Of a Mesh, Flower, and Nightmares; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Sept. 27, Bobby Radcliff; Monday, Sept. 28, the Cost of Living and the Singles; Tuesday, Sept. 29, Diane Scanlon; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, Loup Gurou, with Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed on Friday and the **SURREAL MC COYS** on Saturday. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On Sept. 28, **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPAÑIA,** the **FANIA ALL STARS,** and flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** will all be present. Music from nine-thirty. Fridays in the basement have been given over to **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** a duo whose rock-and-roll shoes (as one of their songs says) are "laced with irony." Experimental guitarist **FRED FRITH** opens for them on Sept. 25, and a performance group called Watchface precedes them on Oct. 2. Shows at nine and midnight. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **KENNY BARRON** and **LARRY RIDLEY** through Sunday, Sept. 27, and to **NINA SHELDON** and **FRANK TATE** starting Tuesday, Sept. 29. Every Tuesday, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.



VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **MILT JACKSON,** supported by pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS,** bassist **BOB CRANSHAW,** and drummer **KENNY WASHINGTON,** taps out dancing solos on his vibraphone through Sunday, Sept. 27; **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a *sparkling, compact pianist, enters with bassist* **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER** on Tuesday, Sept. 29. On Mondays, the foreman of the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his crew rip. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** and flutist **ELISE WOOD** lead a band through Sunday, Sept. 27, and on Wednesday, Sept. 30, guitarist **DOM MINASI** brings in his group. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** works with humming, buzzing bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Sept. 26; **WALTER NORRIS,** an Arkansas-born pianist and onetime Mingus hand who now lives in Berlin, comes in with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** on Monday, Sept. 28. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** continue their long-running collaboration on Sundays. Music from eight every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DIONNE WARWICK AND BURT BACHARACH—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 24-26, at 8.

WARREN ZEVON—With X. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, Sept. 25, at 9.)

TRIBUTE TO JOHN COLTRANE—With Alice Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Reggie Workman, Rashied Ali, a *sixteen-piece string ensemble conducted* by Butch Morris, and others. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS TRIO—With David Peaston and Hamiet Bluiett. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concerts.)

BILLY CONNOLLY—Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8.

HISTORY OF UNHEARD MUSIC—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8.

U2—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 28-29, at 8.

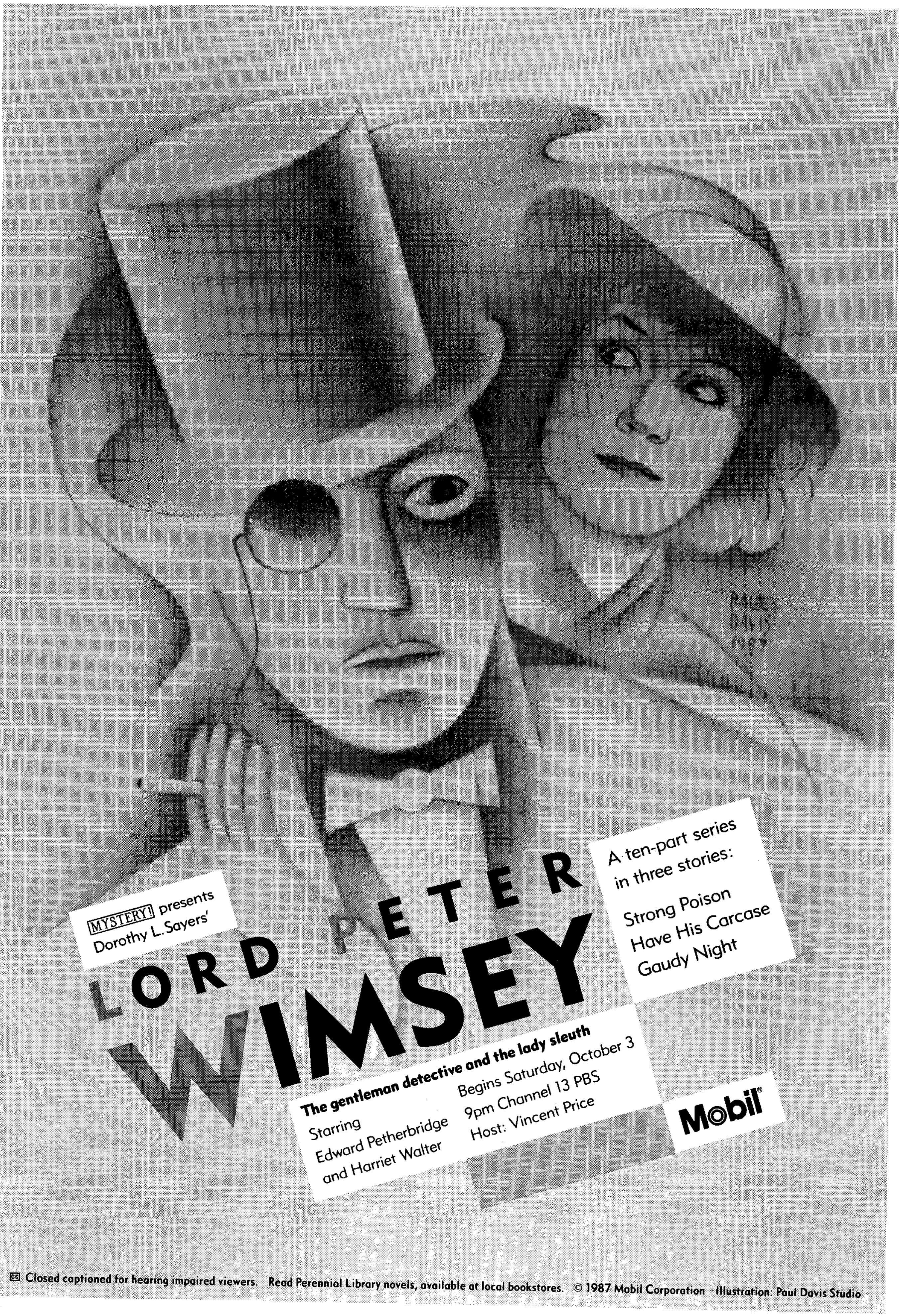
CHET ATKINS AND THE ST. JOHNS RIVER CITY BAND—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8.

DAN FOGELBERG—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Doc Cheatham, the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, Judy Carmichael, and the Jan Rosemond trio. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4999. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

THIRD WORLD—With Toots and the Maytals. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—With Smokey Robinson,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Mary Wilson, Joe Williams, and others. Proceeds go to the National Urban League. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Graham Campbell—Abstract paintings and large drawings. Through Oct. 8. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Petah Coyne—The artist has spent the past two months filling the Sculpture Center's gallery space with large clumps of hay, roots, tree stumps, and branches—all put together with tar, mud, and resin. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (167 E. 69th St.)

Richard Erdman—New marble and stone sculptures. Through Friday, Oct. 2. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gloria Garfinkel—Paintings and etchings loosely based on Ginza kimono designs. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Owen Morrel—A large-scale metal-and-wood sculpture titled "Sea Saw," plus two smaller pieces. Through Oct. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Susan Roth / Ralph Albert Blakelock (1847-1919)—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 12. / More than forty landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Schwabacher (1903-84)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the fifties. Through Oct. 7. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—Paintings of figures portrayed in slightly surreal situations. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Vladimir Zakrzewski—Paintings and drawings that combine geometry and Expressionism. Through Oct. 10. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Show—Works by fourteen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Dorothea Rockburne, Joan Mitchell, and Walter De Maria, constitute the Fourcade Gallery's final exhibition, which is dedicated to the memory of its founder, Xavier Fourcade. Through Oct. 17. (36 E. 75th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Charlotte Brown and Werner Pfeiffer—Three-dimensional works on paper, Brown's incorporating lavish mosaiclike flower patterns, Pfeiffer's combining geometry and collage to give the illusion of space. Through Oct. 17. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frederick Brown—Large portraits of artists (Picasso, Rembrandt, Willem de Kooning) and musicians (Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington), plus other paintings. Through Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas / Michael Steiner—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Oct. 10. / Angular steel sculptures painted black. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fortuyn and O'Brien—Abstract painted wood wall constructions, each covered with a sheet of Plexiglas, the joint works of two Dutch artists. Through Oct. 10. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dan Graham—A twenty-foot-long, eight-foot-high arch faced with two-way mirrors. The work was conceived as an outdoor project and is shown surrounded by grass and ivy. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roberto Juarez / Daniel Mahoney—Vaguely recognizable birds, flowers, or branches are seen in otherwise abstract paintings. / Very precise wavy lines repeat in these textured paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Doris Lee (1905-83) / **Ben Shahn** (1898-1969)—Genre paintings. / Eight pochoir prints based on his series of paintings called "The Dreyfus Affair." Through Wednesday, Sept. 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Paintings and drawings by a realist. Through Oct. 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 17. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Cast-bronze figures and wall reliefs. Through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Avner Moriah / Bruce Cohen—Paintings of Israel, including a set of triptychs with landscapes on the outside which open up to reveal scenes of everyday life—from kibbutz idylls to terrorist incidents. / Precisionist paintings of interiors with still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Architectural interiors loosely painted in transparent colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Howard Newman—Recent bronze figures, plus paintings on Masonite done as studies for them. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Paintings. Through Oct. 10. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saul—Violent, comic, satiric, kinky, not too flattering self-portraits of the artist as a seething humanoid. Through Oct. 24. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joe Shannon—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jim Touchton—Vibrant land- and seascapes. Through Oct. 7. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Three new bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: New sculptures by Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, and Robert Lobe. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **borgenicht**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Forty or so pastel drawings in a show comparing works by contemporary artists using the medium (Janet Fish, Warren Brandt, Wolf Kahn) with works by some of their well-known predecessors (Picasso, Degas, Milton Avery). Through Friday, Oct. 2.

GALLERIES—SoHo

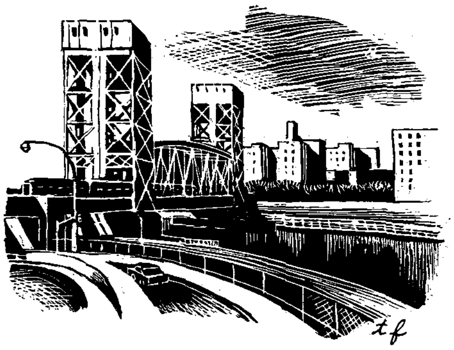
Dina Gustin Baker—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Marc Blane—A large steel-and-concrete sculpture reminiscent of playground equipment, along with several smaller versions of the piece. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Allen, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

Seymour Boardman and Elaine Kurtz—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the seventies. Through Oct. 10. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Roger Brown—New paintings, including one entitled "Homesick-Proof Space Station." Through Oct. 10. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Sharon Gold—Abstract geometric paintings and drawings from 1981. Through Oct. 17. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)



Ken Greenleaf—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Michael Hafftka—New paintings of distorted figures. Through Oct. 31. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Hutchinson—Among several sculptures is a large floor piece in which wood planters filled with rocks and shrubs spell out the word "Transformation." Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A, is exhibiting another of the artist's conceptual sculptures. Through Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Diane Karol / Carol Parlato—Five triptychs made of shaped canvases with bright-colored Expressionist brushwork. / Trapezoid-shaped paintings, some having small balls and tubes attached to the canvases, and a large freestanding screenlike construction. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Komar & Melamid—New works. Through Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Milo Lazarevic / John Kennard—Abstract sculptures of marble, steel, and wood, along with related paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of baseball parks and several portraits of some of the people who work in them. Through Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sherrie Levine—Recent paintings and earlier photographic works. Through Oct. 10. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jay Milder—Paintings from his 1966 series "Messiah on the IND and Other Biblical Tales." Through Oct. 17. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—A survey of his work from 1966 to 1976. Through Oct. 13. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Peter Plagens—New abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

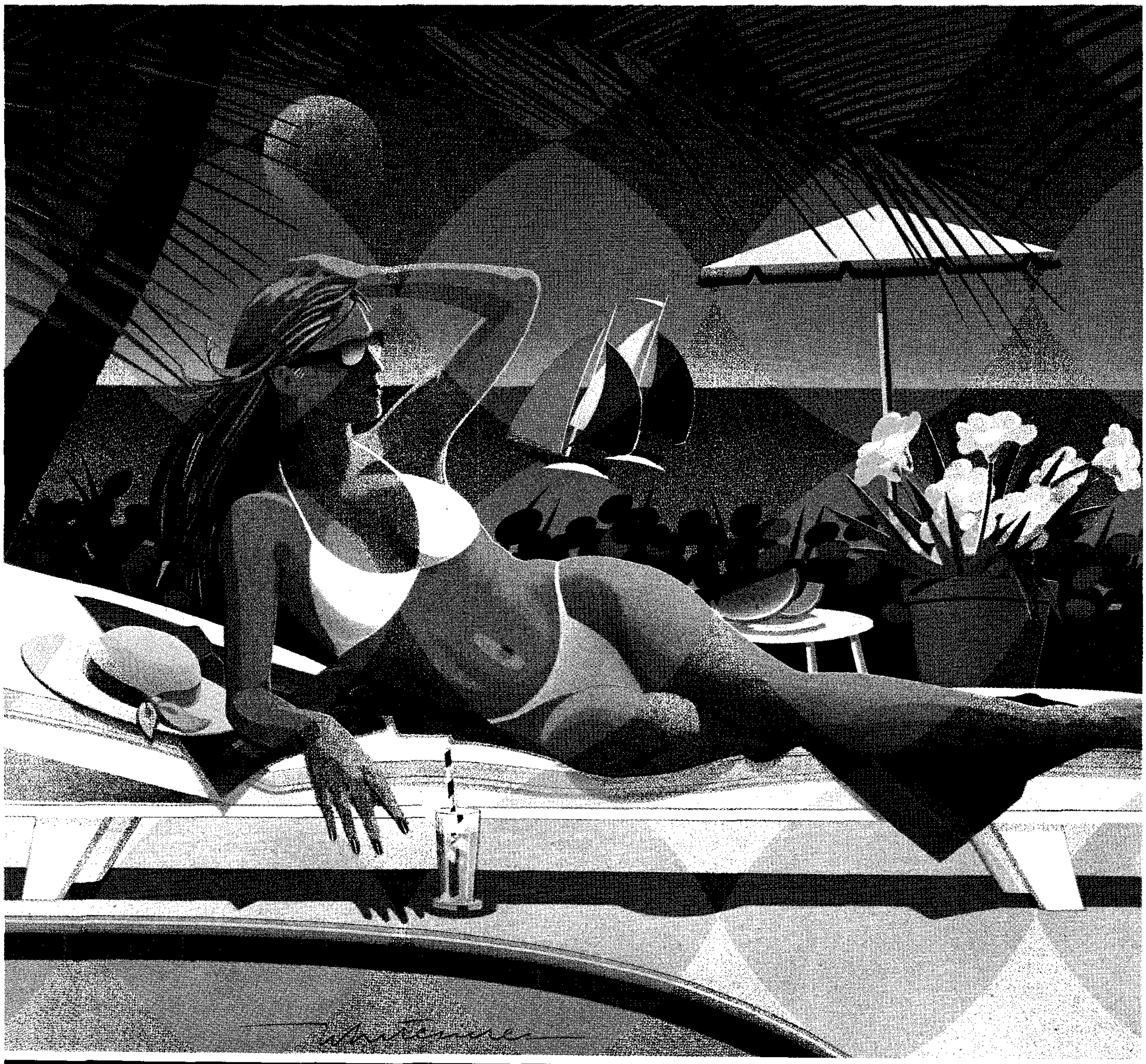
Nancy Shaver—Picture frames within picture frames, and the back of a violin mounted on the wall side-by-side with a well-used eight-inch-wide paintbrush, among other works. Through Oct. 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Yarber—Paintings using the same figures as in his past work, floating and falling through city scenes, but an even more luminous palette than before. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Art Against AIDS—Works by Keith Sonnier, Robert Smithson, Joseph Kosuth, and others, selected by Klaus Kertess to represent the efforts of the more than six hundred artists and seventy-two galleries supporting AIDS research. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **brandt**, 568 Broadway: Collaborators Clegg & Guttmann, Art and Language, and Gilbert and George, among others, in an exhibit put together by Saul Ostrow. Through Oct. 17. . . . **condeso-lawler**, 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Pinchbeck, Edwin Ruda, and Richard Pugliese. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **cowles annex**, 580 Broadway: Works by more than fifty artists who are either alumni or faculty of Stanford University. Richard Diebenkorn, Judith Dolnick, Robert Motherwell, and Frank Lobdell are included. Through Oct. 7. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **the drawing center**, 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper, or of paper, by seven emerging artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman**, 70 Greene St.: Works on paper by Russian Suprematists Malevich, Chashnik, and Suetin. Through Oct. 17. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **49th parallel**, 420 West Broadway: Works made with such materials as artificial wood veneer and sign paint, or using such techniques as airbrushing and billboard-scale photography, by, among others, Vikky Alexander and Jack Goldstein. Through Saturday, Sept. 26. . . . **germans van eck**, 420 West Broadway: Assemblages by John M. Armleder, Mark di Suvero, Donald Lipski, and

L·I·F·E ON·THE·BEACH



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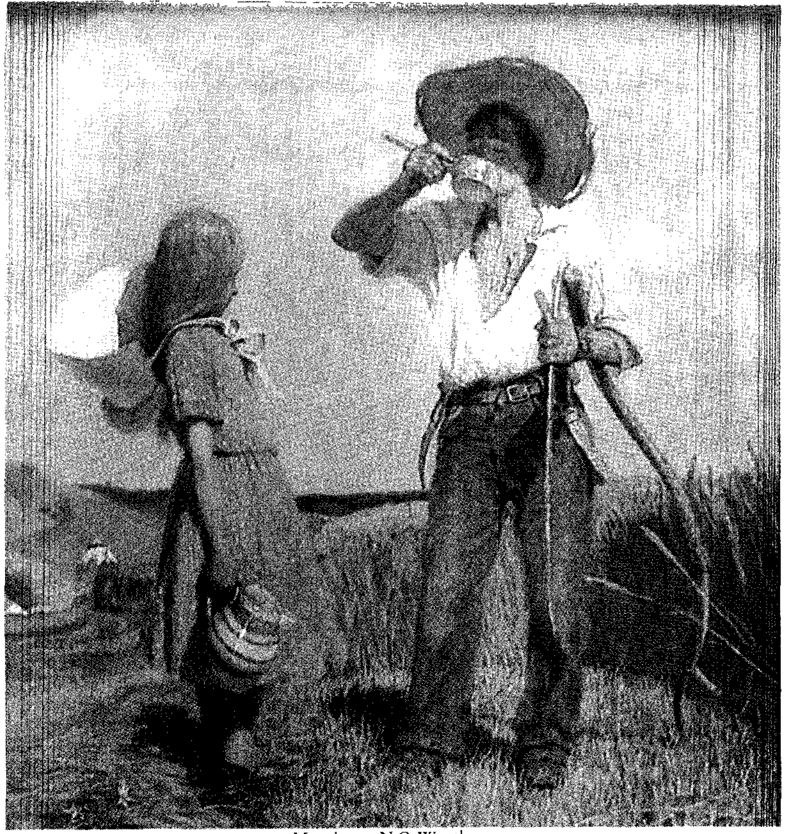
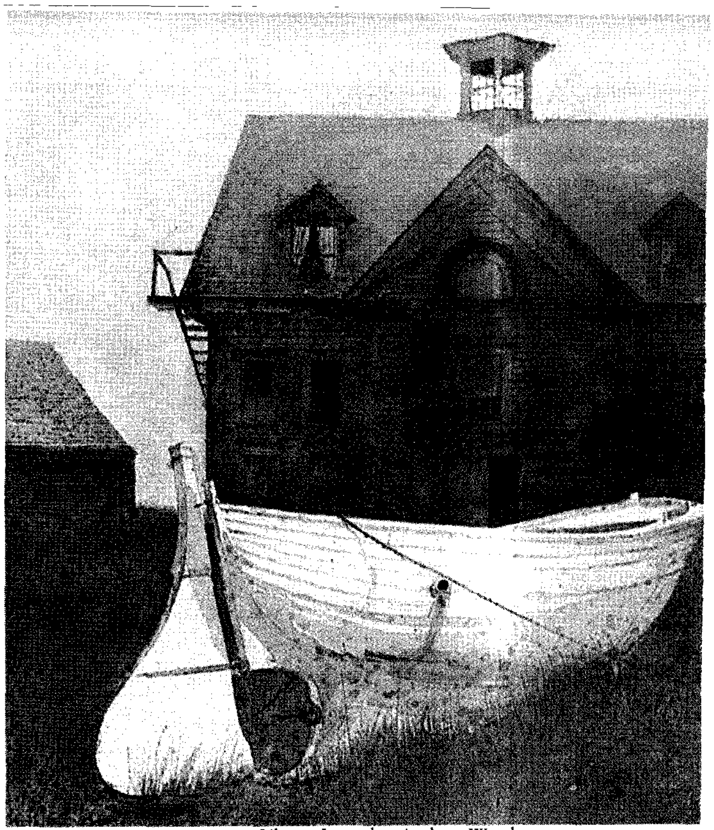
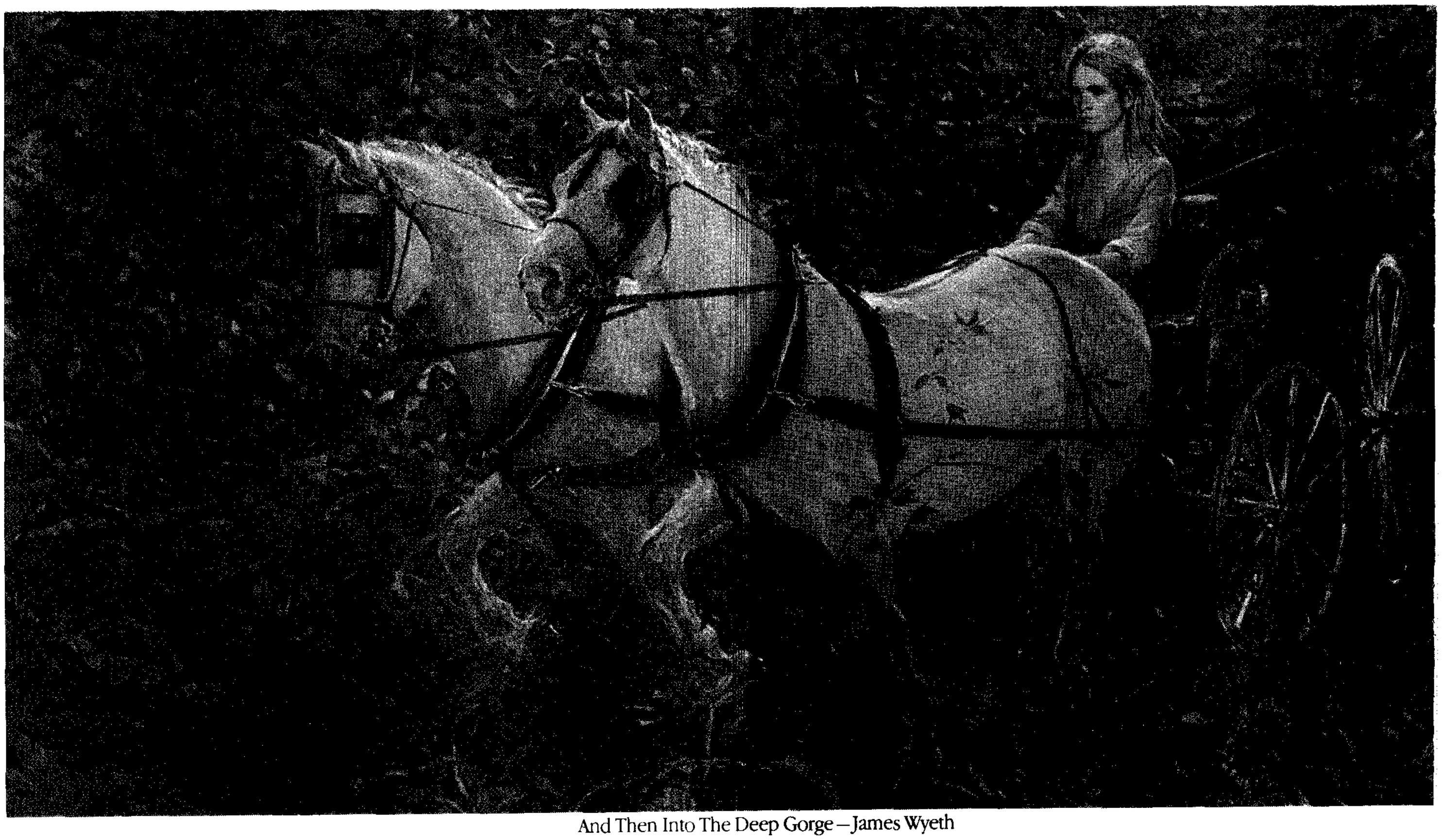

Mowing – N.C. Wyeth


Liberty Launch – Andrew Wyeth


And Then Into The Deep Gorge – James Wyeth

Dallas celebrates the American

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Milan, Italy—Palazzo Reale. May 17—June 20, 1988
Cambridge, England—The Fitzwilliam Museum. July 12—Aug. 29, 1988
Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania—Brandywine River Museum. Sept. 17—Nov. 20, 1988

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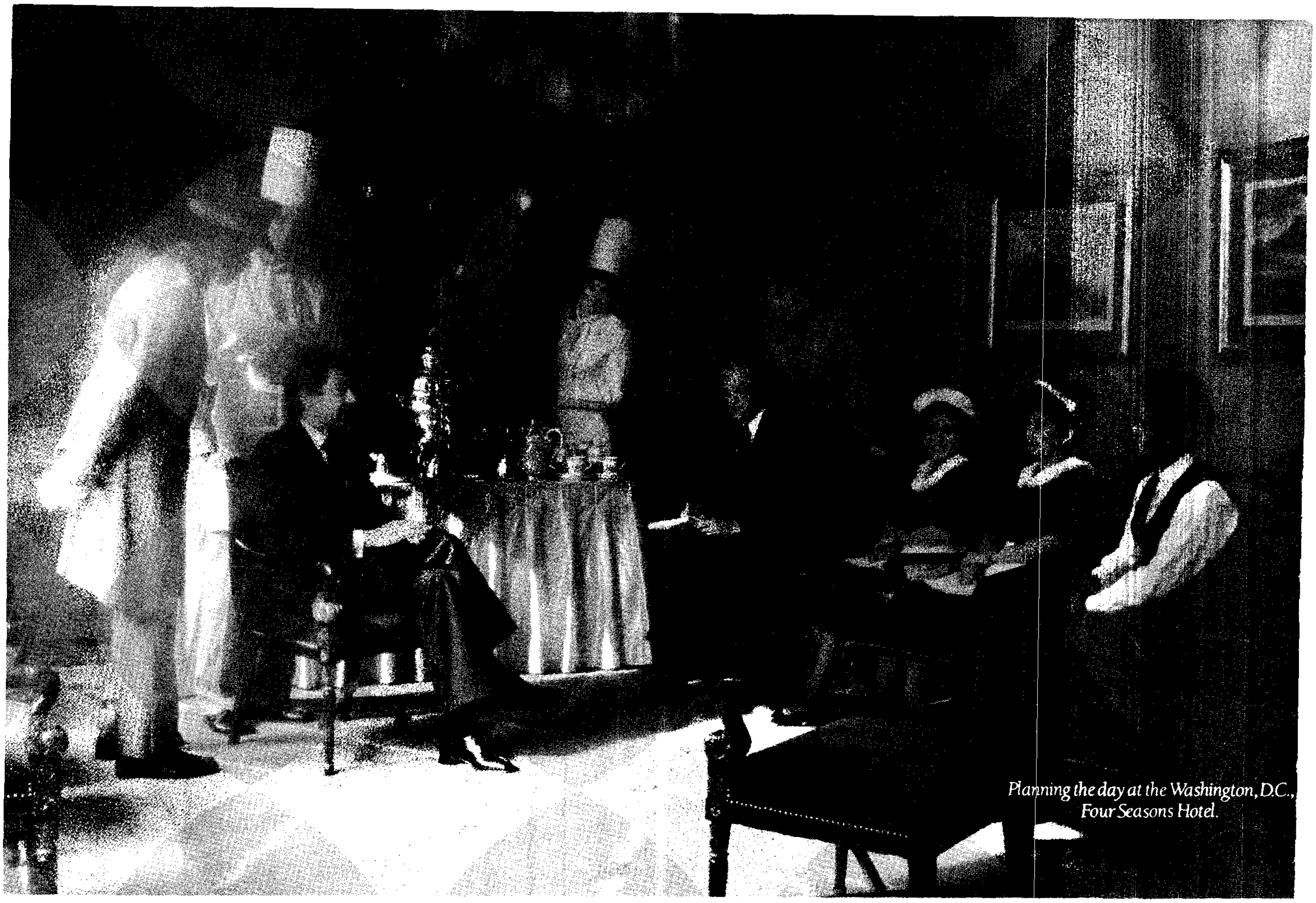

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

others. Through Oct. 10. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: Wall constructions by Imi Knoebel, an installation by Barry Le Va, and a sculpture by Bruce Nauman. Through Oct. 10. . . . **SIEGELTUCH,** 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.: Robert Rauschenberg, Louise Bourgeois, and Susan Laufer are among the artists represented by completely black works. Through Oct. 31. . . . **SOHO 20,** at 469 Broome St.: Paintings and sculptures that incorporate the color red, by fourteen gallery members, including Penny Kaplan, Shirley Gorelick, Catherine Allen, and Molly Mason. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Opens at noon.) . . . **STUX,** 155 Spring St.: Paintings, photographs, and sculptures by John Dogg, Fariba Hajamadi, Annette Lemieux, and others, and an installation by Jim Isermann. Through Oct. 9. . . . **WALLS,** a new gallery at 137 Greene St.: Five painters and two sculptors who have grown away from minimalism (Katherine Porter, Joan Snyder, Donald Judd among them) are each represented by one piece from the early seventies and one from the past two years. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Opens Sundays at 1.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ralph Bakshi—Abstract mixed-medium paintings and portraits on paper by an artist known for his animated films. Through Oct. 11. (Dash, a new gallery at 632 E. 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ian Hamilton Finlay—A freestanding wood sculpture from 1975 entitled "Aircraft Carrier Torso," a fragmented slab of limestone engraved with a quote from Saint-Just, "The words we have spoken will never be lost on Earth" (1985), and other works. Through Oct. 31. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

Luis Frangello—New paintings. Through Sunday, Sept. 27. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Wojnarowicz—Paintings in which the elements are represented with pop imagery. Through Oct. 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **GREY ART GALLERY,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: "Morality Tales: History Painting in the 1980s," a show of large-scale dramatic works by thirteen artists, among them Sue Coe, Joanne Tod, Leon Golub, and Mark Tansey. Through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL WITH MONUMENT,** 111 E. 7th St.: One large-scale work apiece by Vito Acconci, Joseph Kosuth, and Annette Lemieux. Through Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Pieces by five contemporary Japanese artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—In the front room of the Paula Cooper Gallery are four photographic projections of isolated stones, and in the back room are black-and-white photographs of stones in their natural habitats. Through Wednesday, Sept. 30. (155 Wooster St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., is exhibiting paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 17.

Ralph Gibson / Elliot Schwartz—Prints from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. / Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway, is also showing work by Mr. Gibson. Through Saturday, Sept. 26.

John Gossage—Large-scale black-and-white prints of Berlin at night. Through Oct. 10. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

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Florence Henri (1893-1983)—Photographs from the twenties printed on canvas. Through Oct. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

David Robbins—A two-gallery exhibit of new works. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Through Sunday, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ 303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays. Through Oct. 11.)

Victor Schrager—Monochromatic photographs attached to colored Formica that has been cut into shapes of consumer goods. Through Oct. 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Jean-Luc Vilmouth—An installation titled "Vues d'une Chaise," quite literally consisting of photographs taken through the slats of chair backs: the chairs are there to give evidence. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Edward Weston (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints are at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

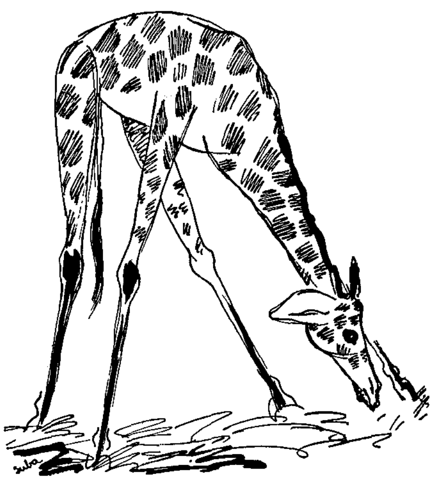
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of approximately seventy works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." . . . ¶ A group of twenty gold and silver objects that were produced by Tiffany & Company in the last forty years of the nineteenth century, when Edward C. Moore was the chief designer. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A Weston retrospective that also includes letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose work at that time pioneered the use of 35-mm. film for still photography. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works by Cindy Sherman dating from 1977 to the present. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifty-eight sculptures by Auguste Rodin, the gifts of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor, are now on permanent display. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A two-part exhibit of ceramics, with pieces by winners of the twenty-seventh national ceramics competition and by artists who influenced them, such as Mary Frank, Peter Voulkos, and Robert Arneson. Through Oct. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items—including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films—that document (a) the French political and cultural climate of the period, (b) the role of the press in dividing public opinion and exploiting the issues for financial gain, and (c) the heated positions of artists and writers, from pro-Dreyfus Pissarro and, of course, Zola, to anti-Dreyfus Cézanne and Degas. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Sept. 24. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of eighteenth-century drawings of Florence and other areas of Tuscany by Giuseppe Zocchi. Through Sunday, Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A large show of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman which were executed in the past twenty years. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of Mr. Nauman's video works will be presented on Tuesday, Sept. 29, from 6 to 9. Tickets at the door.

The New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A short course on the Constitution conveyed through the delegates' preliminary drafts (with handwritten revisions), essays, and correspondence; the first newspaper printing of the document; and so forth. In addition, portraits of our early leaders painted by Peale, Trumbull, Stuart, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Peter Grzybowski (performance), Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—New music from Japan: Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 23-26, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 27, an afternoon concert at 3 and an evening concert at 8:30. Most of the performers are from Japan; at the Sunday concerts they will be joined by Fred Frith, Arto Lindsay, John Zorn, Christian Marclay, Ned Rothenberg, and Robert Previte.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Linda Austin (dance), Friday through Sunday, Sept. 25-27, at 9. . . . ¶ David Cale (performance) and Eileen Myles (performance), Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 11.

Note—The Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre presenting "Table for One," a musical cabaret, Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3, at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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St. 924-0077. . . . ¶ Margaret Smith performing "Sex in a Baggie," Fridays and Saturdays, Sept. 25-26 and Oct. 2-3, at 11, also at the Dance Theatre Workshop. . . . ¶ "Spectaccalo," a video-and-music performance by Kit Fitzgerald, Peter Gordon, and Blue Gene Tyranny, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 1-3, at 7:30 (through Sunday, Oct. 18), at La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Paul Frey; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Carlo Bergonzi, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Silvano Carroli; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26 at 2: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and Paul Frey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 28, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Carlo Bergonzi, Brian Schexnayder, and Enrico Fissore; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Carlo Bergonzi, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 1:30: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; conducted by Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 25: "Casanova" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, and Timothy Nolen; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 26: "La Traviata," with Gianna Rolandi, Mark Beudert, and Frederick Burchinal; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro. Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Sept. 27: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Edith Davis, Gail Dobish, Jane Bunnell, Stanley Wexler, and William Parcher; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Sept. 27: "Tosca," with Linda Roark-Strummer, John Absalom, and Julian Patrick; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 29: "Casanova" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, and Timothy Nolen; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Leslie Richards, Augusto Paglialunga, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Frances Ginsberg, John Absalom, and Frederick Burchinal. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 3: "Sweeney Todd," with Marcia Mitzman, Susan Powell, Stanley Wexler, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Sweeney Todd," with Joyce Castle, Leigh Munro, Timothy Nolen, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Weeknights at 8; Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, November 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8; Friday, Sept. 25, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 7:30: Colin Davis conducting works by Vaughan Williams and Sibelius. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: Kurt Sanderling conducting a Mozart-Schumann-Brahms program, with Antonio Meneses, cello.

Vienna Philharmonic—Leonard Bernstein conducting. Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8: A Mozart-Bernstein-Sibelius program, with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. . . . Friday, Sept. 25, at 8: A Mozart-Mahler program, with Peter Schmidl, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2: A repeat of the Thursday program. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Pops Concerts—At Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: The Tonkuenstler Orchestra of Vienna, conducted by Alfred Eschwé, opens this four-part series. With Gail Dobish, soprano; Manfred Geyerhalter, violin; and Raphael Flieder, cello.

State Choir of Armenia—Ohannes Tchekidjian directing a hundred-member group appearing here for the first time. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2.)

RECITALS

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

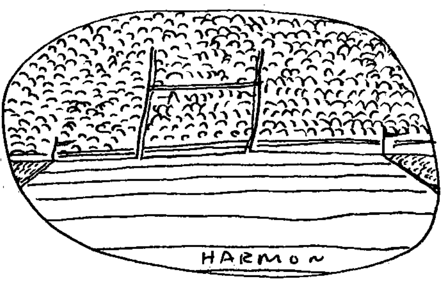
Susan Gregory—Soprano. With Richard Shirk, piano, and Sue Ann Kahn, flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

Kurt Weill Festival—The last two in a series of concerts at Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 11 P.M.: German musical-theatre star Ute Lemper singing cabaret songs. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: Julius Rudel conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Orchestra in "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik," a suite from "The Threepenny Opera," among other works. With Franz Mazura, baritone, and Naoko Tanaka, violin. [Note: On Monday, Sept. 28, at 8, there will be a tribute to Lotte Lenya, which will include film clips, reminiscences, and performances of German and American theatre songs. With Blythe Danner, Alvin Epstein, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Ute Lemper, Burgess Meredith, and others.]

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3.)

Kathleen Bride and Jon Gillock—Harp and organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3. Admission by donation.)

Bach at the Cathedral—The second in a series of five concerts. Gerald Ranck, harpsichord, playing the "Goldberg Variations." (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)



Music Before 1800—The first in a series of eleven concerts will be performed by the Musicians of Swanne Alley. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—Celebrating Villa-Lobos's hundredth birthday. With Cheryl Bensman Rowe, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

David Del Tredici—Piano, in a program that features the New York première of his "Vintage Alice: Fantascene on a Mad Tea Party." With Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and assisting artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—In a program featuring the American première of Malcolm Forsythe's "Quintette for Winds." (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

Kimati Dinizulu—Percussion, with his ensemble Kotoko Society. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 7:30. No charge beyond the museum's admission fee, but seating is on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Trio Musica Hispana—With Harold Coletta, violin. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—In a program that explores the influence of jazz on contemporary music. With Barry Harris, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Jed Distler—Piano, performing the New York première of "The Death of Lottie Shapiro," his evening-length song cycle. With Christine Schadeberg, Sheila Schonbrun, and Catherine Rowe, all sopranos, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222, for Shea Stadium 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23-24, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 25, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 26-27, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday through Thursday, Sept. 28-Oct. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, Oct. 2, at 7:30, and Saturday, Oct. 3, at 1:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. The Turf Classic, Saturday, Sept. 26; the Ruffian Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 27; and the Cowdin, Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19.

Running—The Mercedes Mile, on Fifth Avenue starting at 82nd Street and finishing at 62nd Street, will begin at 2 on Saturday, Sept. 26.

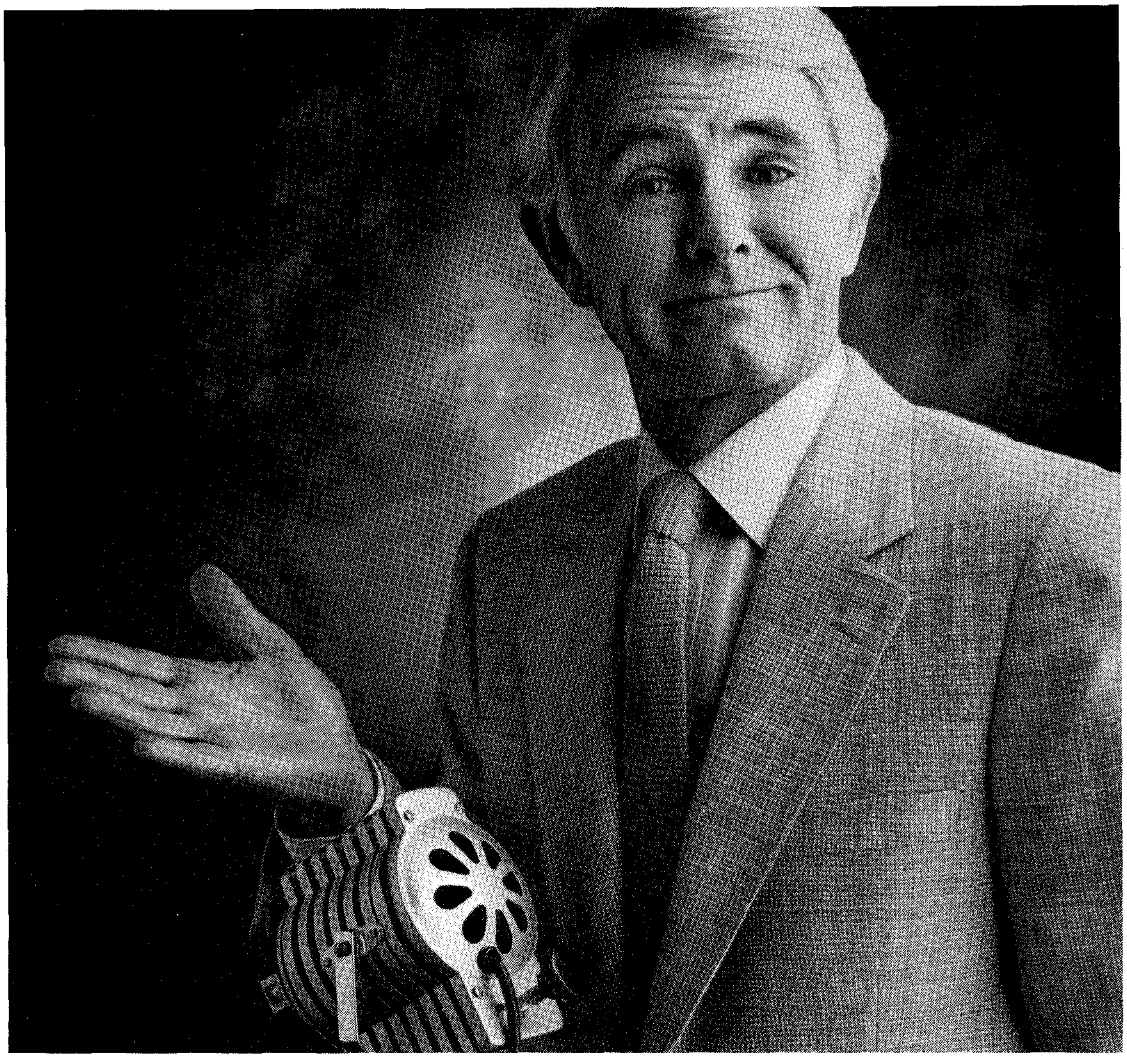
Yachting—The twenty-first annual Mayor's Cup schooner race in New York Harbor. The starting gun will go off at eleven, Saturday, Sept. 26. Battery Park will afford good views of the beginning and the end of the race.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Judith Ivey and Elizabeth Berridge reading from Alice McDermott's novel "That Night." (Chartwell Booksellers, 55 E. 52nd St. Tuesday, Sept. 29, at 8. For reservations, which are required, call 679-0923.) . . . ¶ Bobbie Ann Mason and Ellease Southerland reading from the anthology "A World Unsuspected: Portrait of a Southern Childhood." (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—A hundred and ten international dealers will be displaying American and Continental furniture, decorative objects, silver, prints, books, and other wares. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Sept. 30, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 1-3, from noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 4, from noon to 6.)

WHAT IF YOUR NAME IS CARSON AND YOU'RE NOT FUNNY?



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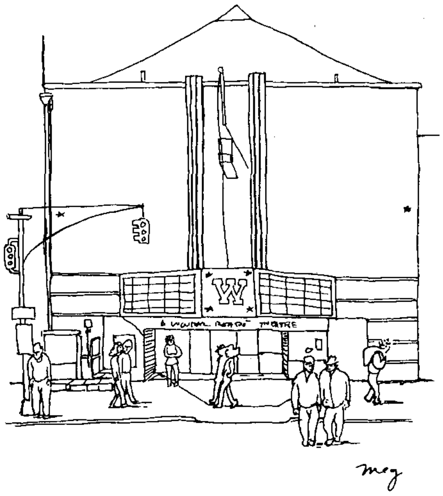
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
(Separate admissions) "Buffet Froid" (1980; directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page; and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.
Theatre 2: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 24: "Full Metal Jacket" (†). From Sept. 25: "You Talkin' to Me?" (Charles Winkler), with Jim Youngs.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 24: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stakeout" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "RoboCop" (†). From Sept. 25: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.
Theatre 3: "Amazon Women on the Moon."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 24: "The Big Easy" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 24: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.
From Sept. 25: "You Talkin' to Me?" (Charles Winkler), with Jim Youngs.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Sept. 24: "Wish You Were Here" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"No Way Out" (1987 †).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates. From Sept. 25: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "In the Mood" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Orphans" (Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 24: "Family Business" (Costa-Gavras; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Johnny Hallyday.
From Sept. 25: "Stakeout" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 25: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones. From Sept. 26: "Dark Eyes" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Mangano.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 25: "Lady Beware" (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods. From Sept. 26: "Matewan."

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Sept. 24: "Stakeout" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Amazon Women on the Moon."
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "La Bamba" (†). From Sept. 25: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 2: "The Big Easy" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "No Way Out" (1987 †). From Sept. 25: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Lady Beware" (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods. From Sept. 25: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: "The Pick-Up Artist" (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Parting of the Ways" (1985; directed by Jesús Díaz; a Cuban film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Eat the Peach" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Street Trash."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "La Bamba" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates. From Sept. 25: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
Theatre 3: "Withnail and I" (†).
Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 24: "Hotel Colonial" (Cinzia Th Torrini), with John Savage and Rachel Ward. From Sept. 25: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Sept. 24: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Dirty Dancing" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Sept. 24: "Withnail and I" (†).
From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: "Stakeout" (†). From Sept. 25: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Hey Babu Riba" (Jovan Acin; in Serbo-Croatian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Amazon Women on the Moon."
Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain) James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 24: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey

Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates. From Sept. 25: “Best Seller” (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: “The Big Easy” (†). From Sept. 25: “The Big Town” (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: “The Pick-Up Artist” (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Sept. 24: “Lady Beware” (Karen Arthur), with Diane Lane and Michael Woods.
From Sept. 25: “China Girl” (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “The Principal” (directed by Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 24: “Full Metal Jacket” (†). From Sept. 25: “Hamburger Hill” (†).
Theatre 3: “The Pick-Up Artist” (James Toback), with Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey.
Theatre 4: “Disorderlies” (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 5: “The Untouchables” (†).
Theatre 6: “The Curse” (David Keith), with Wil Wheaton.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 24: “The Big Easy” (†).
From Sept. 25: “The Big Town” (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: “Stakeout” (†).
Theatre 3: “No Way Out” (1987 †).
Theatre 4: “La Bamba” (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Sept. 24: “Hamburger Hill” (†).
From Sept. 25: “Best Seller” (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
“Amazon Women on the Moon.”

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 24: “Dirty Dancing” (†). From Sept. 25: “China Girl” (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: “RoboCop” (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
“Hellraiser” (Clive Barker).

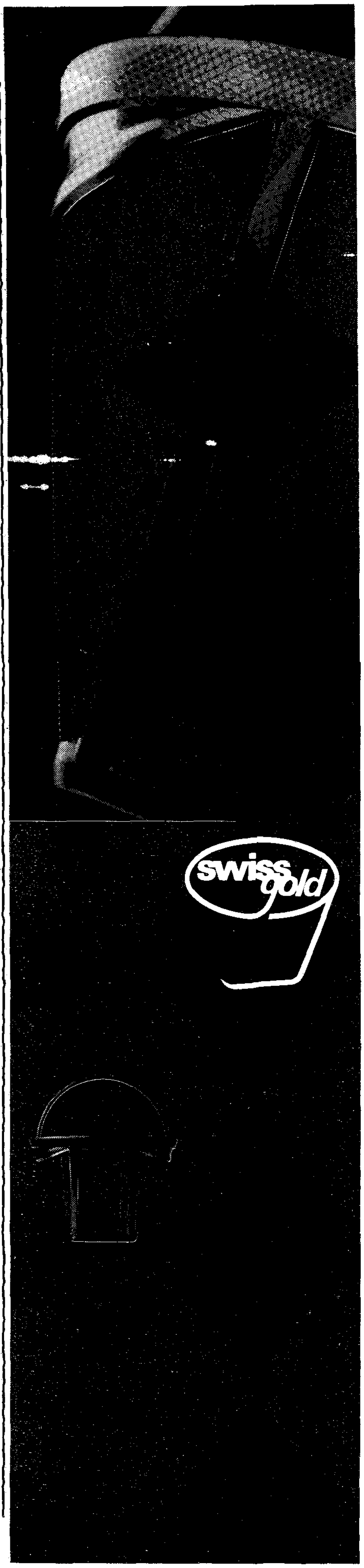
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 24: “The Trip to Bountiful” (1985; directed by Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page; and “The Last Picture Show” (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Cloris Leachman, and Ben Johnson.
Sept. 25-26: “A Room with a View” (1986; James Ivory), with Helena Bonham-Carter, Julian Sands, Maggie Smith, and Denholm Elliott; and “The Bostonians” (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve, Vanessa Redgrave, and Madeleine Potter.
Sept. 27: “A Man and a Woman” (†); and “Love Songs” (1986; Elie Chouraqui; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.
Sept. 28-29: “On the Waterfront” (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and “The Chase” (1966 †).
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: “Gardens of Stone” (1987; Francis Coppola), with James Caan, Anjelica Huston, James Earl Jones, and D. B. Sweeney; and “Salvador” (1986; Oliver Stone), with James Woods, John Savage, Elpidia Carrillo, and Jim Belushi.
Oct. 2-3: “Blue Velvet” (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and “Eraserhead” (1977; David Lynch).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 23: “Village of the Damned” (1960; Wolf Rilla), with George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, and Michael Gwynne; and “Children of the Damned” (1964; Anton M. Leader), with Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, and Barbara Ferris.
Sept. 24: “Forbidden Planet” (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and “Earth vs. the Flying Saucers” (1956; Fred F. Sears), with Hugh Marlowe, Joan Taylor, and Donald Curtis.
Sept. 25-26: “Cabin in the Sky” (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles; and a program of musical short films from the thirties, featuring Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, and other black female performers.
Sept. 27-28: “Carmen Jones” (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; “Bright Road” (1953; Gerald Mayer), with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte; and “The Harlem Globetrotters” (1952; Phil Brown), with Thomas Gomez and Dorothy Dandridge.
Sept. 29: “Claudine” (1974; John Berry), with Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones; and “For Love of Ivy” (1968; Daniel Mann), with Sidney Poitier and Abbey Lincoln.
Sept. 30: “Imitation of Life” (1934 †); and “Hallelujah!” (1929; King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney.
Oct. 1: “Jumpin' Jack Flash” (1986; Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg; and “Amazing Grace” (1974; Stan Lathan), with Moms Mabley and Slappy White.
Oct. 2: A program of film sequences starring Josephine Baker; and “Stormy Weather” (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
From Oct. 3: “Lady Sings the Blues” (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor; and “Sparkle” (1976; Sam O'Steen), with Philip Michael Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 23: “The Night of the Iguana” (1964; John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon; and “Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison” (1957; John Huston), with Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum.
Sept. 24: “Twentieth Century” (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and “My Man Godfrey” (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Sept. 25-26: “My Beautiful Laundrette” (1986; Stephen Frears), with Roshan Seth, Saeed Jaffrey, Gordon Warnecke, and Daniel Day Lewis; and “Letter to Brezhnev” (1986; Chris Bernard).
Sept. 27: “Paris, Texas” (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and “Days of Heaven” (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
Sept. 28: “You Are Not Alone” (1979; Lasse Nielsen; in Danish); and “Abuse” (1983; Arthur Bressan).
Sept. 29: “Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?” (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and “What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?” (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.
Sept. 30: “Under the Volcano” (1984; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews: “The Red Badge of Courage” (1951; John Huston), with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin; and “Let There Be Light” (1945; John Huston), a documentary.
Oct. 1: “Lolita” (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and “Paths of Glory” (†).
Oct. 2-3: “A Boy and His Dog” (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and “The Road Warrior” (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 23: “Dodsworth” (1936; William



Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor; and "The Little Foxes" (1941; William Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

Sept. 24: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940; Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes), with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.); and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.

Sept. 25-26: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, Arthur O'Connell, and George C. Scott; and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, and Noël Coward.

Sept. 27: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

Sept. 28: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

Sept. 29: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill) and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth and fourteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series.

Sept. 30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn.

Oct. 1: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.

Oct. 2-3: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Hell Is for Heroes" (1962; directed by Don Siegel), with Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Fess Parker, Harry Guardino, and James Coburn. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "The Counterfeit Traitor" (1962; George Seaton), with William Holden, Lilli Palmer, Hugh Griffith, and Eva Dahlbeck. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, Pina Pellicer, Katy Jurado, and Ben Johnson. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6 and Sept. 26 at 2: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (1962; John Ford), with James Stewart, John Wayne, Vera Miles, Lee Marvin, and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 5 and Sept. 27 at 2: "The Nutty Professor" (1963; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis, Stella Stevens, and Kathleen Freeman. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 5: "One-Eyed Jacks." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Hud" (1963; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Patricia Neal, Melvyn Douglas, and Brandon deWilde. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6 and Sept. 29 at 2:30: "Seconds" (1966; John Frankenheimer), with Rock Hudson, Salome Jens, John Randolph, and Will Geer. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "Hud." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "The President's Analyst" (1967; Theodore J. Flicker), with James Coburn and Godfrey Cambridge. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 2 at 2:30: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "The President's Analyst." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Bad Company" (1972; Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, and Jim Davis. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5: "The Molly Maguires" (1970; Martin Ritt), with Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar.

THEATRE 2: Oct. 1 at 12:30, 2:30, 5, and 7; Oct. 2 at 12:30, 2, 4:15 and 6:30; and Oct. 3 at 2 and 5:30: A program of British award-winning commercials of 1986.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 25 at 7:30: "Dark Eyes" (Nikita Mikhalkov; Italy). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 25 at 9: "Dark Eyes." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept 26 at noon: "A Taxing Woman" (Juzo Itami; Japan). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 3: "Diary for My Loved Ones" (Márta Mészáros; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Radium City" (Carole Langer; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9 and Sept. 27 at 2: "Police Story" (Jackie Chan; Hong Kong; dubbed in English). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 4:30: "A Month in the Country" (Pat O'Connor; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 7: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30: "A Taxing Woman." . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Theme" (Gleb Panfilov; U.S.S.R.). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:15: "A Month in the Country." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Diary for My Loved Ones." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:15: "Theme." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Bad Blood" (Léos Carax; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:15: "Barfly" (Barbet Schroeder; United States); and "Arena Brains" (Robert Longo; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Belly of an Architect" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:15: "Babette's Feast" (Gabriel Axel; Denmark). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Bad Blood." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:15: "Anna" (Yurek Bogayevicz; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Under Satan's Sun" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3: "The Belly of an Architect." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Anita—Dances of Vice" (Rosa von Praunheim; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll!" (Taylor Hackford; United States). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Sept. 26: "Elvis Presley: The Television Work," a retrospective. . . . ¶ Starting Sept. 25: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films which marks the twenty-three-year collaboration of James Ivory, Ismail Merchant, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Sept. 25 at 3 and 7: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), with Felicity Kendal and Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 3 and 7: "Bombay Talkie" (1970), with Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—"The Kid" (1921; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Edna Purviance; and "The Idle Class" (1922; Charlie Chaplin; a short silent film). Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Sept. 23 at 7 and 9.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 86th Street Twin; through Sept. 24.)

The Big Easy—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (Manhattan Twin. . . . ¶ 86th Street Twin, and Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Metro Cinema, and Embassy 1; through Sept. 24.)

The Chase (1966)—Marlon Brando as the sheriff of a corrupt, blood-lusting Texas town in the mythical America of liberal sadomasochistic fantasies, a hellhole of wife-swapping, nigger-hating, and nigger-lover-hating, where people are motivated by dirty sex or big money, and you can tell which as soon as they say their first lines. Many people all over the world blame Texas for the assassination of Kennedy—as if the murder had boiled up out of the unconscious of the people there—and the film exploits and confirms this hysterical view, going so far as to provide a facsimile of Jack Ruby's shooting of Oswald, with a racist, who is, of course, a white, Gentile Southerner, as a substitute for Ruby, and a totally innocent hero (Robert Redford) as a substitute for Oswald. The producer, Sam Spiegel, said that it was about "the consequences of affluence," and it does suggest "La Dolce Vita" on the range. Lillian Hellman, who wrote the screenplay (from Horton Foote's material), publicly expressed her dissatisfaction with the results, and it was generally acknowledged that the director, Arthur Penn, didn't have artistic control over the production. But the picture affects some people very strongly, and it has a considerable reputation, especially in Europe. With Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson, Miriam Hopkins, E. G. Marshall, Robert Duvall, Janice Rule, James Fox, and Henry Hull. (Cinema Village; Sept. 28-29.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-

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headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, U. A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ National Twin; through Sept. 24.)

Eat the Peach—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village just a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a round, wide, high, barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who solves only those problems that tease his imagination. Building the Wall keeps his brains and hopes from rotting. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer, John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on actual events) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds. This is not like any other film you've seen; at times you may feel a little tuned out, but then the vision comes together. When Vinnie's little daughter, her face as determined as his, rides her tricycle along the Wall, trying to climb it, there's nothing coy about the kid. And when she wakes up one night and rushes outside, her hair streaming back from her head, she's the soul of Ireland, the way Sara Allgood was when she played in "Juno and the Paycock." With Catherine Byrne as Nora, Niall Toibin as Boots, and Bernadette O'Neill as the blond barmaid. (7/27/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Full Metal Jacket—With Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Lee Ermey; directed by Stanley Kubrick. (7/13/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center; through Sept. 24.)

Hamburger Hill—It tells the story of a squad of fourteen American soldiers who, in Vietnam, in 1969, are ordered to take a hill. The men keep going up the hill, and being driven back by enemy fire; when it rains, they slide down the mud while the North Vietnamese throw grenades at them. After ten days they're in control of the hill, but most of the squad have given their lives to it. This film doesn't provide the viewer with the shelter of melodrama. It's a straightforward, unblinking account of the interrelationships of these young men—most of them boys of nineteen. Almost inevitably, the hill comes to represent Vietnam, but it does so without histrionics. Most of the power of this scrupulously honest memorial isn't in the talk; it's in the terror and the foreignness—the far-from-homeness—of the imagery. Directed by John Irvin, the film has great decency; it joins together terror and thoughtfulness. (The script, by Jim Carabatsos, merely touches the appropriate points to achieve a balanced view.) Cinematography by Peter MacDonald; music by Philip Glass; editing by Peter Tanner. (9/7/87) (Loews Astor Plaza; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Sept. 25.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter produced a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Film Forum 2; Sept. 30.)

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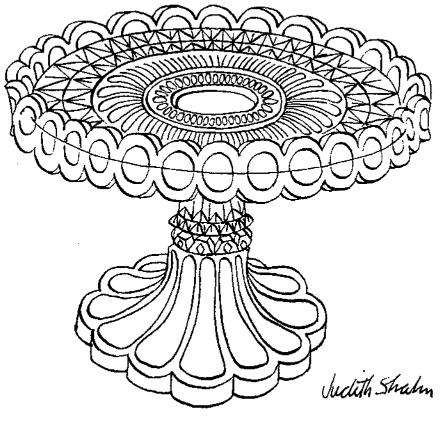
Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—The young cinematographer-director Claude Lelouch conveys tender love by cutting to gambolling lovers among gambolling horses and then lambs and then dogs. The characters have exciting, photogenic occupations: stuntman, script girl, racing-car driver. They take their kids on photogenic boats or for walks on wintry beaches. The actors don't have to do anything, because the camera—shooting through rain and snow and ice and into sunsets—supplies the moods for them. With Anouk Aimée, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Pierre Barouh. In French. (Cinema Village; Sept. 27.)

Maurice—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, written in 1913 and 1914, but not published until 1971, a year after his death. It's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice (pronounced Morris) is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. And then Forster tries to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drives is his redemption—that it burns away his snobbery and turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw as Maurice's mother, Judy Parfitt as Durham's mother, and Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, and Helena Michell and Kitty Aldridge as Maurice's sisters. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory; cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. A Merchant-Ivory production, made in England. (9/21/87) (Paris.)



My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, Carnegie Screening Room, and Lincoln Plaza.)

No Way Out—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. (9/7/87) (Plaza, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Loews Orpheum, and Guild; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ 86th Street Twin, and Art Greenwich Twin; starting Sept. 25.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick directed this version of Humphrey Cobb's novel, photographed in Germany. It is not so much an anti-war film as an attack on the military mind. The strong liberal-intellectual pitch makes it genuinely controversial, though it was certainly easier to be anti-militaristic in a film made in peacetime and set during the First World War than it would

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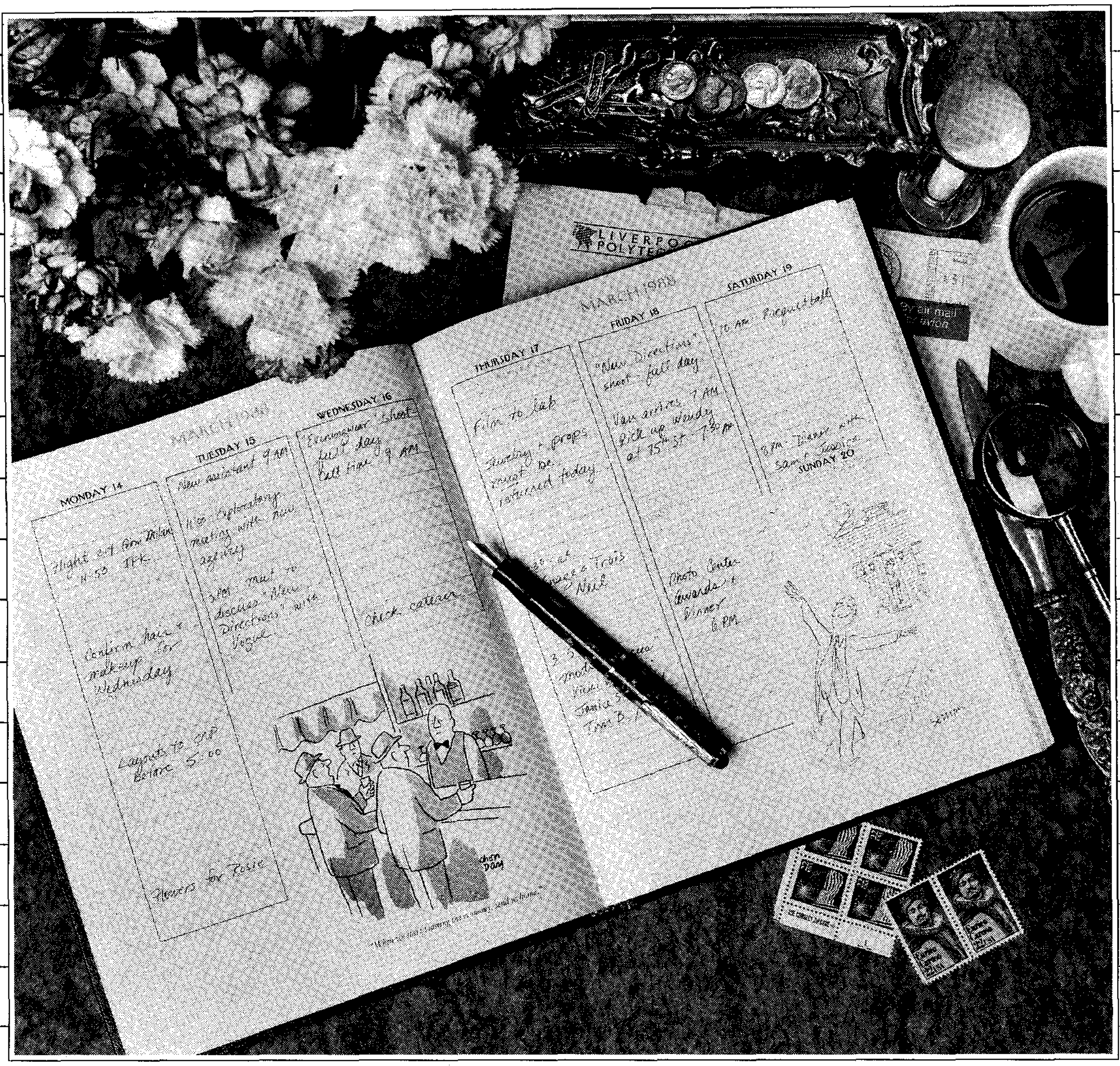
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Layouts to OP before 5:00
Flowers for Rosie
TUESDAY 15
New assistant 9 AM
11:00 Exploratory meeting with new agency
1 PM meet to discuss "New Directions" with Vogue
WEDNESDAY 16
Swimwear Shoot full day Call time 9 AM
Check caterer
THURSDAY 17
Film to lab
Swimsuits + props must be returned today
FRIDAY 18
"New Directions" shoot full day
Van arrives 7 AM
Pick up Wendy at 75th St 7:30 pm
Photo Center Awards + Dinner 6 PM
SATURDAY 19
10 AM Racquetball
8 PM Dinner with Sam + Jessica
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have been in a film set during the Second World War. The story is about the class structure within the French Army—the aristocratic generals in their spacious, sunlit châteaux and the proletarian soldiers in the dark trenches; trapped between them is Colonel Dax (Kirk Douglas), who commiserates with the men but is powerless—he carries out the orders of the high command. With Adolphe Menjou, George Macready, Ralph Meeker, Wayne Morris, Richard Anderson, and Timothy Carey. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 1.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (National Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Sept. 24.)

Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (Bay Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting Sept. 25.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

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Tough Guys Don't Dance—Norman Mailer directed and did the adaptation of his murder-mystery novel. The setting is Provincetown in November, and we're meant to feel the wintry corruption that has seeped into the town—it involves five or six killings. The writer hero (Ryan O'Neal) is ravaged from hard living with a rich wife and three years in the pen for dealing drugs, but he can tell his tough old father (Lawrence Tierney) that in those three years no man used him for a punk. His having remained anally inviolate is the proof of his manhood. Women victimize him, though—at least, the dirty-sex, Pia Zadora blondes (like Debra Sandlund) do. He has a love-hate bond to them. He needs to escape to a true-love earth-mother brunette (Isabella Rossellini). This is paltry stuff; it has an eerie, dated quality, like a copy of *Playboy* left out in the sun for fifteen years. The women are subhuman, and most of the actors look stranded—lost and undirected. Yet the tawdriness of Mailer's self-exposure and self-glorification has a low-level fascination. After a while, the movie turns into a burlesque of itself. It's thin—thinner than pulp, lacking the shock and suggestiveness of pulp. Mailer isn't enough of a moviemaker to draw us in on a primitive level: we're not caught up in the hero's fear that he may be a murderer, and so we're outside the movie from first to last. What Mailer provides is an intellectual's idea of a pulp thriller. You stare at it knowing it's hopeless yet not really wanting to leave. With Wings Hauser and John Bedford Lloyd. Cinematography by John Bailey. (9/21/87) (Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Criterion Center.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This! (1984)—This Spanish film by the bad-boy writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects. The heroine, Gloria (Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. The picture is like a slap-happy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (Public Theatre.)

The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Sept. 24.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Carnegie; through Sept. 24.)

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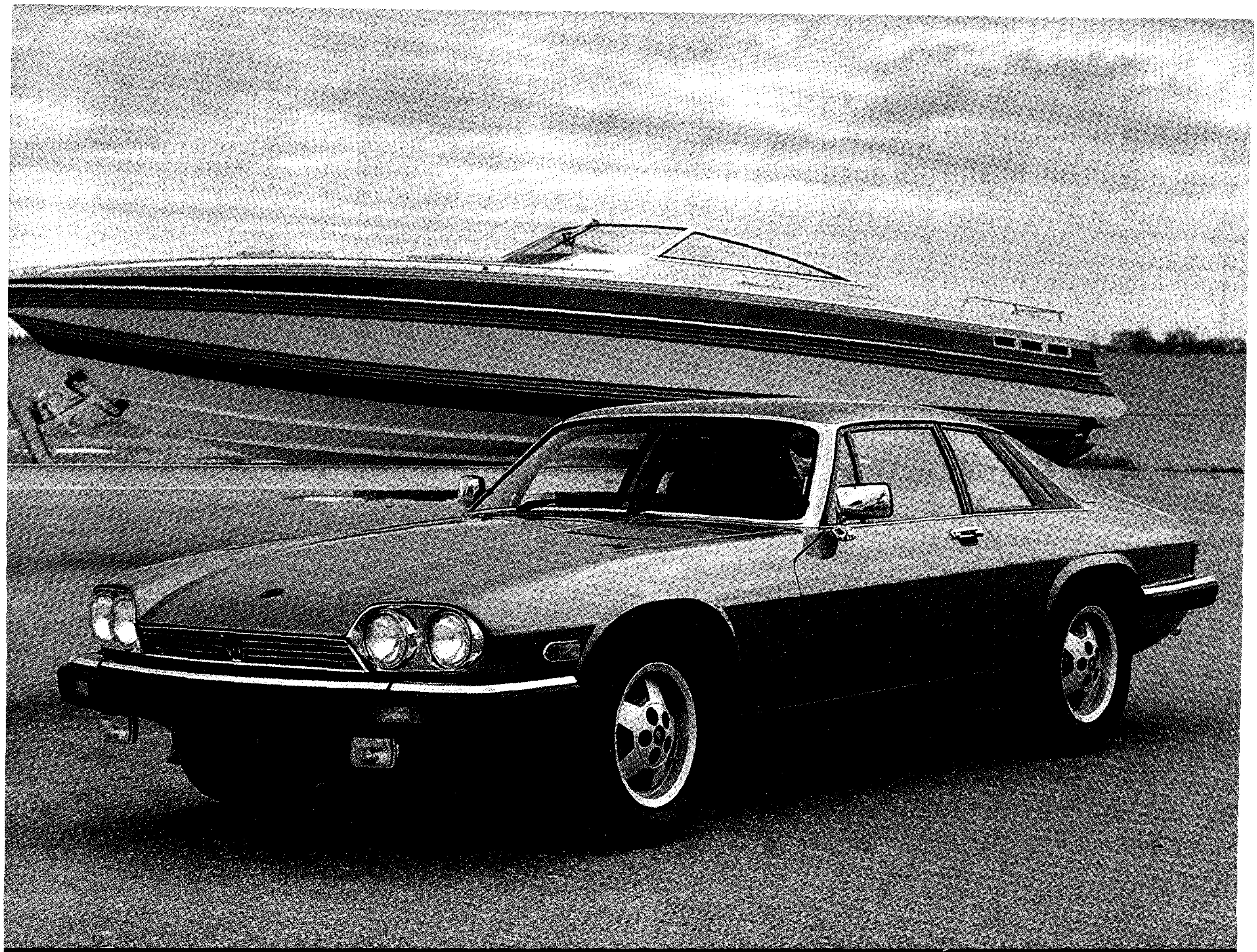

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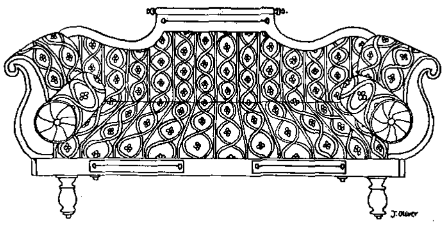
Notes and Comment

WE have received a communication from a friend who has decided to add his name to the list of next year's Presidential candidates:

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world, so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature. Venice would be a fine city if it were drained. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold. Inter-State commerce can be effectively controlled only by the Nation. The States cannot control it under the Constitution, and to amend the Constitution by giving them control of it would amount to a dissolution of the Government. The worst of the big trusts have always endeavored to keep alive the feeling in favor of having the States themselves, and not the Nation, attempt to do this work, because they know that in the long run such effort would be ineffective. These unhappy times call for the building of plans that build from the bottom up and not from the top down, that put their faith once more in the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid. The country needs, and, unless I mistake its temper, the country demands, bold, persistent experimentation. It is common sense to take a method and try it. If it fails, admit it frankly and try another. But, above all, try something. I pledge you, I pledge myself, to a new deal for the American people. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. It is time for a new generation of leadership, to cope with new problems and new opportunities. For there is a new world to be won. The New Frontier of which I speak is not a set of promises—it is a set of challenges. It sums up not what I intend to offer the American people but what I intend to ask of them. The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use wealth to enrich and elevate our national life—and to advance the quality of American civilization—for in our time we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society but upward to the Great Society. When the President does it, that means it's not illegal. I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. God recognizes I will do this and forgives me. There you go again. I think it's time we had some new ideas.



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AN indignant friend writes:

I am a North American binational—childhood and elementary school in Philadelphia, adolescence and higher education in Montreal. I married a Canadian, and my family all live up North, but my work and most of my interests lie here in New York. Most of the time, I happily pick and choose between my two selves, Canadian and American, depending on which nationality it is less embarrassing to admit to at any particular moment. Once every few years, however, for two weeks in late summer I become entirely and unequivocally Canadian, for this is when the Canada Cup hockey tournament takes place. The Canada Cup is the real world championship of ice hockey—the only tournament that includes the leading European national sides (Czech, Finnish, Swedish, and, above all, Russian), an American national team, and a team of the best Canadian professionals. There are problems with the tournament—the Canadians don't really have enough time to prepare, and since all of Canada is fixated on the Russians some of the lesser European teams are treated inconsiderately by the organizers—but on the whole it is one of the best sporting events in the world.

The three-game final of this year's Canada Cup, between the Soviet Nationals and Team Canada, may have been the greatest series of hockey games ever played, and even the greatest extended series in the history of international team sport. (Perhaps there have been cricket test matches as good, but I classify cricket less as a sport than as a form of meditation.) Each of the three games ended in a 6–5 score: the Russians won the first game in overtime, after taking a three-goal lead, losing it, and then tying the game in the last three minutes; the Canadians won the second game, maybe the finest hockey game ever played, in *double* overtime, on a brilliant goal by the matchless pair of Wayne Gretzky and Mario Lemieux; and then, after trailing by 3–0 in the first eight minutes of the third game, the Canadians came back to win on another breathtaking last-minute Gretzky invention punctuated by a Lemieux shot. Anyone who watched these games carried away memories not of victory or loss but of incomparable energy, emotion, and shared inspiration. The two teams in their interaction simply lifted the game itself to an entirely new level. By the end of the series, the Canadians' play had become vastly more imaginative, skilled, and elegant—more Russian—while the Soviets had become far more determined, aggressive, and individual: more Canadian. It was a genuine cultural exchange, and the tone throughout was one of mutual appreciation. I felt, in fact, that at certain moments the Canadians were carrying their sense of cheerful good fellowship—their Canadianness—a little too far. "What do you think of the game?" one of the announcers asked his partner in the middle of a particularly nail-biting moment. (A local cable station was picking the games up, without fanfare, from the Canadian broadcasts.) "Well, I'll say this," the other replied. "The way the two teams are skating now, whoever wins, *all* the fellows will certainly get a good night's sleep tonight, eh?"

But if, like my American self, you persist in the belief that by reading the *Times*, and watching the television news, and taking a few magazines on specialized subjects that interest you, you won't miss much of importance in the world—a belief that until the last two weeks my Canadian self was willing to share—it is entirely possible that you would not have known that there was any such event under way, much less that it mattered. Not one of the New York papers—not even the *Times*—sent a reporter to the final; the *Times* never ran a single feature story on any of the games. (A leading American sports magazine published a disparaging article calling the tournament a "drain" on the "overworked" N.H.L. players—which, considering the endless tedium and meaninglessness of much N.H.L. play, is like saying that a shore leave in Tahiti is a drain on overworked swabbies.) No Canada Cup highlights were shown on the television news in New York—or not on any that I saw—and except for a brief comment by ABC's Peter Jennings (himself a Canadian, of course) no mention was made of the games on national television. Now, if the *Times* or local TV commentators want to devote more time to the Mets and the Cardinals than to the Canada Cup—well, I understand that. On the other hand, nearly complete disregard—*that* is scary, and suggests to my Canadian self something very disturbing about my American self and his relation to the rest of the world.

Sport is our favorite national metaphor, but if we are going to be metaphoric, then we had better have the metaphor in all its implications. The truth is that sports in America are often a metaphor for our national self-absorption and our isolation from other people's passions and histories. (The Los Angeles Olympics are widely seen as a high point of the Reagan era of renewed national pride, but in fact there was almost nothing to be proud of, because in essence there was no competition. Almost nobody who was really capable of competing with us came to the Games in the first place.) The journalistic boycott of the Canada Cup is a blatant example of our provincialism, precisely because so many of the tournament's leading actors—Gretzky, Lemieux, Bourque, Sutter—are ones who, when they move onto our own stage for incomparably less dramatic performances, are much talked of, and even celebrated. *Everything* Gretzky does should be important to anyone who genuinely likes sports, as opposed to just liking to see the home team win, since he is beyond question among the most dominant players in any team sport in the past half century—really, since Babe Ruth. (He is also one of the most interesting psychological case studies ever to have appeared in any arena, since his domination of hockey is almost entirely intellectual: slightly built, delicate, and a little slow, he simply understands the patterns and flow of the game more profoundly than any of the far swifter and more pugnacious players who surround him.) If in the highest moment of his professional life he becomes a non-person in a non-event simply because there are no Americans involved, it ought to make us wonder what else we must be missing.

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STUART LEEDS

Right after Lemieux scored the winning goal, my phone began to ring off the hook, with family and friends from across Canada calling me here in New York: my mother-in-law (who was a champion speed skater forty years ago in Winnipeg); a brother-in-law in Toronto, who happens to be an expert on Eastern European affairs, and who in Kremlinologist style dispassionately analyzed the likely effects of the last-minute loss on the Russian team ("Did you notice how the coach was yelling at his players? That's meaningless—they always yell at the workers. The thing to notice was that the players weren't paying any attention. *That's* the sign in the Soviet Union that the boss is on the way out"); my father, who has been watching hockey at the Forum for twenty years, and who said that for the first time he got a stiff neck because of the sheer speed of the games. No one talked much about "our victory"—Canadians understand that when you have three games that end 6–5 what you have is a tie—and everyone was full of praise for the gallant and incredibly skilled Russians. My Canadian self has now been through a true international event—a real exchange of feeling and skills between two peoples—and he's proud of his worldliness. My American self is ashamed—or would be, if only someone would tell him what he's missed.

• •

Release

WE dropped in, the other day, on a pure humanist whose spirit has prospered with the rise of technology. His name is Robert Russell. For thirty-two years, he has been a professor at Franklin and Marshall College, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, taking his rotation as chairman of the English Department, and writing, meanwhile, innumerable articles and several books. "Previously, writing was not a solitary enterprise for me," he remarked, turning away from his computer. "On the typewriter I could do a draft by myself, but it would be a terrible mess, technically, because I couldn't remember what I had written. If I was interrupted by a telephone call, or if my mind wandered, I would forget what I had last said. And unless I got hold of somebody and asked what I had said—asked, for example, 'Where am I? Did I make a space after the s of fish, or did I put the h there? Should I do a backspace h to make fish?'—unless I could depend on somebody else to find that sort of thing, I'd just have to plunge ahead and hope."

Russell's computer is an I.B.M. PC upgraded to the level of an XT with a twenty-megabyte hard disk. His fingers flew about the keyboard, and green words leaped to the screen:

There once was a pony named Lucius
Whose mother was owne by Confucius;
He won all the races
In mountainous places
Except for the Prix-de-Vesuvius.

The room, under eaves, had no windows. On the walls were a stuffed hawk, an inscribed and framed poem by Stanley Kunitz, and a couple of aerial lithographs of Oxford University—courts and quadrangles that Russell had inhabited but never seen. On his desk was a Perkins Brailler, with platform space bar and spatulate keys, looking embarrassed in the presence of the computer. We remarked that there was a typo in the limerick, and wondered (aloud) how much time would be required for Russell to find it. The answer was ten seconds—after he touched the F6 key and his machine began to talk:

There once was a punny named
 Loose ee us

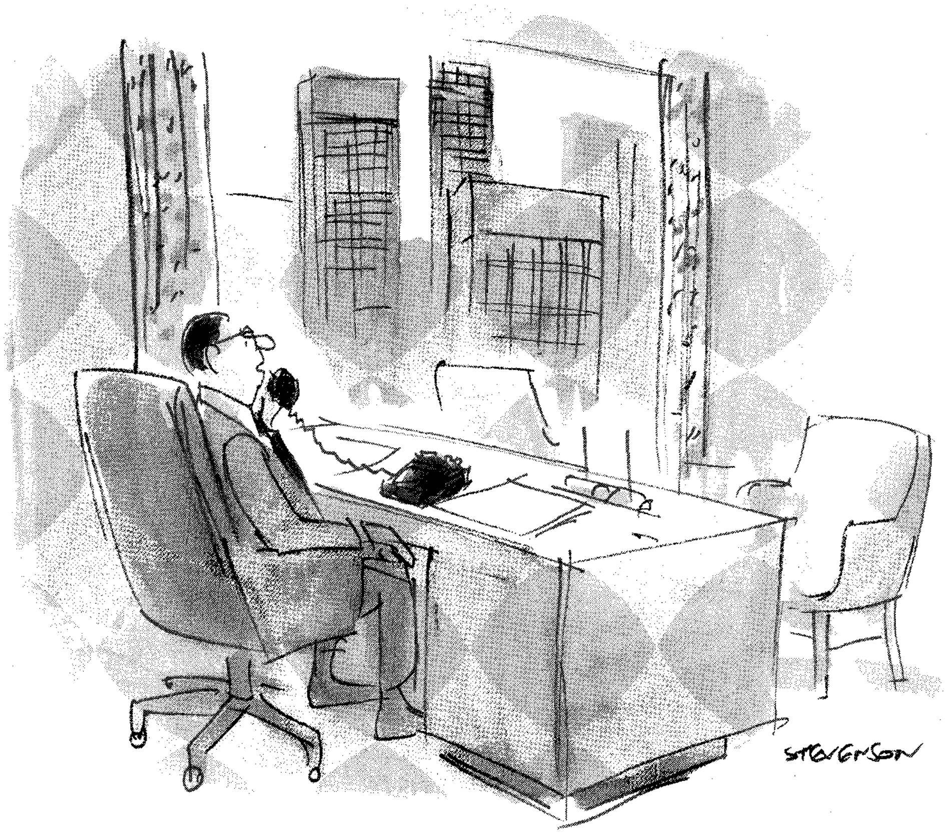
In every respect—from its black-and-cream façade to its hopping dance of green words—the computer was identical to its I.B.M. peers, with one exception. A small box called ECHO GP, connected by a wire to a card of chips inside, was prepared to recite the words on the screen. Its accent, as one might expect, was hard to place. It verged on dialect. Deep, nasal, reverberant, tympanic, it was the voice of an extraterrestrial who had acquired a job in a large city announcing the departure of trains.

Whose mother was owne by
 Con foo see us

"Something wrong there," Russell remarked, and he put in the missing d.

"How did you know?"

"Just by listening. It said own but not deh."



"It makes sense for Elizabeth Dole to be at her husband's side, dear, but I think you should stay just where you are."

• •

The machine's pronunciation was generally intelligible but frequently outlandish:

He won all the ray sez
In moun tane us play sez
Except for the pricks . . .

Russell compared understanding it to understanding French. As he went on to demonstrate the composition of fresh prose—writing sentences, correcting them, rearranging words and phrases—the thing said hee vee for heavy, lee den for leaden, hor ee zun for horizon, and soul derr for solder. Baseball was a base a ball. Chin ease was an Asian people. The voice articulated all punctuation: "semi coll-lon . . . comma . . . point." At the ends of lines, it said "ree turn." It could speak whole lines forward or backward, or speak one word and stop. With the touch of other keys, it would articulate a letter at a time, in either direction. At the end of a file, it said, "end of doc u ment, end of doc u ment." It was not incapable of annoying Russell:

He won all the ray sez ree turn
In moun tane us play sez ree turn
Except for the pricks minus-de-minus Veh
 soo vee us point end of doc u ment end
 of doc u ment end of doc u ment

"Oh, shut up!" Russell instructed it, and he hit Alt N. "With Alt N, I can shut him up," he said. "I'm sick of him. He bores me." The voice spent some time in the slammer. Then Russell hit Alt R to bring it back.

Writing another sentence, he put into the computer the coined word skglytijghstehfyt. When the voice reached it, the voice made no attempt to pronounce it, but equably said "s k g l y t i j g h s t e h f y t."

"It accepts what I do and tries to deal with it," Russell said. "Because it doesn't know."

"It doesn't know from nothin'," we agreed. "It's a blank sheet of paper."

"Yeah. It doesn't know that skglytijghstehfyt isn't a word. But it says to itself, '*He's* supposed to know. I'll just spell that back to him, and if he makes sense out of it, fine. I don't make any sense out of it, but then I'm only a computer.' "

Bob Russell is sixty-two—compact, fine-featured, Celtic in demeanor, his hair a thickish gray brush cut. He antedates the tape recorder, the electric typewriter. He found an old croquet mallet when he was five, and pounded it on a concrete walk to secure the head. The brittle wood shattered, and a sharp point entered the pupil of his left eye. Attempts to save the eye led to an infection that spread sympathetically to the other eye. He lost all vision. He was the youngest of seven children, son of a shopkeeper in Binghamton who sold jewelry and men's clothing. Aged six, he entered the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind, 999 Pelham Parkway, the Bronx. Most of his classmates went home on weekends. He was from so far away that he went home three times a year. He learned the I.R.T. by the lurch of the curve, the pitch of the screaming metal, the relationship of platforms to doors. On the streets of Manhattan, he sought pizza with his nose. On the school's athletic field, he learned to scoop up a football from the sound of the bounce. He became an accomplished wrestler. In a three-sided courtyard, he played a version of baseball, in which the student who served as umpire was frequently told he was "blind as a bat." Russell pulls out these stories like bottles of wine in a book called "To Catch an Angel," which was published in 1962 and is still in print.

When Russell was twelve, his brother James sent him a Remington portable with a note that said he would have to learn how to use it if he was to progress in school. The work that he did on the Remington carried him to Hamilton College, and on, transferring, to Yale, where he was a varsity wrestler, and to England—B. Litt. (Oxon.). Writing his last exam in his senior year in New Haven, he typed twelve pages about the Age of Johnson. This was in response to questions posed by the great Chauncey Brewster Tinker, the sound of whose name would cause a parrot to say "Yale." The Remington's ribbon got stuck on page 3. The keys broke through the cloth. Russell turned in the finished exam not knowing that nine pages were blank. When Chauncey Brewster Tinker touched the backs of the pages, he felt raised impressions that resembled Braille. He went straight to Russell's room and asked him just to recount what the exam had meant to say.

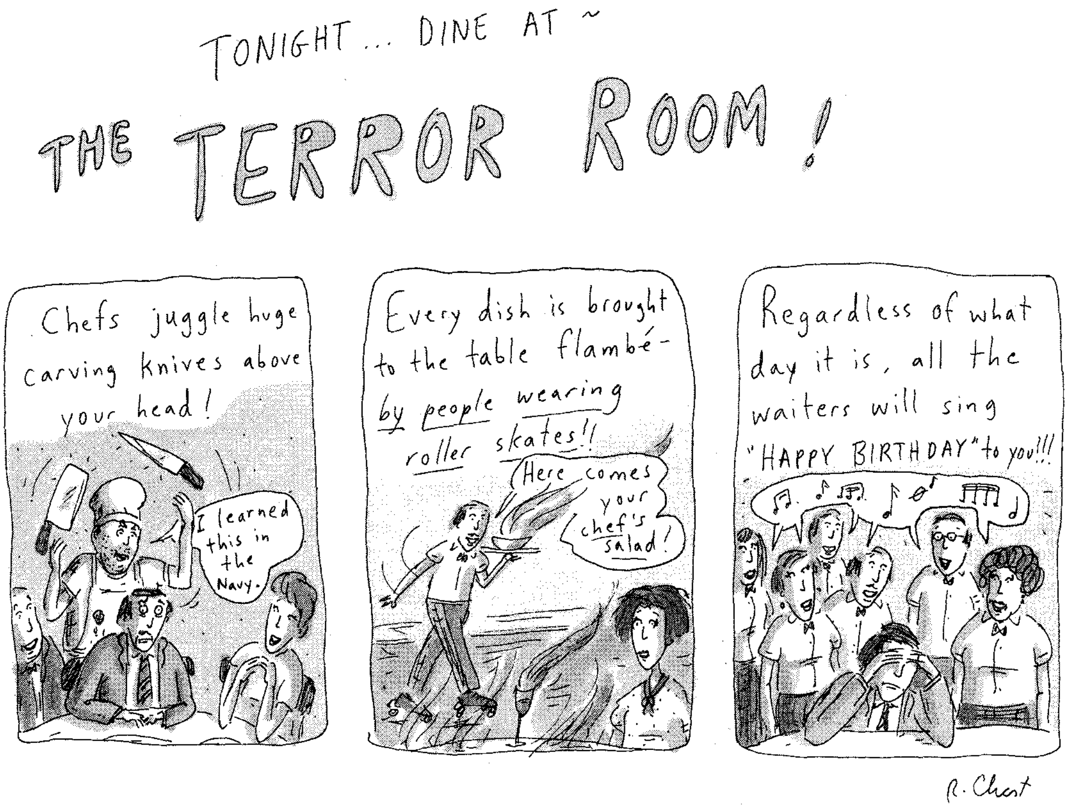
For all Russell's academic accomplishments, when he said he wanted to become a college professor he was advised repeatedly to give up the ambition. "People said to me, 'Go back to weaving baskets. You can't teach.' " He collected hundreds of polite notes in response to applications. After Yale and before Oxford, he finally got a job at Triple Cities College. The school was desperate. An alien who had been hired there had lost his birth certificate and couldn't get into the country. (Triple Cities College is now SUNY Binghamton.)

"Thank you. Have a star-quality day!"

At Oxford, Russell married one of his readers, a student named Elisabeth Shaw, who had spent her early years in the Orkneys. She is now head of the English Department at Elizabethtown College, twenty miles from Franklin and Marshall. Her late brother Robert Shaw was the writer who moonlighted as an actor in such films as "Jaws" and "The Sting." After Bob and Elisabeth Russell came to the United States, he was rejected by two hundred colleges and schools, and perforce he went to work in what he calls a "blind workshop" in Binghamton, where he literally put nuts on bolts for a year—until he was hired by Shimer College, in Mount Carroll, Illinois.

There, in 1953, he bought a Hermes 6000. He explains, "I thought it was time to move up in the technology. The Hermes had a better touch. It felt solid. By comparison, my old Remington was airborne, spongy. I had come to believe that all mechanical things are eternal, but they are not. We had a 1939 Ford that was driving the point home." By 1955, his work on the Hermes had attracted Franklin and Marshall, one of the oldest and best colleges in the United States. His ascent in technology accelerated there. "In 1966, I went up to the best thing that God had ever invented for a writer—the I.B.M. Selectric. You just touched it, and the key hit perfectly. My wife no longer had to say to me, 'You're not hitting your periods, you're not hitting your a's hard enough.' "

God, obviously, wasn't satisfied, and it took Him less than twenty years to get Russell into computers. To watch Russell at work, writing, may be the closest thing to a miracle we have ever seen. Like bouncing footballs, like the feet of approaching wrestlers, words travel every which way and he knows where they are. "I've got to have another word," he will say, revising. "That one doesn't sound right." The machine makes it possible for him to revise things without troubling someone else. Manuscript in hand, he used to say to Elisabeth, "When can you do this?" They had four children. If they were at their summer cottage (on an island in the St. Lawrence River), they would lock the doors while they worked, so the children would play inside and not go out and drown. If they were in Lancaster, Elisabeth would say, "After the kids go to bed." Reading to him what he had written, she would write down his corrections, and then she would dictate the revised version to him as he retyped it. She does not know how to type.


TONIGHT... DINE AT ~
THE TERROR ROOM!
Chefs juggle huge carving knives above your head!
I learned this in the Navy.
Every dish is brought to the table flambé—by people wearing roller skates!!
Here comes your chef's salad!
Regardless of what day it is, all the waiters will sing "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" to you!!!
R. Chast

"I was indecisive," he told us. "And she just was incredibly patient. That's a terrible thing to subject someone to—an invasion of her time. She's got her own career, and I'm not calling on that now. I don't think I should. I don't think I ever should have, but I had no alternative. It was a terrible dependence, largely on her patience and good humor, and it was also a tension for me to be trying to write under those circumstances." There were moments when Elisabeth felt the magnetism of an imagined revision that did not and would not occur to him. This he found irritating, and the irritation in turn brought down about him a cloud of rarefied guilt. "The machine doesn't argue," he said to us with pleasure. If it did, he could hit it with Alt N.

"I can get up in the morning and work on something," he continued. "I don't have to wake anybody. The machine is always ready to be awakened. It doesn't mind changing and rechanging and changing back, changing again, changing back, back and forth. I can do this myself. And I can catch most—though not all—of the errors. It's a release, a marvellous release. A writer tries to cast an image of the mind in operation. It's a very complicated business, and best done by oneself." Now, after thirty-five years, Elisabeth will often see a piece of his for the first time when it arrives in the mail in print.

As Russell started a new file, his machine said to him, "You may be jinn typing." His word-processing software is Qwerty, out of Danbury, New Hampshire, and its tapping cane is Soft Vert, out of Mountain View, California—a program designed to make other programs speak.

"Vert makes Qwerty vocable," Russell said. "Is that a word—vocable?"

"You may be jinn typing."

Vocable it may be, but Vert is also idiosyncratic. It rhymes laughter with daughter. It says began like an Oxford don but it doesn't know how to be jinn. As if to taunt it, Russell wrote:

> It's time for my dream girl to begin dreaming

And Soft Vert said:

> It's time for my dream jirl to be jinn dreaming

We asked Russell to write "Begin the Beguine."

"Cole Porter," he said. "How do you spell Cole? C o l l? C o l e? I'm a very bad speller. When I was a kid and read Braille, I could spell. In college, there were too many books. I'm a pitifully slow reader. I had to junk Braille and listen to people reading. I never learned to read properly with Braille. So when it comes to a name like Cole or a word like solder I don't have an image in my head to recreate on the page." Touching the computer, he added, "I've got a Random House Dictionary in here, but I don't know how to get it to talk properly."

With some help in the spelling, he typed:

> Cole Porter rewrote "Begin the Beguine"

The machine said:

> Cole Porter roo rote "Be jinn the Big Wine"

"Oh, shut up," Russell said. Then, tactfully—as if suddenly concerned for the feelings of a companion—he remarked, "French doesn't sound funny when you know how to speak French."

He then typed out a line of great challenge to Soft Vert:

> I was tough enough though through with it.

The sentence had three different sounds in its o u g h's, and the machine pronounced them flawlessly.

Russell asked if we remembered George Bernard Shaw's essay on the anomalies of the spelling of English.

We said we did.

He asked if we remembered how Shaw spelled fish.

"G h o t i," we said. "The g and

h as in laughter. The o as in women. The t and i as in nation."

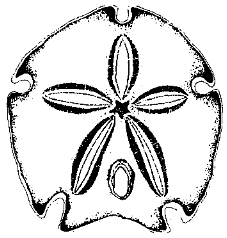
Russell wrote on his computer:

Ghoti

And the thing said:

Fish

Taste of Texas



DARN right we race armadillos. Got a certificate right here to prove it. Jalapeño Sam Lewis showed us how. Handed us a bristly, wriggling, pointy-faced, armor-plated little dude and said, "Go for it." The track was a strip of AstroTurf rolled out behind the Puck Building, in SoHo, and there were thirteen entries, all but ours being handled by Texans. Our armadillo got off to a slow start. "Blow on him," Sam coached. "Blow on him where his tail meets his body, and he'll run like crazy." We confined ourself to verbal encouragement, and soon our armadillo responded. One of the other racers veered off, turned back, and went *under* the AstroTurf. That gave us a chance to gain ground. Some of the other racers were spooked, frankly, with this hump in the turf darting around, but not our guy. He ended up finishing second. Jalapeño Sam, who is the president of the World Armadillo Breeding and Racing Association, and runs, he told us, "a Hertz rent-a-diller service" at races in Texas, presented us with our certificate, which features an armadillo wearing sneakers.

We noticed that the armadillo that had won the race had half its tail wrapped in silver duct tape. We asked Jalapeño Sam what had happened to it.

Jalapeño Sam did not reply. Instead, he turned to a young woman standing nearby. "Where do you live, little lady?" he asked.

"Nowhere," she said. "West Texas."

"That's about ten miles from where I live!" Sam exclaimed.

We headed on into the Puck Building, where the Taste of Texas food show was in progress. Thirty-six Texas companies were displaying their wares, and Jim Hightower, the Texas Agriculture Commissioner, was assuring the crowd, "If you taste it, you'll buy a trainload of it."

That's basically what Tom TenBrink said, too, when we stopped in front of his booth. TenBrink was scooping Mariano's Frozen Margarita Mix out of a plastic bucket and urging Margaritas on passersby. "You gotta put it in their mouth," he told us. "You put it in *their* mouth, you make 'em walk backward." Mariano's Frozen Margarita Mix, which, according to TenBrink, is already big in the Dallas–Fort Worth area, is an alarmingly simple invention: you pour a bottle of tequila into a bucket of mix, stir it, and put it in the freezer, and the next morning you're looking at several dozen frozen Margaritas. "Our best customer is a female, married or not, between the ages of twenty-four and forty, who entertains a lot," TenBrink said. "She immediately appreciates it." We reckoned there were many such customers in New York, and said so. "That's why we're here," he said. Then we got down to business: we tried the Margarita. It was cold, sweet, strong, and though it didn't look exactly like other Margaritas we've seen—it was a rather disturbing deep chemical green—it tasted like the genuine article. We walked backward.

And bumped into Jane Scott, the vice-president for home furnishings, Saks Fifth Avenue. Jane was perfectly polite. She told us she found the Taste of Texas show "interesting, because it focusses on a very hot segment of the market," but she declined to say whether we should start looking for pickled okra, mesquite-grilled fajitas, bluebonnet jelly, or three-alarm chili in the gift-foods section of Saks.

Nieman-Marcus, on the other hand, has already committed itself to distributing New York, Texas Cheesecake. Lyn Dunsavage, who makes New York, Texas Cheesecake at her home, explained, "Our farm overlooks the hills of New York, Texas." NY, TX, which has a population of twelve, is seventy-five miles southeast of Dallas. "There's a Baptist church, a graveyard, and a store," Mrs. Dunsavage said. "The store doesn't sell any cheesecake. It sells mainly baling wire and oil for tractors." A young man stopped to sample Mrs. Dunsavage's cake. He pronounced it better than anything available locally. "That's a bodacious statement to make in New York," said Mrs. D.

The Texas 1015, although it was one of the few products displayed that didn't all but shout "Taste me!," was a showstopper. It's a huge, flawless-looking onion, bigger than most urban grapefruits, and Paula Fouchek was on hand to extoll its virtues. "It took ten years of research, and a million dollars, to produce the 1015," she told us. "It's a super-sweet onion. Why is it called the 1015? Because you plant it on October 15th. They tried to change the name, but it was too late. Consumers already knew it. They'd say, 'I want the one with the *number*.' They didn't know the number, but they knew the onion."

We asked where we could find a 1015 in New York City.

"Nowhere right now," Paula said. "It comes out of the ground in April, and it's only available here from about mid-April to mid-May. But it's one of the few varieties of sweet onion that can be stored. Like, we knew we would be coming here, so we put six or eight cartons in the refrigerator, and they don't look too bad, do they?" They certainly didn't. "Another thing about the 1015 is that it's predominantly single-centered. If you're a food-service outlet, making onion rings, you don't want an onion with two, three, four centers, do you?" We certainly don't. If we're a food-service outlet, we want a trainload of 1015s.

But we changed the subject. We mentioned all the Texas-shaped things at the show—Texas-shaped corn chips being served on Texas-shaped trays, for example.

Paula's colleague Betty Ricks said, "That's right. It's one of the few states that are like that. I've lived in California. I've lived in Michigan. And you just can't buy things shaped like those states. I've got Texas-shaped ice-cube makers, Texas-shaped cake pans."

Phyllis Hsu didn't have any Texas-shaped egg rolls at her booth, but that doesn't mean that her line of Amy's Egg Rolls and Fried Wontons is without patriotic content. They are named after her fifteen-year-old daughter, whose name written in Chinese characters means, according to Mrs. Hsu, "I Love America." Amy's Fried Wontons are big in Houston's public schools, and Mrs. Hsu was clear about her reasons for participating in the Taste of Texas show. "I want to get into New York schools," she said. We tried a wonton, and found it bodacious.

HOSTESS

My husband was promoted to crew chief, and with the raise we moved into a double-wide, just up the drive. Half the park came to the housewarming. Well, Meg drank herself to tears and holed up in the toilet, poor thing. "Meg? Hon?" I said from the hall. "You going to live?" She groaned something. It was seeing R.L. with that tramp down in 18 that made her do this to herself. Now there was a whole line of beer drinkers doing the rain dance out in the hall, this being a single-bath unit. I was the hostess, and I had to do something. "Sweetheart," I said, knocking. "I'm going to put you a bowl on the floor in the utility room." The rest of the trailer was carpeted.

Dale, my husband, was in the kitchen with an egg in his hand, squeezing it for all he was worth. Veins stuck out everywhere on his arm. Paul and Eric were laughing. "What's going on in here?" I said.

Dale stopped squeezing and breathed. "I got to admit," he said, "I never knew that about eggs." I could have kicked him when he handed Paul five dollars. I found the bowl I was after, plus a blanket, and took care of Meg.

Then Hank and Boyce almost got into a fight over a remark Hank made about somebody named Linda. They had already squared off outside when it came out that Hank was talking about a Linda *Stillman*, when Boyce thought he meant a Linda *Faye*. Well, by that time everybody was ready for something, so the guys agreed to arm-wrestle. Hank won, but only because Boyce started laughing when Kathy Sueanne sat in Jason's supper and Jason got madder than Kathy Sueanne did because there wasn't any more potato salad left.

You won't believe who showed up then. R.L.! Said he was looking for Meg. "You think she wants to see you, R.L.?" I said. "After what you did to her with that trash Elaine?" So he said he'd only kissed Elaine a couple of times. "Or not even that," he said. "She was the one kissed *me*."

"You know what you can kiss," I said. He stood there looking like some dog you'd just hauled off and kicked for no good reason. "Well, come on," I said, taking him by the shirt. I led him to the utility room to show him the condition he'd driven his darling to. I'm here to say, when R.L. saw that precious thing curled up in front of the hot-water heater he sank to his knees in shame. I just closed the door.

Back in the den, there was this Australian kangaroo giving birth on the television. The little baby kangaroo, which looked sort of like an anchovy with legs, had just made it out of its mama and was crawling around looking for her pouch. The man on the show said it had about ten minutes to get in there and find a teat or it would die. He said a lot of them don't make it. I got so wrought up watching that trembly little fellow that I started cheering him on. So did everyone else. Well, to everyone's relief, the little thing made it. Then Gus wanted to know why everybody over there always called each other Mike. Nobody had any idea.

Eric ate a whole bunch of dry cat food before figuring out what it was and that somebody had put it in the party dish as a joke. He tried to act like it didn't bother him, but he didn't stay too long after that. Melinda went out to her car for cigarettes, and a yellow jacket stung her behind the knee, so when she came in howling, Rod slapped this big wad of chewed tobacco on the spot to draw out the poison, which made her howl even louder, till I washed it off and applied meat tenderizer and let her go lie down in the guest bed for a while.

That's when something strange happened. The phone started ringing, and I ran back to get it in Dale's and my bedroom, which was the closest to quiet in the trailer. I answered and just got this hollow sound at first, like you get with a bad connection over long-distance.

There was a mumble, then a woman's voice said, "She's gone." I didn't recognize the voice, but I was sure what "gone" meant by the way she said it. It meant someone had died. Then she said—and she almost screamed it—"Someone should have been here. Why weren't you and Clarence here?"

Now, I don't know a soul in this world named Clarence, and this was clearly a case of the wrong number. "Ma'am," I said as gently as I knew how.

"You'll have to talk louder," she said. "I can hardly hear you."

I curled my hand around my lips and the mouthpiece and said, "Ma'am, you have dialled the wrong number."

"Oh God, I'm sorry," she said. "Oh dear God." And here is the strange thing. The woman did not hang up. She just kept saying "Dear God" and crying.

I sat there listening to that woman and to all the happy noise coming from everywhere in the trailer and through the window from outside, and when she finally brought it down to a sniffle I said, "Honey, who was it that passed away?"

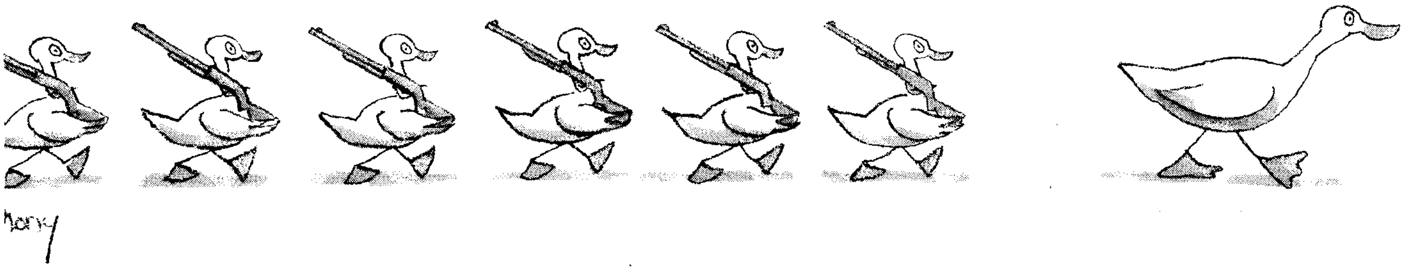
"My sister," she said. "My sister, Beatrice." And it was like saying the name started her to sobbing again.

"And none of your people are there?" I said.

"Just me," she said.

"Sweetheart, you listen to me," I said, trying to close the window for more quiet. Sweet Christ, I thought. Dear sweet Christ in Heaven. "Are you listening, angel? You should not be alone right now. You understand what I'm telling you?" I said, "Now, I am right here."

—Donald Mangum



HALF PAST FOUR

A NEW LIFE

STEPHEN blushed. A fair-skinned man, bald to the crown, he blushed clear pink. He hugged Ann with one arm as she kissed his cheek. "Good to see you, honey," he said, freeing himself, glancing past her, and smiling rather desperately. "Ella just went out. Just ten minutes ago. She had to take some typing over to Bill Hoby. Stay around till she gets back, she'd be real sorry to miss you."

"Sure," Ann said. "You all been O.K.?"

"Oh, yeah, sure. You want some coffee? Coke? Come on in." He stood aside and followed her through the small living room crowded with blond furniture to the kitchen, where yellow metal slat blinds directed sunlight in molten strips onto the counters.

"Hey, it's hot," Ann said.

"Want some coffee? There's this cinnamon-and-mocha decaf that Ella and I drink a lot. Glad it's Saturday. It's up here somewhere."

"I don't want anything."

"Coke?" He closed the cupboard, opened the refrigerator.

"Oh, sure, O.K. Diet, if you've got it."

She stood by the counter and watched him get the glass and the ice and the bottle, a plastic half gallon of cola. She did not want to open doors in this kitchen as if prying, as if entitled, or to change the angle of the slat blinds, as she would have done at home, to shut the hot light out. He fixed her a tall red glass of cola, and she drank off half of it. "Oh, yeah!" she said. "O.K.!"

"Come on outside."

"No ballgame?"

"Been doing some gardening. With Toddie."

Ann had assumed that the boy was with his mother, or rather her imagination had linked him to his mother so that if Ella wasn't here Toddie wasn't here; now she felt betrayed.

Indicating where she should go but making her go first, as when he had brought her through the house, her father ushered her to the back-porch door and stood aside and followed her as she went past the washer and dryer and the mop bucket and some brooms to the screen door and down the single cement step into the back yard.

He batted the screen door shut with one foot and stood beside her on a brick path, two brick lengths wide, that ran along dividing the flower beds under the house wall from the small, shrub-circled lawn. Two small iron chairs painted white, with rust stains where the paint had come off, faced each other across a matching table at one side of the grass plot. Beyond them Toddie crouched, turned away, near a big flowering abelia in the shade of the mirrorplant hedge that enclosed the garden.

Toddie was bigger than she had remembered, as broad-backed as a grown man.

"Hey, Toddie. Here's, ah, here's Ann!" Stephen said. His fair, tanned face was still pink. Maybe he wasn't blushing, maybe it was the heat. In the enclosed garden, the sunlight glaring from the white house wall burned on the skin like an open fire. Had he been going to say, "your sister"? His voice was loud and jovial. Toddie did not respond in any way.

Ann looked around at the garden. It was an airless, grass-floored room with high green walls and a ceiling of brightness. Beautiful pale-colored poppies swayed by the hose rack, growing in clean, weeded dirt. She looked back at them, away from the stocky figure crouched in the shade across the lawn. She did not want to look at him, and her father had no right to make her be with him and look at him, even if it was superstitious, he should think of protecting the baby, but that was stupid, that was superstitious. "Those are really neat," she said, touching the loose, soft petal of an open poppy. "Terrific colors. This is a nice garden, Daddy. You must've been working hard on it."

"Haven't you ever been out back here?"

"Stop moping. Lots of people who don't make a million by thirty make tons later on."

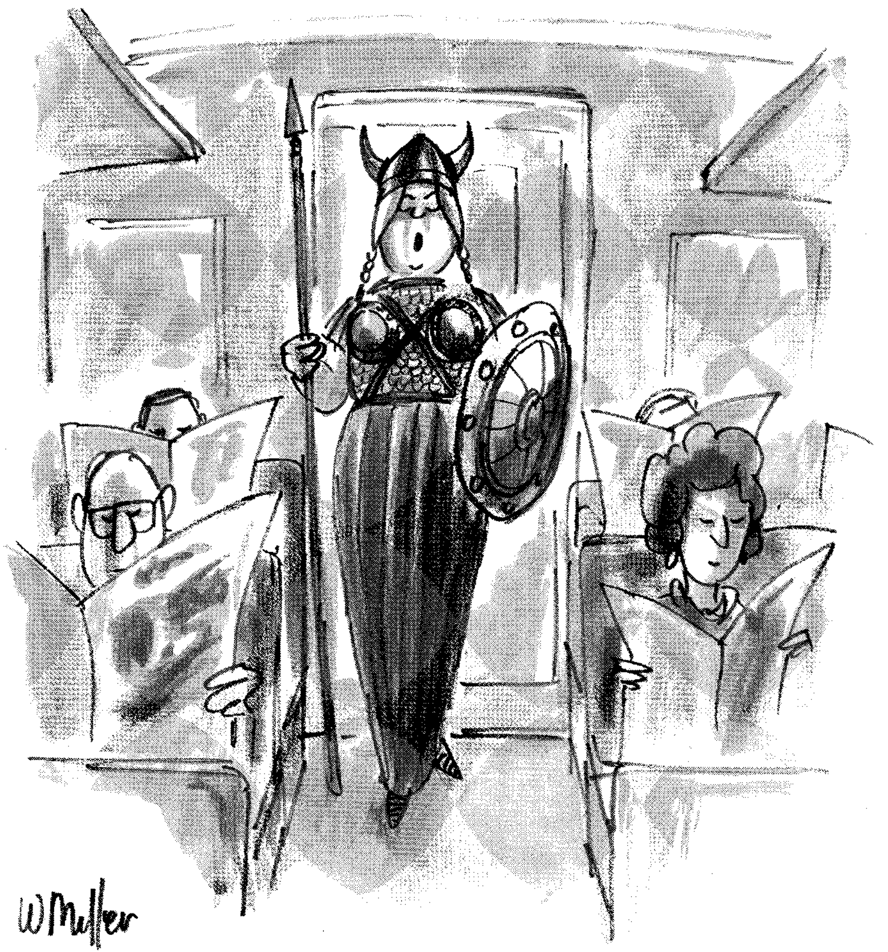
She shook her head. She had never even been in the bedrooms. She had been three or four times to this house since Stephen and Ella married. Once for Sunday brunch. Ella had served on trays in the living room and Toddie had watched TV the whole time. The first time she had been in the house was when Ella was one of Stephen's salesgirls, not his wife. They had stopped by her house for her father to leave off some papers or something. Ann had been in high school, she had stood around in the living room while her father and Ella talked about shoe orders. Knowing that Ella had a retarded child, she had hoped that it wouldn't come into the room, but all the same had wanted to see it. When Ella's husband had died suddenly of something, Ann's father had said solemnly at the dinner table, “Lucky thing they had that house of theirs paid off,” and Ann's mother had said, “Poor thing, with that poor child of theirs—what is it, a mongoloid?,” and then they had talked about how mongoloids usually died and it was a mercy. But here he was still alive and Stephen was living in his house.

“I need some shade,” Ann said, heading for the iron chairs. “Come and talk with me, Daddy.”

He followed her, but while she sat down and slipped off her sandals to cool her bare feet in the grass, he stood there. She looked up at him. The curve of his bald forehead shone in the sunlight, open and noble as a high hill standing bare above a crowded subdivision. His face was suburban, crowded with features, chin and long lips and nostrils and fleshy nose and the small, clear, anxious blue eyes. Only the forehead that looked like a big California hill had room. “Oh, Daddy,” she said, “how you *been*?”

“Just fine. Just fine,” he said, half turned away from her. “The Walnut Creek store is going just great. Walking shoes.” He bent to uproot a small dandelion from the short, coarse grass. “Walking shoes outsell running shoes two to one at the Mall. So, you been job hunting? You ever talk to Krim?”

“Oh, yeah, couple weeks ago.” Ann yawned. The still heat and the smell of newly turned earth made her sleepy. Everything made her sleepy. Waking up made her sleepy. She yawned again. “Excuse me! He said, oh, he said something might would open up in June.”



“Valhalla.”

“Good. Good. Good outfit,” Stephen said, looking around the garden, and moving a few steps away. “Good contacts.”

“But I'll have to stop working in July, because of the baby, so I don't know if it's worth it.”

“Get to know people, get started,” Stephen said indistinctly. He went to the edge of the lawn nearest the abelia and said in a cheerful, loud voice, “Hey, great work there, Toddie! Hey, look at that! That's my boy. All right!”

A blurred, whitish face under dark hair turned up to him for a moment in shadow.

“Look at that. Diggin' up a storm there. You're a real farmer.” Stephen turned and spoke to Ann from shade across the white molten air to her strip of shade: “Toddie's going to put in some more flowers here. Bulbs and stuff for fall.”

Ann drank her melted-ice water and got up from the dwarf chair that had already stained her white T-shirt with rust. She came over nearer her father and looked at the strip of upturned earth. The big boy crouched motionless, trowel in hand, head sunk.

“Look, why not sort of round off that corner, see?” Stephen said to him, going forward to point. “Dig to here, maybe. Think so?”

The boy nodded and began digging, slowly and forcefully. His hands were white and thick, with very short, wide nails rimmed with black dirt.

“What do you think, maybe dig it up clear over to that rosebush. Space out the bulbs better. Think it'd look good?”

Toddie looked up at him again. Ann looked at the blurred mouth, the dark-haired upper lip. “Yeah, uh-huh,” Toddie said, and bent to work again.

“Kind of curve it off there at the rosebush,” Stephen said. He glanced round at Ann. His face was relaxed, uncrowded. “This guy's a natural farmer,” he said. “Get anything to grow. Teachin' me. Isn't that right, Toddie? Teachin' me!”

“I guess,” the low voice said. The

head stayed bowed, the thick fingers groped in earth.

Stephen smiled at Ann. "Teachin' me," he said.

"That's neat," she said. The sides of her mouth felt very stiff and her throat ached. "Listen, Daddy, I just looked in to say hi on the way to Permanente, I'm supposed to have a checkup. No, look, I'll just leave this in the kitchen and go out the gate there. It's real good to see you, Daddy."

"Got to go already?" he said.

"Yeah, I just wanted to say hi, since I was over this way. Say hi to Ella for me. I'm sorry I missed her." She had slipped her sandals back on; she took her empty glass into the kitchen, set it in the sink and ran water into it, came out again to her father standing on the brick path, bald to the sun. She put one foot up on the cement step to refasten the sandal. "My ankles were all swelled up," she said. "Dr. Schell took me off salt. I can't put salt on anything, not even eggs."

"Yeah, they say we should all cut down on salt," Stephen said.

"Yeah, that's right." After a pause Ann said, "Only this is because of being pregnant, that I have high blood pressure and this edema stuff. Unless I'm careful." She looked at her father. He was looking across the lawn.

"You know, Daddy, even if the baby doesn't have a father it can have a grandfather," she said. She laughed, and blushed, feeling the red heat mask her face and tingle in her scalp.

"Yeah, well, sure," he said, "I guess, you know," and if he finished the sentence she did not understand it. "We all got to take care," he said.

"Sure. Well, you take care, too, Daddy," she said. She came to him to kiss his cheek. She tasted the faint salt of his sweat on her lips as she went along the brick path to the gate next to the trash cans, and let herself out onto the sidewalk under a purple jacaranda in full flower, and fastened the gate behind her.

UNBREAKING

"MY back itches."

Ann reached out the garden fork and lightly raked its clawed tines down her brother's spine.

"Not there. There." He wrapped an arm round himself trying to show her the spot, his thick fingers with dirt-caked nails scrabbling in the air.

She hitched forward and scratched his back vigorously with her own fingertips. "That got it?"

"Uh-huh."

"I want some lemonade."

"Uh-huh," Todd said as she got up, whacking dirt off her bare knees. She had to bend at the knees, not at the waist, to reach them.

The yellow kitchen was hot and close, like the inside of a room in a beehive, a cell full of yellow light, smelling of sweet wax, airless. A grub would love it. Ann mixed up instant lemonade, poured it over ice in tall plastic glasses, and carried them out, kicking the screen door shut behind her.

"Here you go, Todd."

He straightened up kneeling and took the glass in his left hand without putting down the trowel in his right. He drank off half the lemonade and then stooped to dig again, still holding the glass.

"Put it down there," Ann said, "by the bush."

He put the glass down carefully on the weedy dirt, and went on digging.

"Hey, that's good!" Ann said, sucking at her lemonade, her mouth squirting saliva like a lawn sprinkler. She sat down on the grass with her head in the shade and her legs in the sun and chewed ice slowly.

"You aren't digging," Todd said after a while.

"Nope."

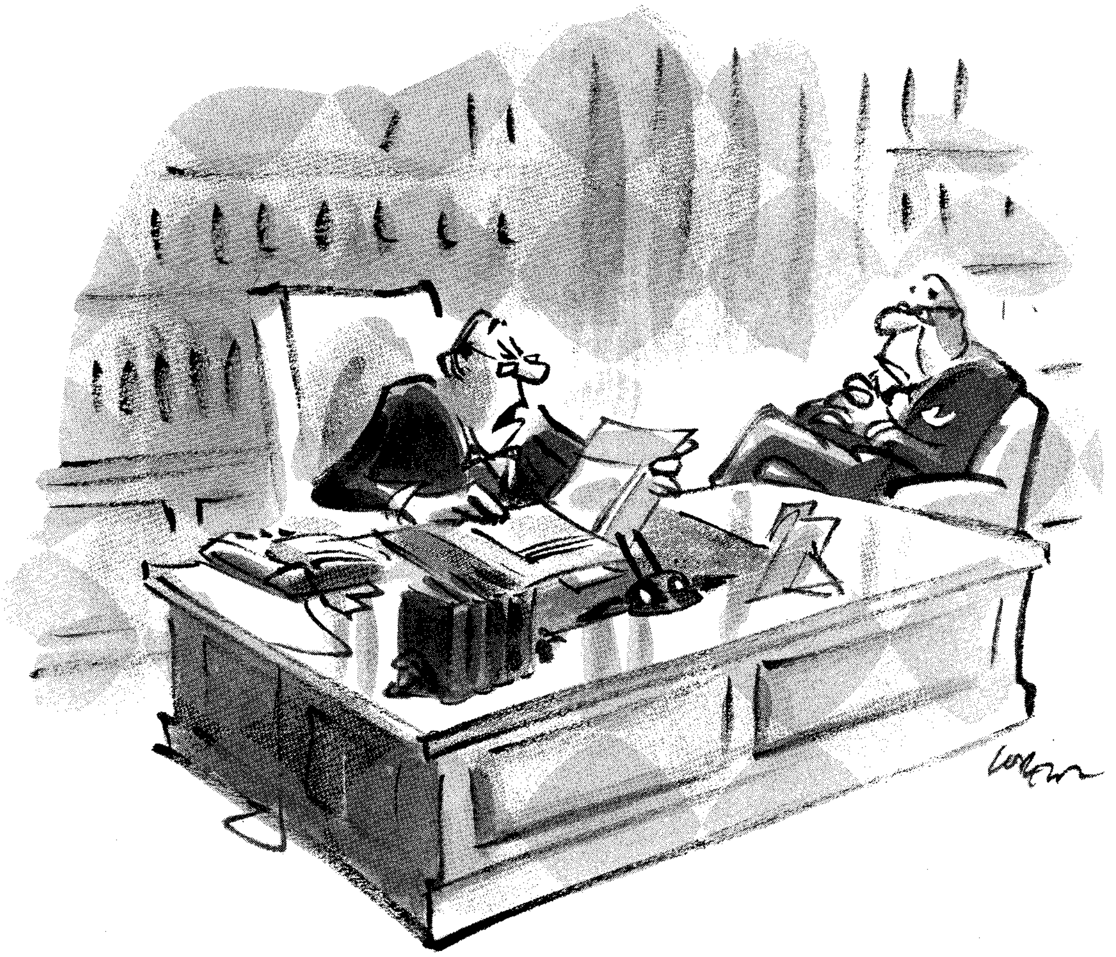
After a while she told him, "Drink your lemonade. The ice is all melting."

He put down the trowel and picked up the glass. After drinking the lemonade he put the empty glass where it had been before.

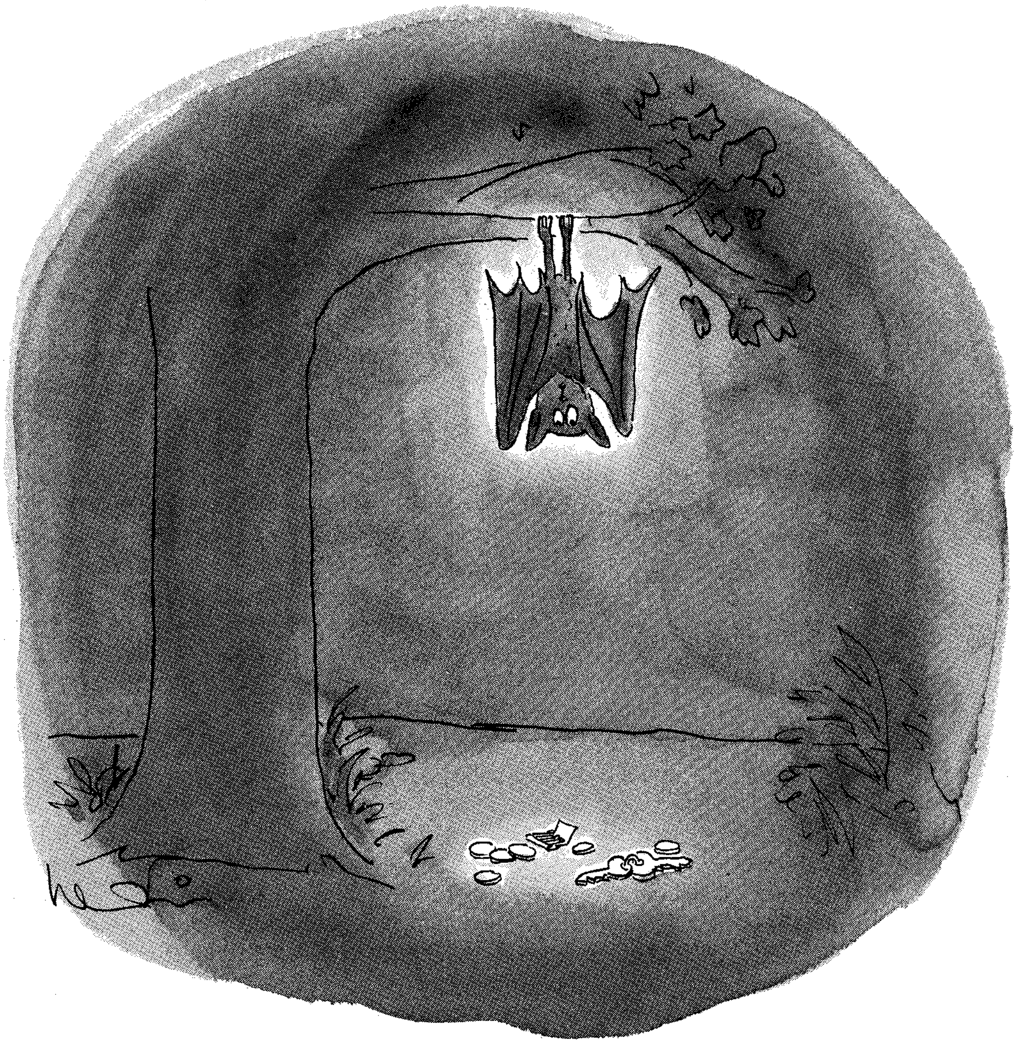
"Hey, Ann," he said, not digging, but kneeling there with his bare, thick, pale back to her.

"Hey, Todd."

"Is Daddy coming home at Christmas?"



"Your case is pretty weak. I suggest preëmptive litigation."



She tried for a moment to figure this one out. She was too sleepy. "No," she said. "He isn't coming home at all. You know that."

"I thought at Christmas," her brother said, barely audible.

"At Christmas he'll be with his new wife, with Marie. That's where he lives now, that's where his home is, in Riverside."

"I thought he might visit. At Christmas."

"No. He won't do that."

Todd was silent. He picked up the trowel and laid it down again. Ann knew he was unsatisfied but could not figure out what his problem was and did not want any problems. She got her back against the trunk of the camphor tree and sat feeling the sun on her legs and the prickling grass under them and a sweat drop trickle down between her breasts and the baby move once softly deep in and over on the left side of the universe.

"Maybe we could ask him to come at Christmas," Todd said.

"Honey," Ann said, "we can't do that. He and Mama got divorced so he could marry Marie. Right? And he'll have Christmas with her now. With Marie. And we'll have our Christmas here, like always. Right?" She waited for his nod. She was not sure she got one, but went on anyhow. "If you're missing him a lot, Todd, we can write him and tell him that."

"Maybe we could visit him."

Oh, yeah, dandy. Hi Daddy, here's your moron son and your unwed pregnant daughter on welfare, hi Marie! It struck her funny but not enough to laugh. "We can't," she said. "Hey, look. If you dig over to the end there, in front of the roses, we could put in those canna bulbs Mama got, too. They'd look real good there. They'll be red. Big red lilies."

Todd picked up the trowel, and then laid it down again in the same place. "After Christmas he has to come," he said.

"What for? Why does he have to?"

"For the baby," her brother said, very low and blurry.

"Oh," Ann said. "Oh, shit. O.K. Well. Listen, Toddie. Look. I'm having the baby, right?"

"After Christmas."

"Right. And it will be mine. Ours. You and Mama are going to help me bring it up. Right? And that's all I need. All I want. All the baby wants. Just you and Mama. All right?" She waited for his nod. "You're going to help me with the baby. Tell me when it cries. Play with it. Like that little girl at school, Sandy, that you help with. O.K., Toddie?"

"Yeah. Sure," her brother said in the voice he had sometimes, masculine and matter-of-fact, as if a man spoke through him from somewhere else. He knelt erect, his hands splayed on his bluejeaned thighs, his face and torso in shadow illuminated by the glare of sunlight on the grass. "But he's an older parent," he said.

He's an ex-parent, Ann stopped herself from saying. "Right. So what?"

"Older parents often have Down children."

"Older mothers do. Right. So?"

She looked at Todd's round, heavy face, the sparse mustache at the ends of the upper lip, the dark eyes. He looked down.

"So your baby could be a Down baby," he said.

"Sure, it could. But I'm not an older parent, honey."

"But Daddy is."

"Oh," Ann said, and after a pause, "Right." She hitched herself heavily into the shade, with her bare feet in the fresh dirt Todd had been digging up. "O.K., listen, Todd. Daddy is your father. And my father. But *not* the *baby's* father. Right?" No nod. "The baby has a different father. You don't know the baby's father. He doesn't live here. He lives in Davis, where I was. And Daddy is— Daddy isn't anything. He isn't interested. He has a new family. A new wife. Maybe they'll have a baby. They can be older parents. But they can't have this baby. *I'm* having this baby. It's our baby. It doesn't *have* any father. It doesn't have any *grandfather*. It's got me and Mama and you. Right? You're going to be its uncle. Did you know that? Will you be the baby's Uncle Todd?"

"Yeah," Todd said unhappily. "Sure."

A couple of months ago when she was crying all the time she would have cried, but now the universe inside her surrounded her with distance, through which all emotions travelled so far to reach her that they became quiet and smooth, deep and soft, like the big unbreaking waves out in mid-ocean. Instead of crying she thought about crying, the salty ache. She picked up the three-tined garden fork and reached over, trying to scratch Todd's head with it. He had shifted out of reach.

"Hey, kids," their mother said, the screen door banging behind her.

"Hey, Ella," Ann said.

"Hi, Mama," Todd said, turning away, bending to dig.

"Lemonade in the fridge," Ann said.

"What are you doing? Planting those old bulbs? I dug them up I don't know when. I bet they won't grow now. The cannas ought to. Oh, I'm so hot! It's so hot downtown!" She came across the lawn in her high-heeled sandals, panty hose, yellow cotton shirtdress, silk scarf, makeup, nail polish, sprayed set dyed hair, full secretarial uniform, complete armor. She bent over to kiss the top of her son's head, and kicked the sole of Ann's bare foot with the toe of her sandal. "Dirty children," she said. "Oh! It's so hot! I'm going to have a shower!" She went back across the lawn. The screen door banged. Ann imagined the soft folds released from under the girdle, the makeup sluiced away under warm spraying water running down over her first universe, that soft distance where she lived now, joined.

The Tiger

Ella had on her yellow sleeveless dress with the black patent belt and jet costume earrings. She had sprayed her hair. "Who's coming?" Ann asked from the couch.

"I told you yesterday—Stephen Sandies." Ella clipped past on her high wedge-heeled sandals like a circus pony on stilts, leaving a faint wake of hair-spray smell and perfume.

"What are you wearing?"

"My yellow dress from the boteek."

"I mean perfume, dummy."

"I can't pronounce it," Ella called from the kitchen.

"Jardins de Bagatelle."

"That's it. The bagatelle part is O.K. I used to play bagatelle. But I just pointed and said, 'That one.' I was trying testers at Krim's. Do you like it?"

"Yes. I stole some last night."

"What?"

"Never mind."

Ann raised a leg languidly and looked up along it as if sighting. She spread out her toes fanwise to make

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COSMETICS

See the music, hear the dance.
—*George Balanchine.*

Cremation? Honey, you've got to be kidding.
Where I come from we lay them out, paint their faces
with the cosmos, and fling back the lid. Some people
believe in the resurrection of the body.
The one you're in. You're not coming back
as Marilyn Monroe. But you are coming back. Worms
steer wide of Christians. Come the Judging,
the winner of the swimsuit division will cry
and say all the contestants have been
perfect angels. First prize is a trip to the moon.
Make sure they put you in clean underwear.
And hang on to your organs. Of course,
your heart will be useless. By law, all
arteries and veins are given a good rinse.

No matter what you've heard, it's not true.
The dead do not look wonderful. They do not
look peaceful. Or natural. Ditto, asleep, napping,
serene, resting, relieved, better off, or happy.
They look like they're trying to get out of the coffin.
Don't listen to the preacher, Nellie. The dead aren't
off making celestial hay or running Morgan Stanley.
If those streets were paved with gold,
would they be turning blue under their makeup,
bearing down, laboring, every muscle
braced with determination, waiting
for the surge of adrenaline to make them
levitate, as if holding our breath ever got us
anywhere, ever kept any lid from lowering?

Look at those cowboy messengers, dreaming
of Mercury on top of the world running
with his body. Study that attitude, their attack
on death, their string ties. The high-minded,
the seemly among you, won't be seeing the tergiversations
at the bottom of the box, the legs crossing,
one foot over the other, or the feet flopping over,
flexed, like propellers (or butterfly wings
if the feet are small), in first position. Dreamers
need the magnolias we tuck in their hands, and we
need to kiss them goodbye as if they were
themselves, as if the coldness would not enter
memory like formaldehyde, give it the taste
of satin and frogs, of, God forbid, ashes.

O Georgians, push up from the diaphragm.
Attitude! Attitude! For Balanchine's Requiem,
baby ballerinas rose from the corps, flew
from the wings with long necks, arms and legs
flashing across the moon holding on Central Park,

• •

and came down without chalk marks at the Cathedral
of Our Lady of the Sign in high heels and dresses,
loose hair, landing in third position,
arms exiled behind their backs, weighty
as Degas's bronzed "Little 14-Year-Old Dancer."
Even in that ballroom converted to sanctuary,
they hid inside the faces of cosmeticians, sweating
and crying like anyone. But their toes, unmasked
in sandals, I swear, were knobbier than mortals'.

Unbelievers, it's hands, not feet, we paint
to match the face, fold them on Byzantine chants
in the final port de bras as if they'd retired
from the classroom, never to mold another
battement tendu, blind to the universe
singing in the curl of magic swung by priests
dabbing perfume on the air, sending the night,
silken as Monte Carlo, to shimmy Georgian
above the aspirations of burning candles,
sprinkling a serenade into the ballerinas' feet
snapping open in first position, carrying them
single file, bobbing like ducklings in tutus
up to the casket, out onto the lake, sinking,
one by one into thank-you curtsies, their thin arms

escaping the borders of the body, rearranging
space. Rising, they kissed the face and hands,
the prayer band on the forehead, tears watering
symmetry, lips tasting the powder of the tomb, wings
fluttering behind them like Odette, wings rolling away
the stars, dusting Lazarus's cave, Apollo's stairway,
making ready departure, liftoff. And, on the third day,
yes, Ma'am, at six past eight, the conductor
tapped his baton, the sky rolled up like a scroll,
the body arched, the head lifted, the shoulders
dropped, elongating the neck, and the arms, unfolding
in three connected movements, took second position,
flowed into third, each hand wrapping gravity,
saucy around its little finger, the spirit rippling

down through the thighs, the clenched calves,
curving into the satin toe box, stepping, piqué,
onto fourth, and with one leg letting go of the earth,
bent back at the knee, one arm reaching up, it entered,
against a gelatin sky, the fouetté en tournant, circling
the linoleum, every limb whipping air into the torso,
spinning, harder, faster, pushing up, until,
amen, the body rose, the ballerina's wrists
bending Heaven, fingers flicking it away, legs
hyphenating space, one pointed toe catching our heart
sightseeing down the cheek like a missed beat
or a rebel moon, and fixing it somewhere
out in the galaxy of the Fifth Ring, between the dark
geometry of the music and the choreography of the corps.

—Mary Stewart Hammond

• •

sights, closed them together, spread them. "Exercises, exercises, *al*ways *do* your *ex*ercises," she chanted, raising the other leg. "Zhardang, zhardang it all to bagatelle."

"What?"

"Nothing, Ma!"

Ella clipped back into the living room with a vase of red cannas. "I see London, I see France," she observed.

"I'm exercising. When Stephen Sandman comes I'll lie here and do breathing exercises, ha-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah. Who is he?"

"Sandies. He's in Accounting. I asked him to come in for a drink before we go out."

"Go out where?"

"The new Vietnamese place. They only have a beer-and-wine license."

"Is he nice? Stephen Sandpiper?"

"I don't know him well," Ella said primly. "That is, of course, we've known each other at the office slightly for years. He and his wife were divorced a couple of years ago now."

"Ha-ah-ha-ah-ha-ah," Ann said.

Ella stood back from the arrangement of cannas. "Do they look all right?"

"Terrific. What do you want to do about me? Shall I lie here showing my underpants and doing puppy breathing?"

"We'll sit out on the patio, I thought."

"Then the cannas are just for the walk-through."

"And you're very welcome to join us, dear."

"We could impress this guy," Ann said, sitting up and assuming half-lotus position. "I could put on an apron and be the maid. Do we have an apron? One of those little white cap things. I could serve the canapés. Canapé, Mr. Sandpuppy? Canopee, Mr. Sandpoopoo?"

"Oh, hush," her mother said. "You're silly. I hope it'll be warm enough on the patio." She clipped back to the kitchen.

"If you really want to impress him," Ann called, "you'd better hide me."

Ella appeared instantly in the doorway, her mouth drawn in, her small blue eyes burning like the lights on airfields. "I will not listen to you talk that way, Ann!"

"I meant, I'm such a slob, my panties show, I haven't washed my hair, and look at the bottoms of my feet, God."

Ella continued to glare for a moment, then turned and went back into the kitchen.

Ann hauled herself out of half-lotus and onto her feet. She came to the kitchen doorway. "I just thought maybe you'd rather be alone. You know."

"I would like him to meet my daughter," Ella said, fiercely mashing cream cheese.

"I'll get dressed. You smell terrific. He'll die, you know." Ann snuffled around the base of her mother's neck, the creamy, slightly freckled skin in which two soft, round creases appeared when she turned her head, weakly crying, "Don't, don't, it tickles!"

"Vamp," Ann whispered hotly behind her mother's ear.

"Stop!"

Ann went off to the bathroom and showered. Enjoying the sound and the steam and the sluicing of the hot water, she took a long time about it. As she came naked out into the hallway she heard a man's voice and leapt back into the bathroom, pulling the door shut, then reopening it slightly to listen. They had got about as far as the cannas. She slipped out of the bathroom and down the hall to her room. She pulled on bikinis and the T-shirt dress that slithered pleasantly on her skin and embraced her rounded belly in forgiving shapelessness. She blow-dried her hair on Hot while she teased it with her fingers, put on lipstick and wiped it off, checked in the long mirror, and went sedate and barefoot down the hall, past the cannas, out onto the little flagged terrace.

Stephen Sandies, wearing a cool gray canvas sports coat and white shirt without tie, stood up and gave her a firm handshake. His smile was white but not too. Dark hair graying nicely. Trim, tan, fit, around fifty, stern mouth but not pursy, everything under control. Cool, but not sweating to keep cool. Would do. Good going, Ma, pour on the Zhardang de Big Hotel! Ann winked at her mother, who recrossed her ankles and said, "I forgot the lemonade, dear, if that's what you want? It's in the icebox." Ella was the last person in the Western Industrial Hegemony who said "icebox," or "canapé," or crossed her legs at the ankles.

• •

When Ann returned with a glass of lemonade, Stephen was talking. She sat down in a white webbed chair. Quietly, like a good girl. She sipped. They were on their second Margaritas. Stephen's voice was soft, with a kind of burring or slight huskiness in it, very sexy, a kind voice. Drink your lemonade now like a good girl and slope off. Slope off where? The belly telly in the bedroom? Shit. Forget it. Hang on, it's been a nice day. Keep playing tag in Bagatelle Gardens. Can't catch me. What was he saying about his son?

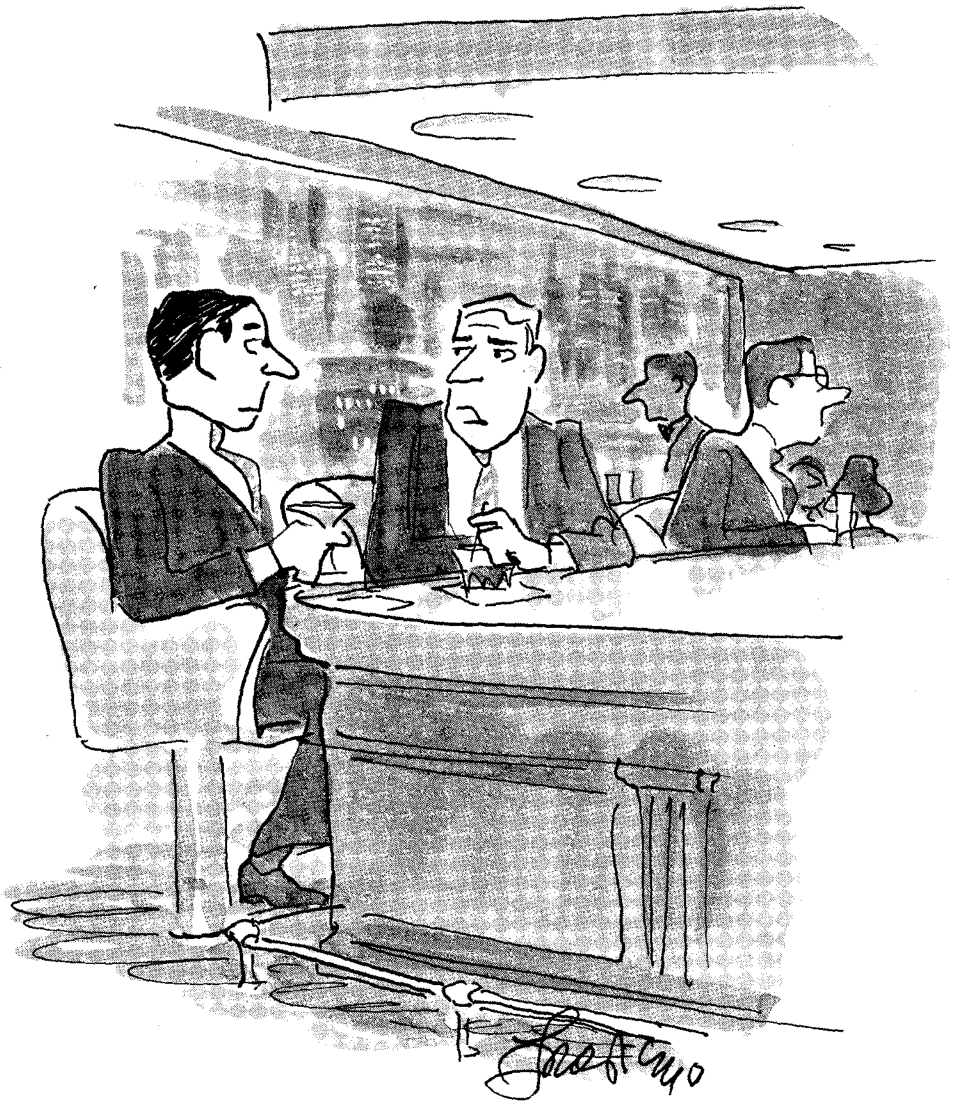
"Well," he said, and fetched a sigh. Fetched it from deep inside, a long haul. He looked up at Ella with the wry, dry grin appropriate to the question "Do you really want to hear all this?"

She's supposed to say no?

"Yes," Ella said.

"Well, it's a long, dull story, really. Legal battles are dull. Not like Hollywood courtroom scenes. To put it as briefly as possible, when Marie and I separated I was so angry and so . . . bewildered, really, that I agreed to several arrangements too hastily. To put it briefly, I've been forced to the conclusion that she's not fit to bring up my son. So we're into the classic custody battle. I'd rather, frankly, that she didn't even have visiting rights, but I'll compromise if I have to. Judges favor the mother, of course. But I intend to win. And I will. My lawyers are very good. If only the process were faster. It's very painful to me to wait through the delays and procedures. Every day he's with her will have to be undone. It's as if it were a disease for which there is a cure, and I have the cure. But they won't let me have him to begin the cure." Wow. So much conviction, and so quiet. So certain. Ann studied his face briefly sidelong. Handsome, stern, kind, sad, like God. Was he possibly very very very conceited? Was he possibly right?

"Is it— Is she drinking?" Ella hazarded, sounding weak, and setting down her glass.



"The Mercedes handles beautifully, but I miss the rapport I had with my Chevy."

• •

"Not to the point of alcoholism," Stephen replied in his gently measured way. He looked down into his Margarita slush. "You know, I don't like to say these things. We were married for eleven years. There were good times."

"Oh, yes," Ella murmured pathetically, squirming with the pain his understatement concealed. But why didn't *he* squirm?

"But," he said. "Well. Far be it from me! God knows. No job, but a credit card— Where my child-support payments go I don't know. Three schools for Todd in two years. Disorder, bohemianism— But if that were all—it isn't that. It's the exposure of my child to immorality."

Ann was terrified. She had not expected this. Debt, dirt, disorder, O.K., but immorality—her child would be exposed, exposed to immorality. Naked, soft, helpless, exposed. She would expose it by giving birth to it. By being its mother she would expose it to the dirt, the disorder, the immorality of a woman's life, her life. Its father would come from Riverside with a court order on clean white paper. It would be taken from her, taken into custody. She would never see it. No visiting rights. No birth rights. It would be stillborn, it would die of immorality even before she could expose it.

Ella's mouth was drawn in, her eyes cast down. Stephen had just said a word to her that explained all. And Ann had not been listening. Had the word been "woman"?

"You see why I can't leave the boy there," Stephen said, and though not squirming he was in pain, no doubt of it, his hand tight on the arm of the chair.

Ella shook her head in agreement.

"And this—woman's friends. All—the same kind. Flaunting it."

Ann saw the monstrous regiment.

Stephen's head moved in tiny, rigid spasms as he spoke. "And the boy alone, in that. With them. Eight years old. A good kid. Straight as an arrow. I can't. I can't stand. To think of him. With them. Learning. That."

Each staccato burst hit Ann like machine-gun fire. She set down her lemonade glass on the flagstone, got carefully to her feet, and slipped away from Margaritaville with a vague smile, bleeding, bleeding, bleeding evil monthly blood, *nine* months' worth bleeding from the holes he had shot in her. Behind her, her mother's voice said something consolatory to the man and then was raised, thin and weak, to cry, "Ann?"

"Back in a minute, Mama."

Passing the cannas flaming in twilight she heard Ella say, "Ann is taking a year off from college. She's five months pregnant." She spoke in a strange tone, warning, boastful. Flaunting.

Ann went on to the bathroom. She had left her old underpants and shorts and T-shirt all over the bathroom when she showered, and he would have come to pee before they left and seen them and then her mother would have, too, and died. She picked things up. The bullet holes had been closed by her mother's voice. The blood had sublimated and etherealized into tears. She snivelled as she dropped dirty clothes and wet towels into the dirty-clothes hamper, she cried gratefully, she washed her face and opened the bottle of Jardins de Bagatelle, the perfume of the mother tiger, and put it on her hands and on her face where she could smell it.

Living in Yinland

Duffy slung on her knapsack and went out, saying over her shoulder, "Back around seven."

Her motorcycle revving and roaring off left silence behind. The Sunday paper was all over the living room. Nobody had got up till after noon.

"God, you know," Ella said, dropping the comics, "we get our periods exactly the same time now, within a day?"

"Hey, yeah? I've heard of that. That's kind of neat."

"Yeah, only I was beginning to stop having periods most of the time. Oh, well. Tit for tat, as they say." Ella snorted. "I want some more coffee." She got up and shuffled off to the kitchen. "You want some?" she called.

"Not now."

Ella shuffled back in. She wore pink feathered mules with low heels which flopped off if she lifted her foot.

"Those are really frivolous, El. I mean seriously frivolous."

"Duffy ordered them for me from some mail-order catalogue." Ella sat down on the couch again, set her coffee cup on the table, and lifted one leg to look at the slipper. "She thought they'd suit me. Actually, it's kind of like the things Stephen used to buy me sometimes. Mistakes."

"Like the stuff you make at school and then your parents have to use them."

"Like women buying men ties, it really is true. I love paisley and Stephen hated it, he thought paisley looked like bugs, those curvy sort of shapes, you know, and I didn't realize it and I always bought him these beautiful paisley ties."

"Isn't it weird how . . ."

"How what?"

"I don't know, how we don't get through to each other, you know, only we sort of do, only not where we thought we were. I mean, like you're *wearing* those. Well, and like both of us thinking the other one would, like, disapprove. And all that stuff you went through psyching yourself up to call me about selling Mother's house. Everything backwards. But it works. Sometimes."

"Yeah," Ella said. "Sometimes." She had put both pink-feathered feet up on the edge of the coffee table, and gazed at them, her small, bright, light-blue eyes stern, judgmental. Her half sister Ann, a much larger woman fifteen years younger, sat on the floor amidst the comics and classifieds and coffee cups, wearing purple sweatpants and a red sweatshirt with an expressionless yellow circle face on it labelled "Have a Nice Day."

"Mom used that chicken ashtray I made in fourth grade till she died," Ella said.

"Even after she quit smoking. El, did you like my dad?"

Ella gazed at her feet. "Yeah," she said. "I liked him. You know, I didn't ever remember a whole lot about my own father. I was only six when he got killed, and he'd been overseas a year. I don't think I even cried except because Mom cried. So I wasn't comparing, or anything. I guess what I didn't like when Mom and Bill married was I missed her and me being together. Like this, you know, slopping around. Women slopping around. That's partly why I like it with Duffy. Only Duffy's more, well, it has to do with sex, not gender, I guess. With Duffy it's not so easy, you have to watch it. With Mom it was so easy. With you it's easy."

"Too easy, sort of?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I like it, though. Anyhow. I wasn't ever jealous of Bill or anything. He was a sweet guy. I guess in fact I had a crush on him for a while. Trying to compete with Mom. Practicing. . . ."

Ella's smile, which was infrequent, curved her long thin lips into a charming half circle. "I got a crush on everybody. My math teacher. The bus driver. The paperboy. God, I used to get up in the dark and wait at the window to see the paperboy."

"Always men?"

Ella nodded. "They hadn't invented women yet," she said.

Ann stretched out flat on the floor and raised first one purple leg, pointing her toes at the ceiling, then the other. "What were you when you got married? Nineteen?" she asked.

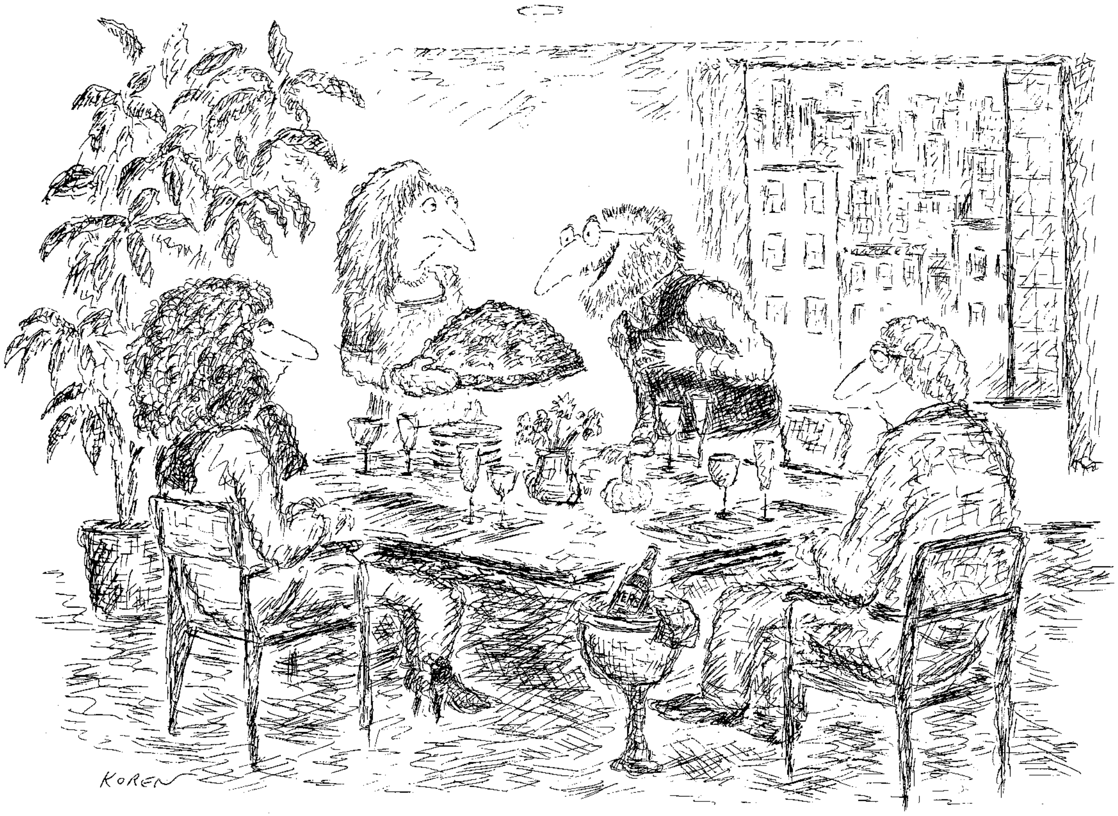
"Nineteen. Young. Younger than, Christ, fresh eggs. But you know, I wasn't really dumb. I mean Stephen was a really good guy, I mean a prince. You probably only remember him after he was drinking."

"I remember your wedding."

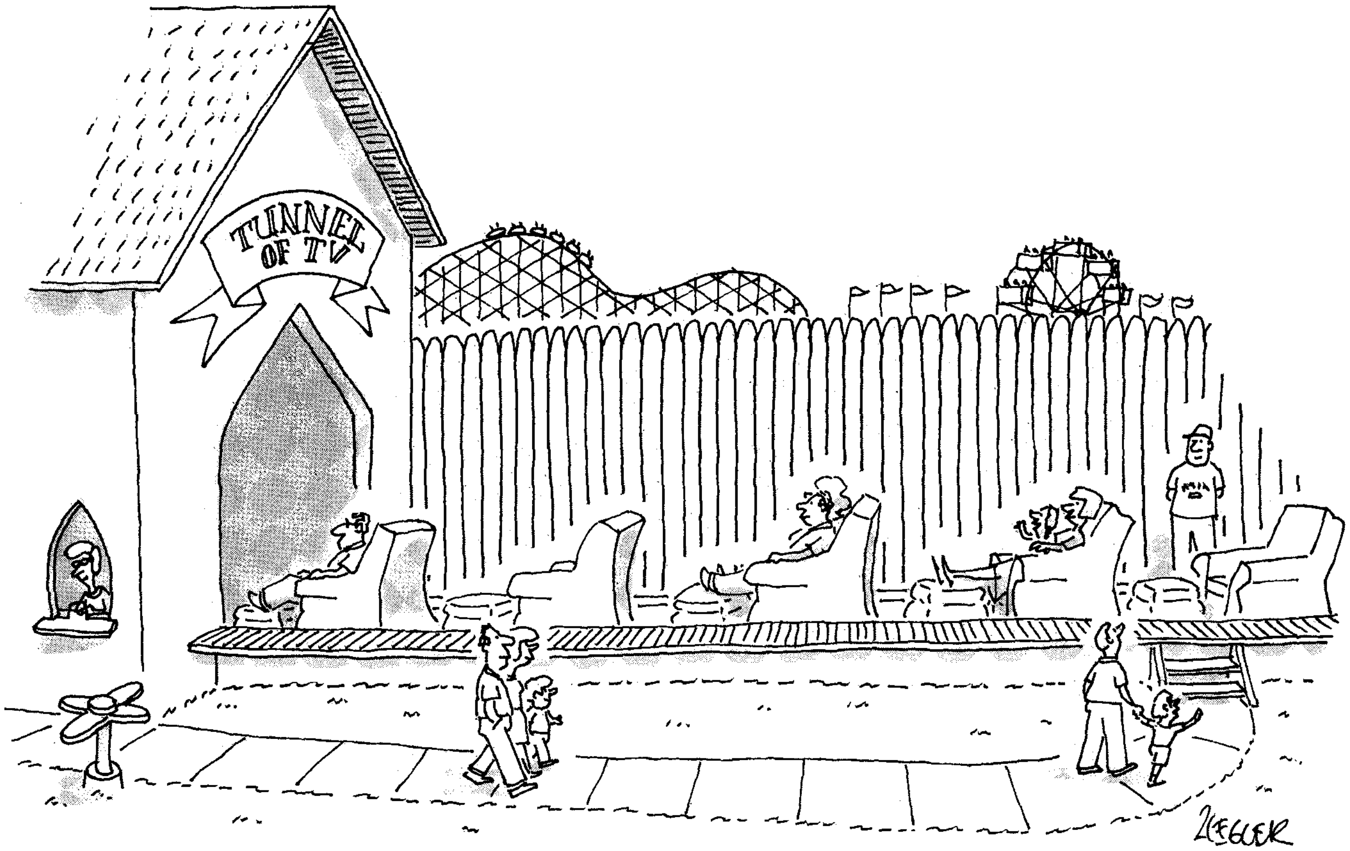
"Oh Christ yes, when you were flower girl."

"And that little fart son of Aunt Marie's was ring bearer, and we got into a fight."

"Oh God yes, and Marie started crying and saying she never thought to have people in the *family* who were *minorities*, and Mom got mad and said why not call Bill a spick straight out then, and Marie did, she started yelling, 'A spick then! A spick then!' And she had hysterics, and Bill's brother the vet got her squiffed in the vestry. No wonder things went wrong with a start like that. But I did want to say about Steve, he was a really, really bright, lovely guy. See, I can't say that to Duffy. It



"Mmm, apple pie—an American icon."



would just hurt her for no reason. She isn't very secure. But sometimes I need to say it, to be fair to him, and to myself. Because it was so unfair what being alcoholic did to him. And, you know, I had to finally just get out and run. And for me that was O.K., it's worked out fine. But I think of how he started out and how he ended up, and it— I don't know, it isn't fair."

"You ever hear from him anymore?"

Ella shook her head. "I've been thinking the last year or so he's probably dead," she said in the same quiet voice. "He was down so far. But I won't ever know."

"Was he the only guy you went with seriously?"

Ella nodded one nod.

After a while, looking at her pink-feathered feet, she said, "Sex with a drunk is not the biggest turn-on. I don't guess anybody but Duffy could've got through to me, maybe." She blushed, a delicate but vivid pink appearing suddenly in her rather sallow cheeks and fading slowly. "Duffy's a very kind person," she said.

"I like her," Ann said.

Ella sighed. She slid her feet out of the feathered mules, letting them drop to the floor, and curled herself up on the couch. "What is this, true-confession time?" she said. "I was wanting to ask you how come you didn't want to stay with the baby's father, was he a jerk or something."

"Oh, God."

"I'm sorry."

"No. It's just embarrassing to say. Todd's seventeen. Eighteen by now, I guess. One of my computer-programming students." Ann sat up and bowed her head down to her knees, stretching tension out of her back and hiding her face, then sat up straight; she was smiling.

"Does he know?"

"Nope."

"Did you think about an abortion at all?"

"Oh, yeah. But see. It was me that was careless. So I wondered why I was. And I wanted to quit teaching anyhow. And get out of Riverside. I want to stay around the Bay here and get work. Temping to start with, till I find what I want. I can always find a job, that's no problem for me. I want to get into programming eventually, and maybe consulting. I can have the baby and then go back part time. And I want to live alone with the baby and kind of take my time. Because I kept sort of rushing into everything, you know? But what I think is I'm a maternal type, actually, more than a wife type or a lover type."

"Could take some finding out," Ella said.

"Well, that's why I want to sort of slow down. But I'll tell you my long-range plans. I'll find this executive, fifty, fifty up, maybe sixty up, and marry him. Mommy marries Daddy, see?" She bowed her head to her knees again and came up smiling.

"Dumb, dumb, dumb," Ella said. "Dumb-shit sister. You can leave the baby here on your honeymoon."

"With Auntie Ella."

"And Uncle Duffy. Christ. I haven't seen Duffy with a baby."

"Is Duffy her real name?"

"She'd kill me if she knew I told you. Marie."

"Cross my heart."

They unfolded and refolded various sections of the paper, leafed slowly. Ann looked at pictures of resorts in the Northern Coast Range, read advertisements from travel agencies: fly to Hawaii, cruise Glacier Bay.

"What ever happened to that little fart son of Aunt Marie's, anyhow?"

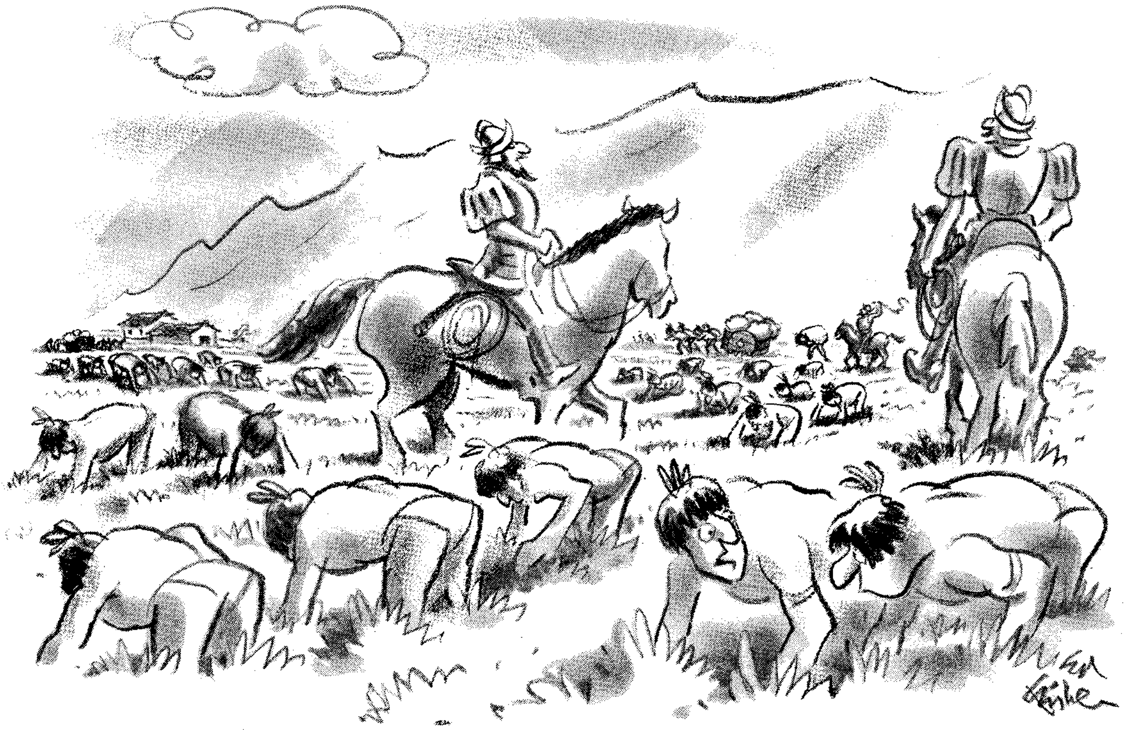
"Wayne. He got some degree in business administration at U.C.L.A."

"It figures."

"What are you? Pisces?"

"I think so."

"It says this is a good day for you to make long-range plans, and look out



"I'll give them this—they've certainly introduced an efficient new management style."

• •

for an important Scorpio. That's your sugar daddy, I guess."

"No, what's November, is that Scorpio?"

"Yeah. Till the twenty-first, it says."

"O.K., that's this long-range plan in here. I'll look out for it."

After a pause Ella, reading, said, "Seventeen."

"*All* right," Ann said, reading.

Mirroring

THE lower edge of the lawn above the riverbank was planted in red cannas. Beyond that intense color the river was gun-barrel blue. Both the red line and the blue reflected in Stephen's mirror-finish sunglasses, moving up and down across the surface and seeming to change the expression of his face incomprehensibly. Todd looked away from this display with an irritable turn of the head. Stephen asked at once, "What's wrong?"

"I wish you didn't wear mirror shades."

"See yourself reflected in them?" Smiling, Stephen slowly took the glasses off. "Is that so bad?"

"What I see is all these colors running across your face like some robot in the movies. Mirror shades are like aggressive, you know? Black dudes coming on cool. Hank Williams, Jr."

"If you're behind them, they're defensive. Soft-bodied animal hiding. Protective mimicry. I bought them for this trip." Stephen's face without the glasses did look soft, not doughy or rubbery but soft-finished like stone or wood long used, worn down to fineness. All the lines that etched his face were fine, and the cut of lip and nostril and eyelid was delicate but blurred by that softening, that abrasion of years. Todd looked down at his own big, smooth hands and knees and thighs with a sense of self-consciousness that sharpened to discomfort. He looked back at Stephen's hands holding the sunglasses.

"No, you're right," Stephen said, "they're aggressive." He was holding them so that the curved, insectile planes reflected his own face and behind it the white façade of the hotel against the dark mountain. "I see you—you don't see me. . . . But I want to look at you all the time. And with these on I can do just that. And you don't have to see as much of me."

"I like seeing you," Todd said, but Stephen was fitting the glasses back across his face.

"Now, I can be contemplating the river, for all *they* know, while all the time inside here I'm actually staring, staring, staring at you, trying to get my fill. . . . I don't believe you. I can't believe you. That you came. That you wanted to come. That you wanted to give me this incredible gift. I have to wear these when I look at you. You are nineteen years old. I could go blind. You don't have to say anything. Letting me say these things is your gift to me. Part of your gift to me." When he wore the mirroring glasses his voice was smoother, softer, deflecting answers.

Todd said doggedly, "The giving goes the other way, too. Mostly, in fact."

"No, no, no," Stephen murmured. "Nothing. Nothing."

"All this?" Todd looked around at the red cannas, the white hotel, the dark ridges, the river.

"All this," Stephen repeated. "Plus Miz Gertrude and Miz Alice B. My God, those women follow us like reflections in a funny house. Don't look!"

Todd was already looking over his shoulder to see the two women coming up the path between the lawns from the river. The old one was in the lead and the young one a good way behind her, carrying fishing poles. Seeing him turn, the old one held up a couple of good-sized trout and called out something ending with "breakfast!"

Todd nodded and made a V for Victory sign.

"They catch fish," Stephen murmured. "They beach whales. They play five-card stud. They fell giant sequoias. They deploy missiles. They gut bears. Only please God let them stay busy and leave us alone! A fish-waving bull dyke is more than I can cope with just now. Tell me that they're going away."

"They're going away."

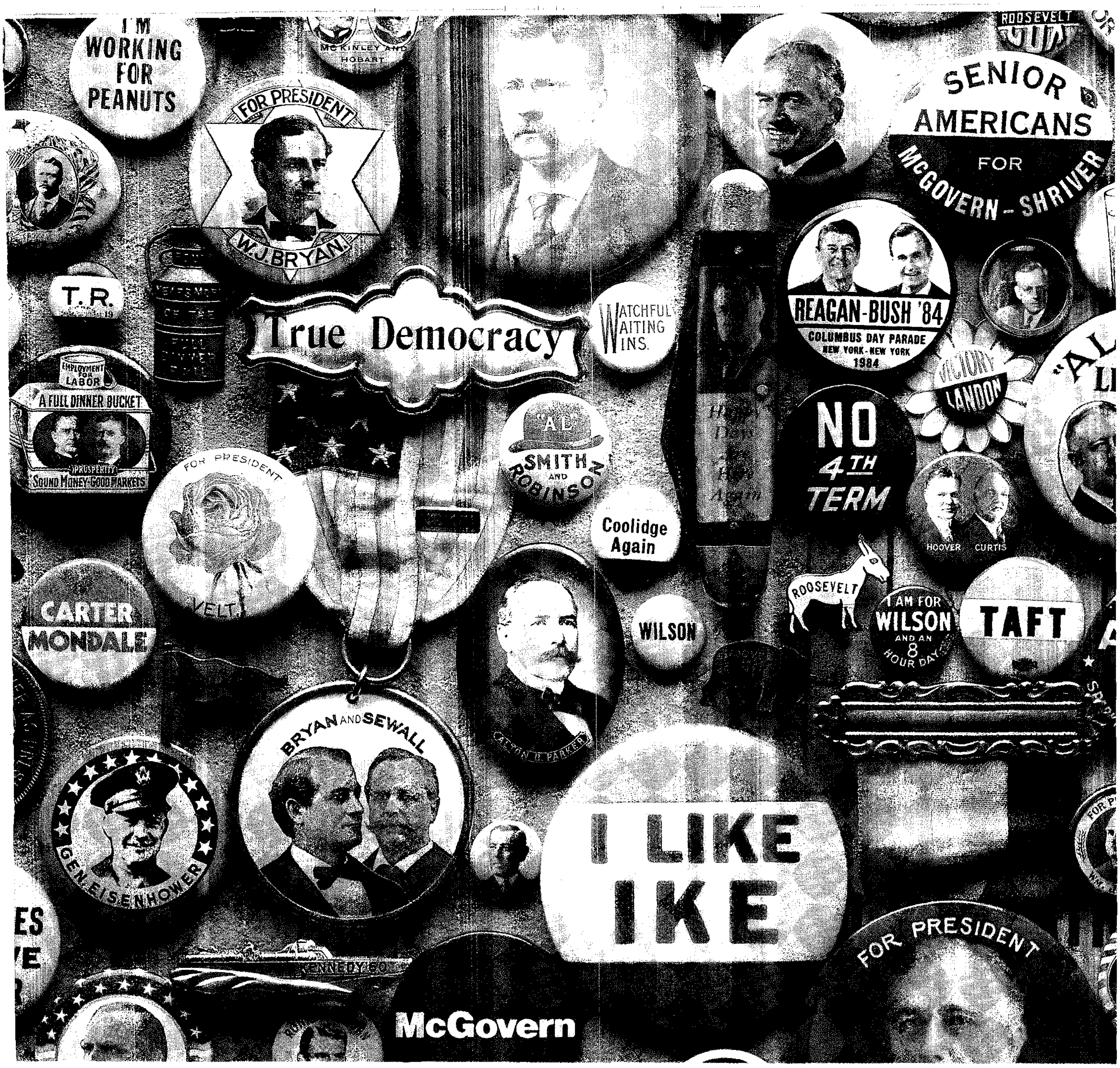
"Good. Good." The curved black surfaces turned again, canna-red flashing across them. "They'll have vacated the rowboat we were hoping for, presumably. Shall we go on the river?"

"Sure." Todd stood up.

"Do you want to, Tadziu?"

Todd nodded.

"You do whatever I ask or sug-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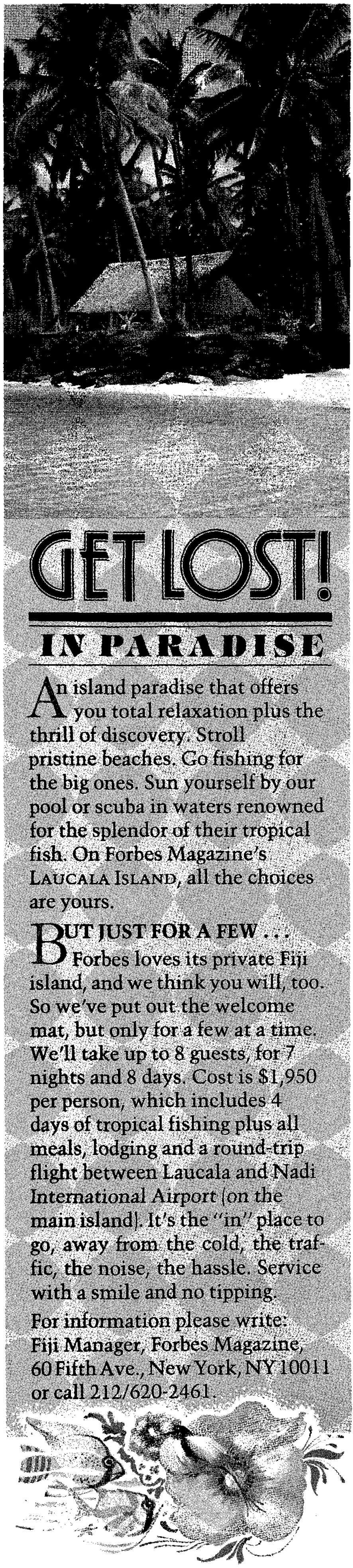
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gest. You should do what *you* like. Your pleasure is my pleasure."

"Let's go."

"Let's go," Stephen repeated, smiling, standing up.

On the lazy water of the lake above the dam, Todd shipped the oars and slid down to lie with his back against the seat.

Behind him Stephen's husky voice sang in a whisper, "*Dans les jardins de mon père* . . ." and then, after a silence, spoke softly aloud:

Âme, te souvient-il, au fond du paradis,
De la gare d'Auteuil et des trains de jadis?

"No assignments on spring break," Todd said.

"No one could translate it in any case."

Todd felt Stephen's finger like a feather caress the outer rim of his left ear, once.

It was completely silent on the water. Todd tasted the salt of his own sweat on his lips. Behind him Stephen sitting in the prow made no sound, said nothing.

"One of them left a fly box under the seat here," Todd said, looking down at it.

"Under no circumstances take it to them. I'll turn it in at the hotel desk. Or drop it overboard. It's the excuse they've been waiting for. It's a plant. Oh how kind of you we've just been dying to talk to you and your father and I'm Alice B. and this is Gertie and isn't this place just bully for all us boys? It's called the dyke bursting."

Todd laughed. Again the feather touch went round his ear, and he laughed again, repressing a shudder of pleasure.

All he could see as he half lay in the boat was colorless sky and one long sunlit ridge.

"You know," he said, "I think actually you've got them wrong. The girl was talking last night to that girl Marie that cooks, you know? On the terrace, when I went out to smoke a joint, last night late, you know. And she was telling her she came here with her mother, because her brother died, and her mother had been nursing him, or something, like he was sick for a long time or like brain-damaged or something. So when he died she wanted to bring her mother up here for a rest and like a change. So actually they'd be mother and daughter. I looked in the registration book when I came in and it said 'Ella Sanderson and Ann Sanderson.' "

The silence behind him continued. He tipped his head back and back till he could see Stephen's face upside down, the black sunglasses mirroring the sky.

"Does it matter?" Stephen's voice said, terribly melancholy.

"No."

Todd lifted his head and looked across the colorless water at the colorless sky beyond where the ridges narrowed in to the dam.

"It doesn't matter at all," he said.

"I could sink the boat now," the sorrowful, tender voice behind him said. "Like a stone."

"O.K."

"You understand . . . ?"

"Sure. This is the center. Like which is water and which is sky. So sinking's flying. It doesn't matter. At the center. Go on."

After a long time Todd sat back up on the seat, reset the oars, and began rowing in long, quiet strokes away from the lip of the dam. He did not look round.

EARTHWORKS

Ann's father had recently made a pond from a spring below the ranch house, and after lunch they walked down to see it. Horses grazed on the high, bare, golden hill on the far side of the water. From the rainy-season high-water line the banks were bare and muddy down to the summer level, making a reddish rim. A rowboat, looking oversized, was pulled up beside the tiny dock. They sat on the dock, in bathing suits, dangling their feet in the tepid water. They were too full of food and wine to want to swim yet. Although the baby did not yet crawl and was sound asleep anyhow, the knowledge that he was sleeping with water a foot or two away on either side of him was a dim unease in Ann's mind, making her look round at him quite frequently and keep one hand touching the flannel blanket he lay on. To hide her overprotectiveness or to excuse it from herself, each time she looked round at the baby she readjusted the cotton shirt that she had taken off and tented up over him to protect his head from the sun.

"Now," said her father, "I want to know about your life. The place you live. The woman you live with. Start there."

"Ground floor of an old house in San Pablo. Two bedrooms, and a walk-in closet for Toddie's room. Old Japanese couple have the upstairs. The neighborhood's a little rough, but there's a lot of nice people, and our

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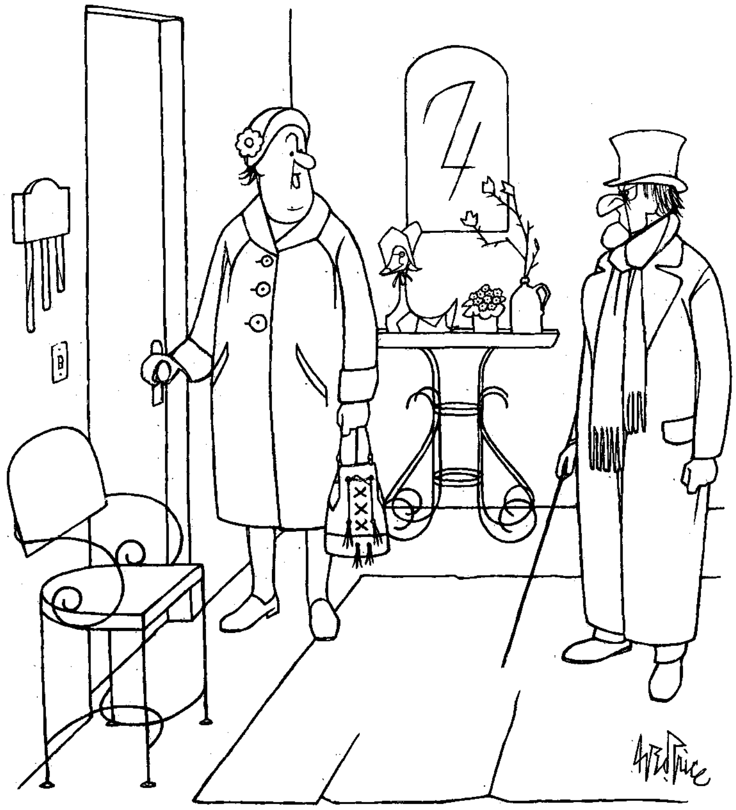

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"There you are. So near and yet so far."

block is O.K. O.K.? Then Marie. She's gay, but we're not living together. It's actually Toddie she was interested in."

"Jesus!"

"I mean, she wanted to help parent a baby." Ann broke into a laugh that was both genuine and nervous. "She does computer programming and counselling, so she works at home a lot. It works out really well for care-sharing. The way it works out with her and me, we each have a wife."

"Great," Stephen said.

"I *mean*, you know, a person you can count on to sort of take over if you can't. And do the shitwork, and you know."

"Not my experience of wives," her father said. "So you've given up on men, then."

"No. Like I said, Marie and I aren't together. She has lesbian friends, a lot of my friends are straight, but just now, I don't know, I'm just not into that a whole lot. I will again, you know. It's not like I'm bitter or anything. I wanted to have the baby. I just want to be with him mainly at this point. The job's weird hours, but that means when I'm out Marie's there, and mostly when he's awake I'm there. So it's real good now. And later something will work out."

As she spoke she felt in her father, sitting a foot or two from her, a physical resistance, a great impatience; she felt it physically as a high, hard, slanting blade, like the blade of a bulldozer. The owner of the land had the right to clear it, to clear out this underbrush of odd jobs, half couplings, rented closets, hiding places, makeshifts. The blade advanced.

"Since Penny and I divorced I've done a lot of stocktaking. Sitting right here. Or riding Dolly over there around the ranch." Her father was looking across the pond at the high hill as he spoke, watching the grazing mare and colt and the white gelding. "Thinking about both my marriages. Especially about the first one, strangely enough. I began to see that I didn't ever work through the whole thing before I married Penny. I never really handled the pain your mother caused me. I denied it. Macho, tough guy—real men don't feel pain. You can keep up that crap for years. But it finally catches up with you. And then you realize all you've done is save your shit to drown in. So I've been doing the work I should have done ten, twelve years ago. And some of it's almost too late. I have to face the fact that I wasted a lot of those years, wasted a marriage. Started it and ended it in all the unfinished business from the first marriage. Well, O.K. Win one, lose one. What I'm doing now is setting priorities. Establishing what's important. What comes first. And doing that, I've been able to see what my mistake was, my one real mistake. You know what it was?"

He looked at her so keenly with his clear, light-blue eyes that she flinched. He waited, smiling slightly, alert.

"Divorcing Mama, I guess," she said, looking down and swallowing the words because she knew they were wrong. He did not speak, and she looked back at him. He was still smiling, and she thought what a handsome man he was, looking like a Roman general now, with his short-cropped hair and silver-blue eyes, long lips and eagle nose, but wearing a Plains Indian beaded talisman on a rawhide cord about his neck. He was very deeply tanned. On his ranch in summer he wore nothing but shorts and thong sandals, or went naked.

"That was no mistake," he said. "That was one of the right things I did. And buying this place. I had to move *on*. And Ella isn't willing, isn't able, to go on, to act, move, develop. Her strength is in staying put. God, what strength! But it's all in that. So the shit piles up around her, and she never clears it away. Hell, she builds walls of it! Fecal fortifications. Defending her from, God forbid, change. From, God forbid, freedom. . . . I had to break out of her fortress. I was suffocating. Buried alive. I tried to take her with me. She wouldn't come. Wouldn't move. Ella never had any use for freedom, her own or anybody else's. And I was so desperate for it by then that I'd take it on any terms. So that's where I made my mistake."

She felt remiss at still not understanding what his mistake had been, but he said nothing, and she was obliged to admit it: "I guess I don't know what mistake," she said, feeling as she said it that it must have something to do with her, and oppressed by the feeling. She glanced over her shoulder at the sleeping baby.

"Leaving you," her father said quietly. "Not putting up a fight for custody."

She knew that this was very important to him and ought to be so to her, but all she felt was that she was being crowded, pushed along by the slanting, uprooting blade, and she looked back again at the baby and adjusted the shirttail unnecessarily to shade his legs.

"A little late to think about that, she thinks," her father's voice said gently.

"Oh, I don't know. Anyhow, we got to see each other every summer," she said, blushing red.

The blade moved forward, levelling and making clear. "I needed freedom in order to go on living, and I saw you as part of the jail. Part of Ella. I *literally* didn't separate you from her—you see? She didn't allow that possibility even as an idea. You were her, you were her motherhood, and she was the Great Mother. She had you built right into the walls. And I bought that. Maybe if you'd been a boy I'd have seen what was going on sooner. I'd have felt my part in you, my claim—my right to get you out of the shit fort, the earthworks. *My* right to assert *your* right to freedom. You see? But I didn't see it. I didn't look. I just got loose and left you as hostage. It's taken me twelve years to be able to admit that. I want you to know that I do admit it now."

Ann picked a foxtail from the corner of the baby's blanket beside her hip. "Yeah, well," she said. "I guess it worked out O.K. anyhow, you know, Mom and me, and anyhow Penny didn't want some teen-age stepdaughter around all the time."

"If I'd fought for you and won custody—and if I'd fought I'd have won—what Penny wanted or didn't want would have been a matter of supreme indifference. I probably wouldn't have married her. One mistake leads to the next one. You'd have lived here. All your summers here. Gone to a good school. And a four-year college—maybe an Eastern school, Smith or Vassar. And you wouldn't be living with a lesbian in San Pablo, working nights for a phone company. I'm not blaming you, I'm blaming myself. I can't believe how true to form Ella is, how unchangingly unchanging—how she dug you in, walled you into the same dirt, the same futureless trap. What kind of future does your life spell for your kid, Ann?"

But I was really lucky to get the job, but what's neat is that for a while things aren't changing all the time, but you haven't even seen Mom for ten years, so how do you know, Ann thought, and all these thoughts were mere shadows and underbrush, among which her mind hopped like a rabbit.

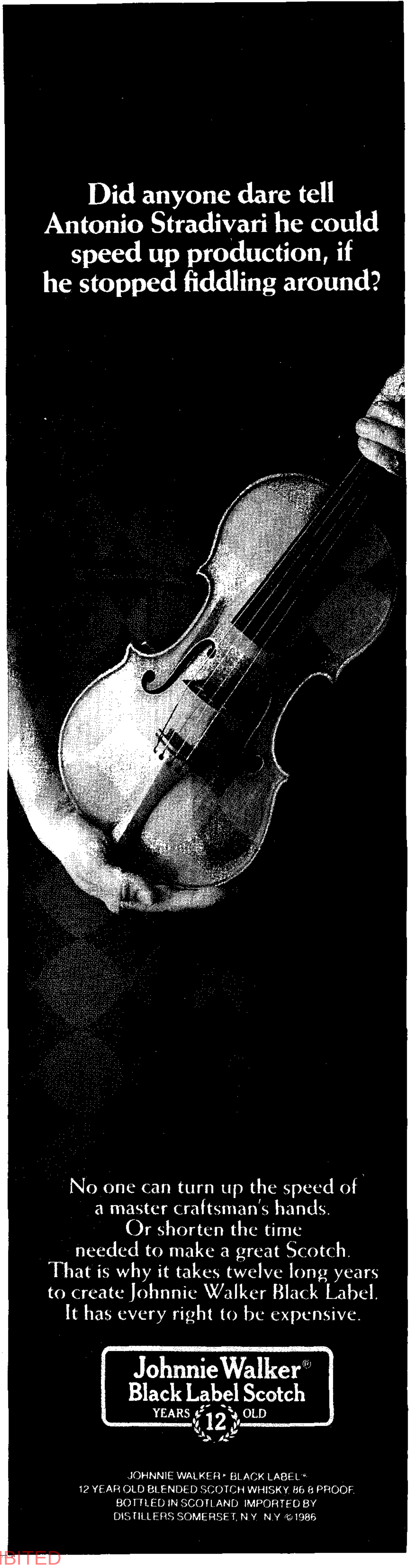
"Well," she said, "things are really O.K. the way they worked out," and, unable to control her increasing anxiety about Toddie, she turned away from her father and knelt above the sleeping baby, pretending that he had woken up. "All right, then! Up you come! Hey, baby bunny boy. Hey, you sleepy bunny." The baby's head wobbled, his eyes looked in different directions, and as soon as she settled him on her lap he fell fast asleep again. His small, warm, neat weight gave her substance. She stirred the lake with her toes and said, "You shouldn't worry about it, Daddy. I'm really happy. I just wish you were, if you aren't."

"You're happy," he said, with one glance of his light eyes, the almost scornfully accurate touch she remembered, that reversed the poles.

"Yes, I am," she said. "But there's one thing I wanted to tell you about."

While she summoned up words, Stephen said, with satisfaction in his acuteness, "I thought so. The father's back in the picture."

"No," Ann said vaguely, not heeding. "Well, see, they think at the clinic that Toddie had some brain damage, probably at birth. That's why he's slow developing in some ways. We noticed it pretty soon. They can't tell how much yet, and they think it isn't real severe. But they know there's some impairment." She drew her fingertip very lightly around the tiny pink curve of the baby's ear. "So. That's taken some, you know, think-



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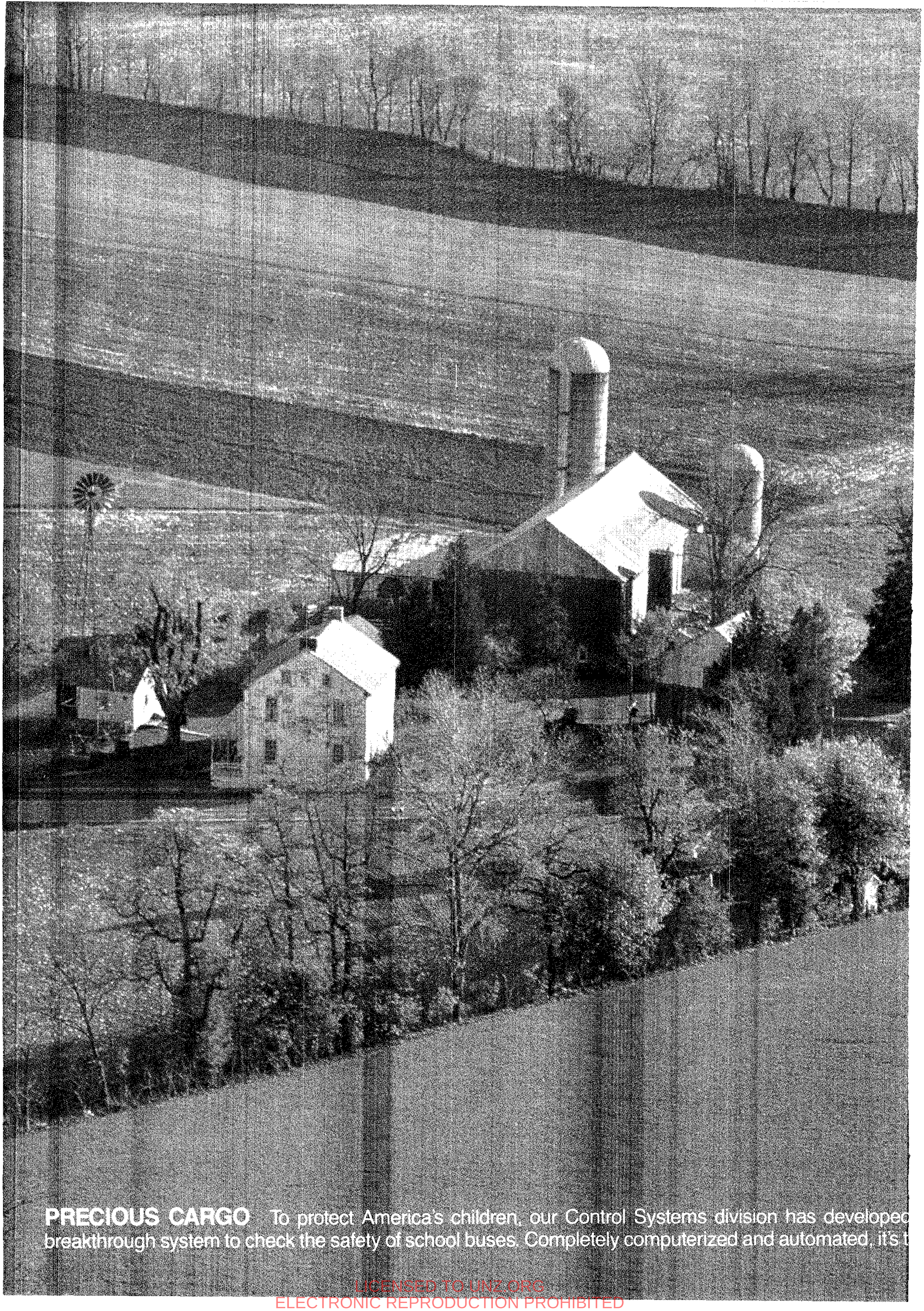

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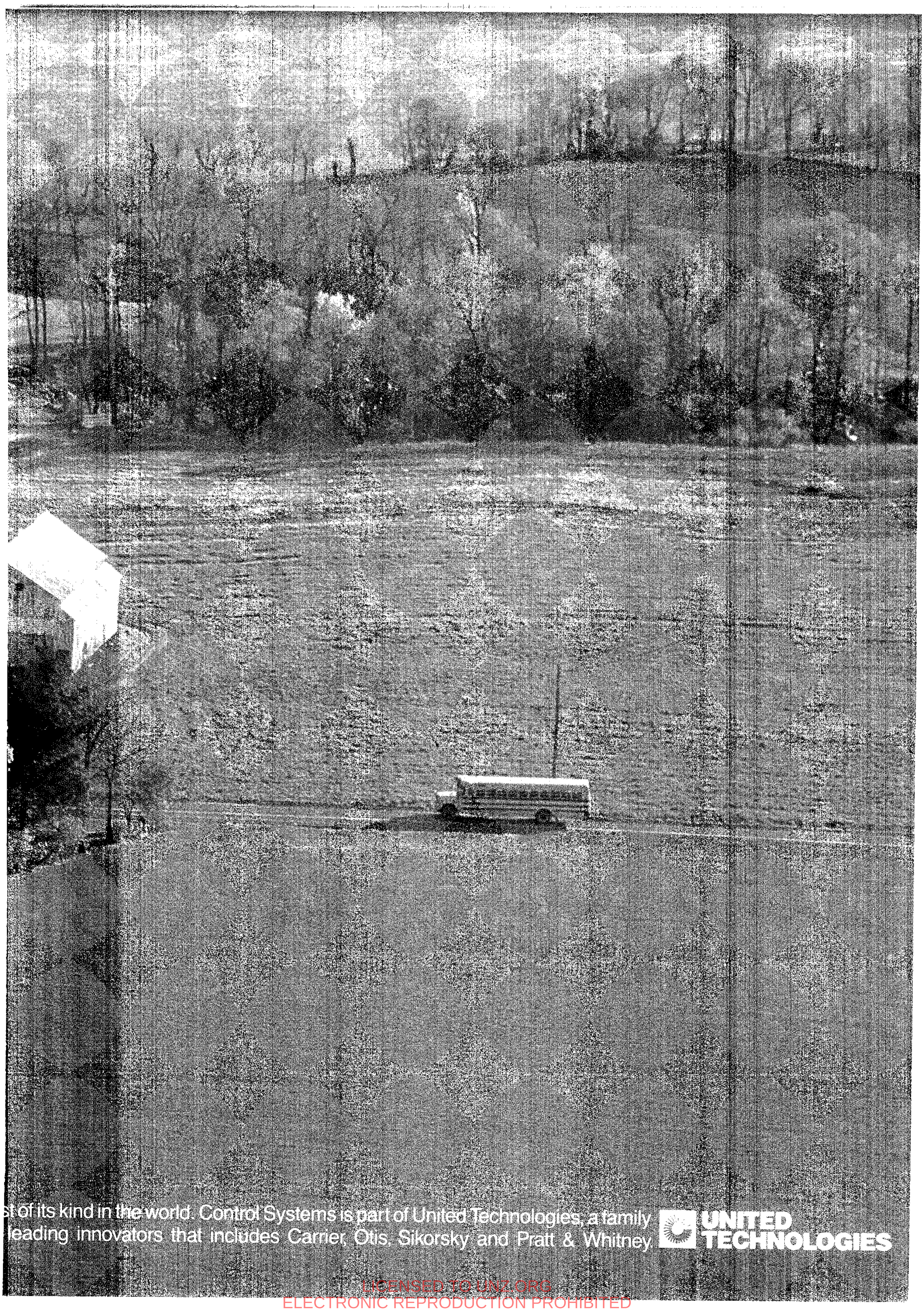

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ing. Getting used to. It's not as big a deal as I thought. But it is, in some ways."

"What are you doing about it?"

"There isn't anything to do. Now. Sort of wait and see. And watch. He's only five months. They noticed a—"

"What are you doing about correcting it?"

"There isn't anything like that to do."

"You're just going to take this?"

She was silent.

"Ann, this is my grandson."

She nodded.

"Don't cut me out. You may be angry at the father, but don't take it out on men, don't join the castraters, for God's sake! Let me help. Let me get some competent doctors, let's get some light on this. Don't dig down into a hole with all these fears and old wives' tales and smother the kid with them. I don't accept this. Not on the word of some midwife at this women's clinic that botched the kid's birth! My God, Ann! You can't take this out on *him!* There are things that can be done!"

"I've taken him to Permanente," Ann said. Her voice shook.

"Shit! Permanente! You need first-class doctors, specialists, neurologists—Bill can give us some recommendations. I'll get onto it when we go back to the house. I'll call him. My God. This is what I meant! This is it. This is what I left you in—the mud— My God! How could you sit here all day with him and me and *not tell me*?"

"It isn't your fault, Daddy."

"Yes," he said, "it is. Exactly. If I—"

She interrupted. "It's the way he is. And there's a best way for him to be, like anybody. And that's what we can do, is find that. So please don't talk shit about 'correcting.' Look, I'd like to have a swim now, I think. Will you hold him?"

She saw that he was startled, even frightened, but he said nothing. She carefully transferred the rosy, sweaty, silky baby onto his thin thighs covered with sparse sun-bleached hairs. She saw his large, fine hand cup the small head. She got up then and went three steps to the end of the little dock and stood on the weather-gnawed gray planks. The water was shallow, and she did not dive but splashed down in, her feet tangling for a moment in slimy weeds. She swam. Ten or fifteen yards out she turned, floated awhile, trod water to look back at the dock. Stephen sat motionless in the flood of sunlight, his head bowed over the baby, whom she could not even see in the shadow of her father's body.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

As she was scrubbing out the kitchen sink, where she had let bleaching powder stand to whiten the old rust stains, Ella saw that the girl from the complex was talking with Stephen. She rinsed out the sink, got her dark glasses from the kitchen oddments drawer, polished them a bit with the dish towel, put them on, and went out into the back yard.

Stephen was weeding the vegetable plot by the fence, and the girl was standing on the other side of the fence, just her head and shoulders showing. She had her baby in one of those kangaroo things, mashing it up against its mother's front. It was asleep, nothing visible but the tiny sleek head like a kitten's back. Stephen was working, his head bent down as usual, and didn't seem to be paying attention to the girl, but just as she came out, before the screen door banged, Ella heard him say, "Green beans."

The girl looked up and said, "Oh,

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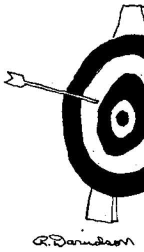
hi, Mrs. Hoby!" in a bright voice. Stephen kept his head bent down at his weeding.

Ella came over to the laundry roundabout and felt the clothes she had hung out earlier in the afternoon. Stephen's T-shirts and her yellow wash dress were dry already, but Stephen's jeans were still damp, as she had expected; feeling them was nothing but an excuse for coming out.

"You sure have a nice garden," the girl said.

The complex of eight apartments they had built next door ten years ago had nothing but concrete and garages behind it where the Pannises' garden with the big jacaranda had been. There was no place for a child to play there. But before the baby was old enough the girl would have moved on; the welfare and food-stamp people never stayed, the men with no jobs and the girls with no husbands, playing their big radio-tape machines loud and smoking dope at night in those hot little apartments.



"Stephen and I know each other from the store," the girl said. "He carried my groceries home for me last week. That was a nice thing to do. I had the baby, and my arms were just about falling off."

Stephen laughed his "Huh-huh," not looking up.

"Have you lived here for a long time?" the girl asked. Ella was re-hanging the jeans, for something to do. She answered after she had got the seams matched. "My brother has lived here all his life. This is his house."

"It is? That's neat," the girl said. "All his *life*? That's amazing! How old are you, Stephen?"

Ella thought he would not answer, and it might serve the girl right, but after a considerable pause he said, "Four. Forty-four."

"Forty-four years right here? That's wonderful. It's a nice house, too."

"It was," Ella said. "It was all single-family houses when we were children here." She spoke dryly, but she had to admit that the girl did not mean to patronize, and was pleasant, the way she talked right to Stephen instead of across him the way most people did, or else they shouted at him as if he were deaf, which he was only slightly in the right ear.

Stephen stood up, dusted off his knees carefully, and went across the grass and into the house, hooking the screen door shut behind him with his foot.

Ella had sat down on the small concrete base of the laundry roundabout to pull at a dandelion clump in the grass. It had been there for years, always coming back. You had to get every single piece of root of a dandelion, and the roots went under the concrete.

"Did I hurt his feelings?" the girl asked, shifting the baby in its carrier.

"No," Ella said. "He's probably getting a photograph to show you. Of the house."

"I really like him," the girl said. Her voice was low and a little husky, with a break in it, like some children's voices. What they used to call a whiskey voice, only childlike. The poor thing was not much more than a child. Babies having babies, they had said on the television.

"Have you always lived here, too, Mrs. Hoby?"

Ella worked at the dandelion root, loosening it, then took off her sunglasses and looked round at the girl. "My husband and I ran a resort hotel," she said. "Up in the redwood country, on a river. A very old place, built in the eighteen-eighties, quite well known. We owned it for twenty-seven years. When my husband passed away I ran it for two more years. Then when my mother passed away and left the house to Stephen, I decided to retire and come live here with him. He has never lived with strangers. He's fifty-four, not forty-four. Numbers confuse him sometimes."

The girl listened intently. "Did you have to sell the resort? Do you still own it?"

"I sold it," Ella said.

"What was it like?"

"A big country hotel, up north. Twenty-six rooms. High ceilings. A terraced dining room over the river. We had to modernize the kitchens and the plumbing entirely when we bought it. There used to be places like that. Elegant. Before the motels. People came for a week, or a month. Some people, families and single people, came every summer or fall for years. They made their reservation for the next year before they left. We offered fishing, good trout fishing, and horseback riding, and mountain walks. It was called the Old River Inn. It's mentioned in several books. The pres-

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ent owners call it a ‘bed and breakfast.’ ” Ella dug her fingers in under the dandelion root, sinewy there in its dirt darkness, and pried. It broke. She should have got the weeder or the garden fork.

“What an amazing kind of thing to do,” the girl said, “running a place like that.”

Ella could have told her that they had never had a vacation themselves for a quarter of a century and that the hotel had worn her out and finally killed Bill and eaten up their lives for nothing, mortgaged and remortgaged and the payments from the bed-and-breakfast people not even enough to live on here, but because there was a break or a catch in the girl's voice that sounded as if she saw the forest ridges and the inn on its lawns above the river as Ella saw it, as the old, noble, beautiful, remote thing, she said only, “It was hard work,” but smiled a little as she said it.

Stephen came out of the house and straight across the grass, glancing up once at the girl and then down again at the picture he held. It was the framed photograph of Mama and Papa on the porch of the house the year they bought it, and Ella in her pinafore dress sitting on the top front step, and Baby Stephen sitting in the pram. The girl took it and looked at it for quite a time.

“That's Mama. That's Papa. That's Ella. That's me, the baby,” he said, and laughed quietly, “Huh-huh!”

The girl laughed, too, and sniffled and wiped her nose and her eyes quite openly. “Look how little all the trees are!” she said. “You've been doing a lot of gardening since they took that picture, I guess.” She handed it carefully back across the fence to Stephen. “Thank you for showing it to me,” she said, and her little whiskey voice was so sad that Ella turned her head away and scraped her nails in the dirt trying to seize the broken root, in vain, till the girl had gone, because there was nothing to say to her but what she knew already.

The Story

Ann sat erect in the white-painted iron chair on the little flagged terrace behind the house. She wore white, and was barefoot. The old abelia bushes behind her, above the terrace, were in full flower. Her child sat among scattered plastic toys on the edge of the terrace where it met the lawn, near her. Ella looked at them from the kitchen window, through the yellow metal blinds that were slanted to send the hot afternoon light upward to the ceiling, making the low room glow like the wax of a lighted beeswax candle. Todd moved the toys about, but she could not see a pattern in the way he moved or placed them; they did not seem to relate to each other. He did not talk when he picked up one or another. There was no story being told. He dropped an animal figure and picked up a broken-off dandelion flower, dropped it. Only from time to time he made a humming or droning noise, loud enough that Ella could hear it pretty clearly, a rhythmic, nasal sound, “Anh-hanh, anh-hanh, hanh . . .” When he was making this music of his he swayed or rocked a little and his face, half hidden by thick glasses, brightened and relaxed. He was a pretty child.

His mother, Ann, was very beautiful there in the sunlight, her pale skin shining with sweat, her dark hair loose and bright against the shadow and the small, pale, creamy flowers of the abelia. Had she given promise of such beauty? Ella had thought her rather plain as a child, but then she had held herself back from the child, not looking for her beauty, knowing that if she found it all it meant was losing it, since Stephen and Marie came West so seldom and after the divorce Marie never wanted to send the child alone. Three or four years would pass when she never saw Ann. And a grandchild's life goes by so fast, faster than a child's. Stephen had been a pretty child, now! People would stop her to admire him, in his little blue-and-white suit in the pram, and when he was walking and held her hand and walked with her down to the old Cash and Carry Market. His blue eyes were so bright and clear, and his fair hair curled all over his head. And that innocent look some little boys have, that trusting look, he had kept that so long, right into his teens, really. And how Stephen had told stories when he was this child's age! From morning till night there had been some tale going, till it drove her crazy sometimes, Stephen babbling softly away at table, anywhere, telling his unending saga about the Wood Dog and what was it?—the Puncha. The Puncha, and other characters he had made up out of his head. They didn't have the TV then. Or the bright plastic toys, soldiers and tanks and monsters. While they lived up on the ranch, Stephen had had no playmates at all, unless Shirley brought her girls over for the day. So he told his endless adventures, which Ella could never understand, playing with a toy car or two and bits of mill-ends for blocks, or an old spool, wooden, the way spools were, and wooden clothespins, and the little husky monotone voice: “So they went up there, rrrrrm, rrrrrm, rrrrrm, and they were waiting there, so they went along there, rrrrrm, rrrrrm, so then the road stopped and they fell off, they fell down, down, down, help help where's Puncha?” And so on and on like that, even in his bed at night.

“Stephen?”

“Yes, Mama!”

“Hush now and go to sleep!”

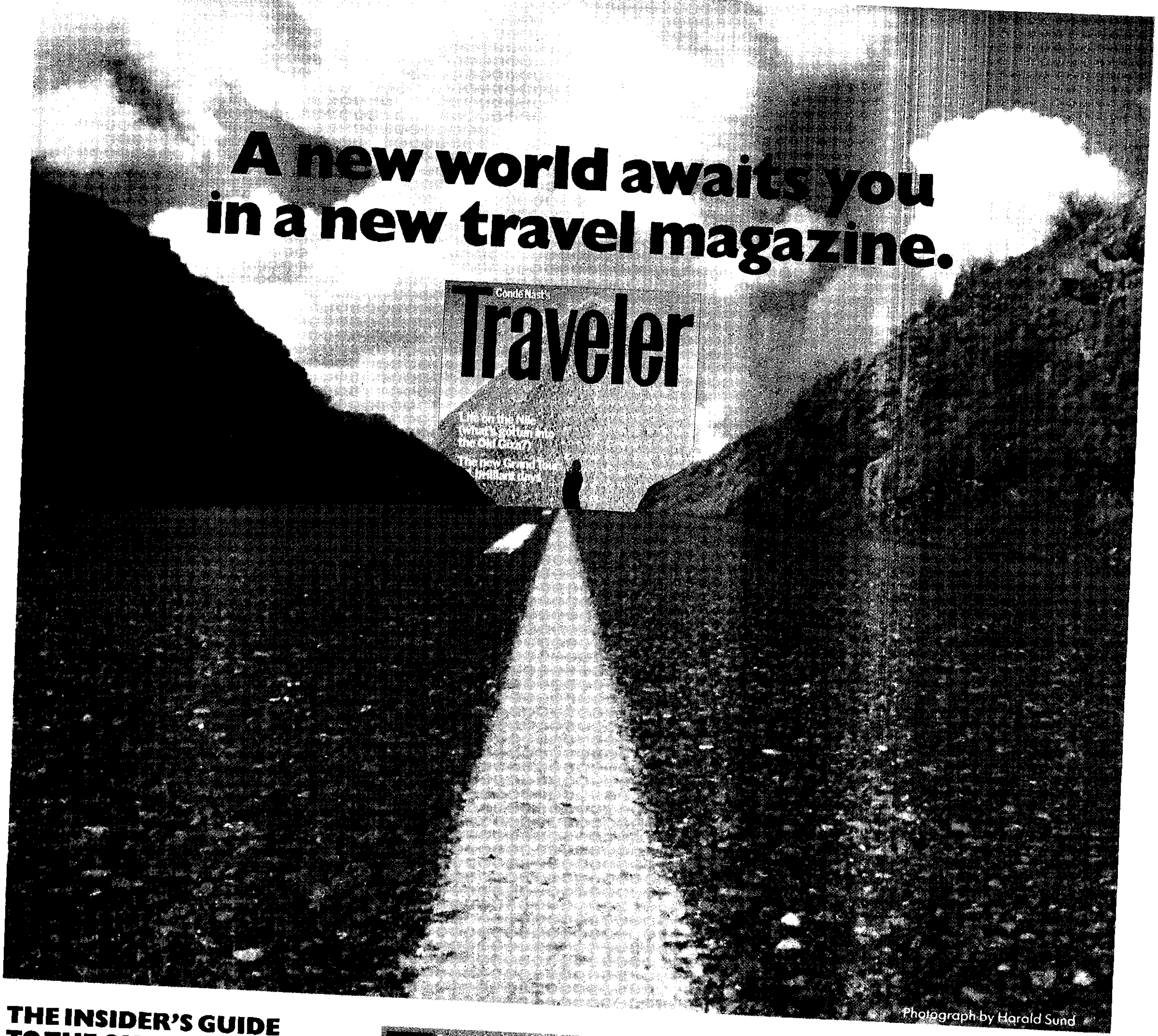
“I *am* asleep, Mama!” Virtuous indignation. She hid her laugh. She tiptoed to the door, and in a minute the little voice would begin to whisper again: “So then they said Let's go to the, to the lake. So there was this boat on the lake and so then Wood Dog started sinking, crash, splash, help help where's Puncha? Here I am Wood Dog. . . .” Then at last a small yawn. Then silence.

Where did all that go? What happened to it? The funny little boy making everything in the world into his story, he never would have understood any story about a telephone-company executive recently married for the third time whose only child by his first marriage was sitting now in the white chair watching her only child by no marriage rock back and forth restlessly and endlessly droning his music of one nasal syllable.

“Ann,” Ella said, lifting the slatted blind, “diet cola or lemonade?”

“Lemonade, Grandmother.”

What became of it? she asked again, getting the ice out of the refrigerator, getting the glasses down from the cupboard. Why didn't the story make sense? Such hope she had had for Stephen, so sure he would do something noble. Not a word people used, and of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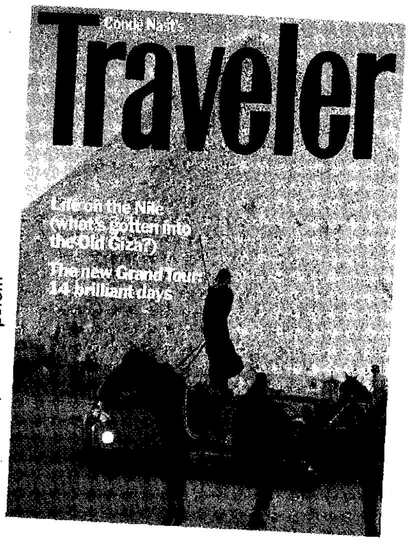
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course it was silly to expect a happy ending. Would it have been better to be like poor young Ann, who had no hope or pride beyond the most austere realism: "He won't be fully self-sufficient, but his dependence level can be reduced a good deal"? Was it better, more honest, to tell only very short stories, like that? Were all the others mere lies, romances?

She put the two tall tumblers and the plastic cup on a tray, filled them with ice and lemonade, then clicked her tongue at herself in disgust, took the ice out of Todd's cup, and refilled it with plain lemonade. She put four animal crackers in a row on the tray and carried it out, batting the screen door shut behind her with her foot. Ann stood up and took the tray from her and set it down on the wobbly iron table, its curlicues clogged solid with years of repainting with white enamel, but still rusting through in spots.

"Can someone have the cookies?" Ella inquired softly.

"Oh, yes," Ann said. "Oh, very much yes. Todd. Look what's here. Look what Grandmother brought you!"

The thick little glasses peered round. The child got up and came to the table.

"Grandmother will give you a cookie, Todd," the young mother said, clear and serious.

The child stood still.

Ella picked up an animal cracker. "Here you are, sweetie," she said. "It's a tiger, I do believe. Here comes the tiger, walking to you." She walked the cracker across the tray, hopped it over the edge of the tray, and walked it to the table's edge. She was not sure the four-year-old was watching.

"Take it, Todd," the mother said.

Slowly the child raised his open hand toward the table.

"Hop!" Ella said, hopping the tiger into the hand.

Todd looked at the tiger and then at his mother.

"Eat it, Todd. It's very good."

The child stood still, the cracker lying on his palm. He looked at it again. "Hop," he said.

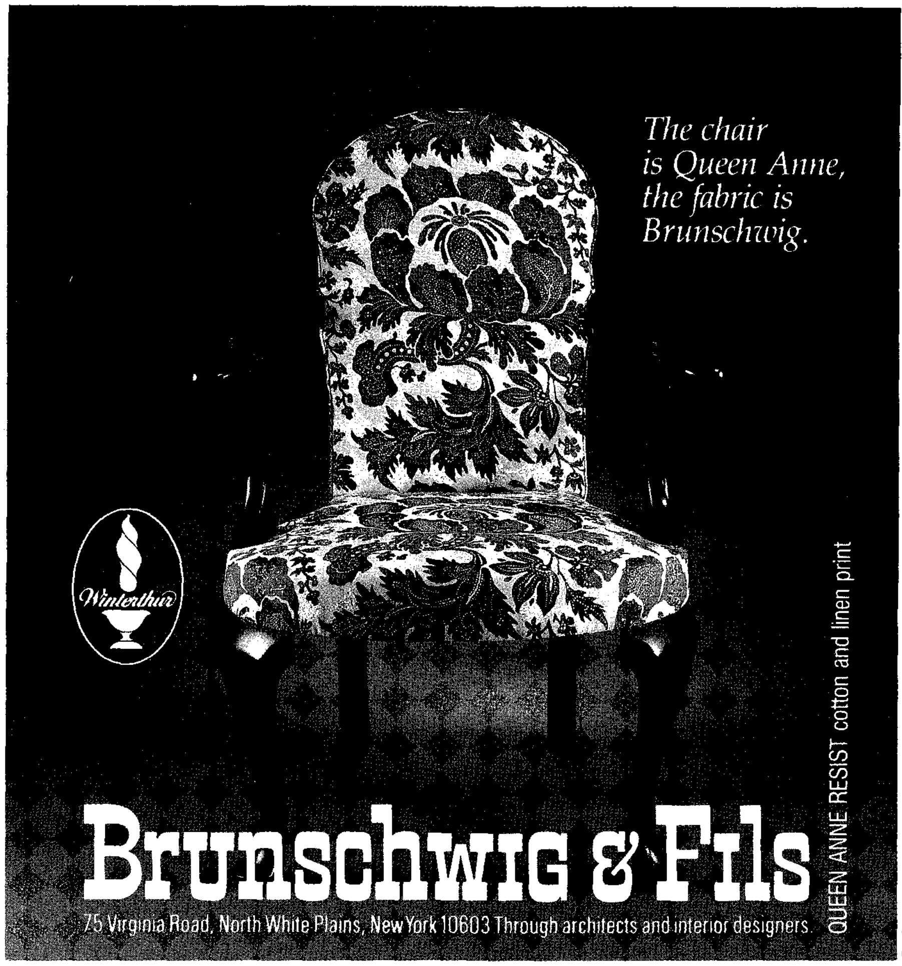
"That's right! It went Hop! right to Toddie!" Ella said. Tears came into her eyes. She walked the next cracker across the tray. "This one is a pig. It can go Hop! too, Toddie. Do you want it to go Hop?"

"Hop!" the child said.

It was better than no story at all.

"Hop!" said the great-grandmother.

—Ursula K. Le Guin



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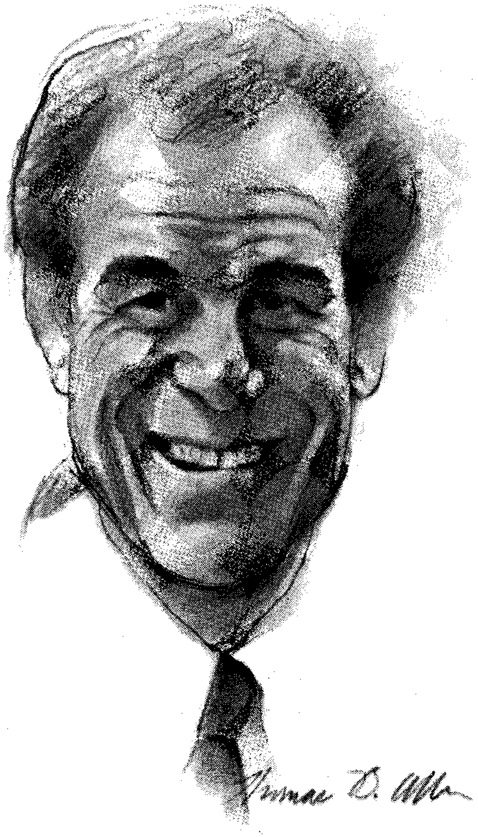
THE MAN WHO LOST HIS HUMILITY



Julius La Rosa

SOME of the American singers who have emerged from the shade cast during the past forty years by Frank Sinatra are Tony Bennett, Steve Lawrence, Buddy Greco, Paul Anka, Dick Haymes, Vic Damone, Peter Allen, Mel Tormé, David Allyn, Merv Griffin, Vaughn Monroe, Matt Dennis, Pat Boone, Andy Williams, Glen Campbell, Mark Murphy, Eddie Fisher, Jack Jones, Frankie Avalon, Robert Goulet, Bobby Troup, Neil Sedaka, Jonathan Schwartz, Johnny Hartman, Tony Martin, and Julius La Rosa. The most famous of these is probably Tony Bennett, with Mel Tormé in firm second place. Among the most highly regarded by singers are Vic Damone, Jack Jones, and Julius La Rosa. La Rosa's career, though, has tended to move sideways, and even downward, more than it has upward. It reached bottom very soon after it began—in 1953, when he was twenty-three years old. For two years, he had been a member of the oppressed band of entertainers that the radio-and-television personality Arthur Godfrey had gathered about him. They appeared on Godfrey's daily radio show and on his weekly television program, and were often referred to by him as his "family." Most of them were mediocre, and all of them had a basic purpose—to feed and pamper Godfrey's ravenous and famous ego. (In their gentle but devastating way, the comedians Bob and Ray used to needle Godfrey by satirizing conversations between Godfrey and his basso-profundo announcer Tony Marvin. Ray would do Marvin, reducing his words to obsequious and largely unintelligible booms, and Bob would do an uncanny Godfrey—homey, drawling, glutinous, sinister.) La Rosa talked recently about his days with Godfrey. He was in the tiny, book-lined study of a split-level house he lives in in Irvington, New York, with his wife, Rory (née Rosemary Meyer), whom he has been married to for thirty-one years and who came from a German-Czech family in Manitowoc, Wisconsin; his nineteen-year-old son, Chris; his twenty-six-year-old daughter, Maria, a Fordham graduate; and his huge black Lab, Mischief, whom he describes as "your basic old dog—faithful, friendly, getting deaf and blind." La Rosa has a singer's power-in-reserve speaking voice, and although he is a delicate and tightly controlled performer, he talks in startling bursts and shouts. He sounds like surf on rocks, like thunder in flat country. Sometimes he shouts the opening syllable of a word and whispers the rest, and sometimes it is the other way around. Sometimes whole sentences explode. But he likes to pause between utterances, and when he did the other day a mourning dove just outside his study window would spell him in its insistent, cottony way, and a breeze would rattle the trees.

"I had joined the Navy in 1947 and had become an electronics technician, and I had been using my voice to get myself out of various kinds of boring duty," La Rosa said. "I had sung at the enlisted men's club and the Officers' Club. In 1950, I was stationed in Pensacola, and Arthur Godfrey visited on some sort of Navy business. People forget now how big he was. He had his daily radio show and his weekly television show. CBS had a special vice-president at his beck and call, and even William Paley deferred to him. Somebody put a note under his door where he was staying in Pensacola telling him he should hear this kid Julius La Rosa from Brooklyn sing. So he did. I sang for him at the enlisted men's club—'The Song Is You' and 'Don't Take Your Love from Me.' He asked me to come up and sing on his radio show. I got leave and went to New York and sang on the radio show, and then on the television show, and he said on the air that when I was discharged from the Navy I was to come back and I'd have a job. I think he recognized that this unprofessional, unshowbusinesslike, totally unfinished product—with the natural manner and the innate shyness—was a perfect foil to his personality. Ten days after I got out, I started on the radio show. It was November 19, 1951. Six months later, I started doing the television show, too. Everything went well until the fall of 1953. A notice had been put on our bulletin board to the effect that the cast of the TV show was to take some sort of dancing lessons. I had a family emergency, and I asked to be excused, and was. When I got back, I discovered I would be punished for missing the lessons. Perhaps I had become a little smart-ass. I was getting six or seven thousand fan letters a week, and I was only twenty-three. But it was a red flag to me to be treated arbitrarily, so I got myself an agent—which was strictly against the Godfrey house rules. He was Tommy Rockwell, of General Artists, and he wrote Godfrey a letter. I knew something would happen, and it did—on October 4, 1953. I had been waiting an hour and fifteen minutes to do my song on the television show—it was 'Manhattan'—and after I did it Godfrey said, 'That was Julie's swan song with us. He goes out on his own now, as his own star, soon to be seen on his own program, and I know you wish him Godspeed, the same as I do.' Somebody recently sent me a kinescope, and I think those are Godfrey's words. He projected a kind of Peck's-bad-boy image, and had turned malicious, because I—the little boy next door who happens to sing—had supposedly lost my humility. There were headlines, and the press came down hard on Godfrey, and what did I do but go and apologize to him for what was happening—guilty because I had done what Daddy didn't want me to do! I now understand that he was an imperfect man, not a nice man. He had that fever of the successful which makes you become the inflated thing you think you are. The Godfrey experience was central to my life. It still follows me. I'm the man Arthur Godfrey fired, the man who lost his humility.

“After I left Godfrey, I worked in theatres where they still had live shows, and in clubs and on television. I learned my job in public—how to walk onstage, how to control an audience, what materials to use, what taste was. It took me fifteen years to learn these basics. I had my one big hit record, ‘E Cumpare.’ It was a Sicilian song that I sang as a kid. It's a kind of ‘Old MacDonald Had a Farm’ with instruments instead of animals. I did some acting in summer stock. In the mid-sixties, I studied myself. I decided what I couldn't do and what I could, and I put together a show called ‘An Evening with Julius La Rosa,’ and I took it on the road. It was not a success. In 1968, I hired a manager and got some new arrangements and opened in one of the lounges in Las Vegas. When I was about to sign on for twelve weeks, we got a call from WNEW, in New York. Would I like to do a disk-jockey show, from one to four in the afternoon—what they call housewife time? I took it, and here I was learning on the job again, doing another apprenticeship, letting personality bail me out. If I made a mistake, I blamed myself on the air, and the listeners loved that, and in time I became comfortable at what I was doing. The ratings went crazy at first, then settled to a very respectable level. I was making a hundred thousand a year, and I stayed until 1977, when they had a change of management and I was not renewed. So it was back to the saloons and summer stock, but in a different way. I have two shows now—a big, commercial one, in which I use a big band and everything has an exclamation point and I sing ‘E Cumpare’ and ‘Sorrento.’ And I have a small, hip show, like the Oscar Hammerstein one I did at Michael's Pub.”

La Rosa is a handsome, stocky, medium-sized man. He has widely spaced eyes, and he often pops them when he is emphasizing a word or phrase. He has double parentheses on each side of his mouth. His fingers are thick and powerful, his teeth are small, and he has a firm, rocky chin. When he sings, his expression flickers between bemusement and outright smiling. His work bears little resemblance now to Frank Sinatra's. La Rosa's phrasing is built closely around the meaning of his lyrics. No singer has clearer diction. His voice, a pleasing baritone, has a slightly mystifying quality. This quality is not in its timbre or its texture; it seems to encase his voice. It gives it a cheerfulness, a hello-sunshine sound. La Rosa's gentleness is reflected in long connective single notes and in a self-effacing vibrato. His sense of dynamics is unsurpassed. He can shiver the timbers and buzz like a bee. He uses his acting abilities cautiously and well: he likes to lift an eyebrow, dip his head and close his eyes, and be regal with his hands, in the manner of Mabel Mercer, whom he first saw in the fifties.

La Rosa made himself a fresh cup of coffee in the kitchen, and Mischief followed him into the study and crashed to the floor. He looked like a Welsh mountain range. La Rosa sat on a stool, which was squeezed into a corner, but he didn't stay there long. He talked about singing and about accompanists, and as he did he slid off the stool and walked quickly to the window, to his desk, to one of his bookshelves. “I'm an honest singer, who never tries for anything stylistic,” he said. “I'm not a dynamic performer. The lyrics are more important to me than the melody. I try to tell the story of the song in a way that no one has heard before. I try to sing as if I were just talking casually with someone. I've always loved to sing, and was pushed forward whenever there was an occasion. I didn't have any serious training until I was in my early twenties, when I started lessons with Carlo Menotti—not Gian Carlo, just Carlo. I had sung in the All-City Chorus, which was made up of the cream of the city's high-school glee clubs. It was directed by Peter J. Wilhousky, who was amazing. He could sing in about four octaves. If he wanted to correct the sopranos, he'd sing them what he wanted in a pure soprano, and it was the same with the baritones and bass-baritones. One time, we were doing ‘Begin the Beguine’ and the baritones were messing up, so he made each of us sing the passage solo. After I'd done my version, he shouted, ‘That's it! That's the way it should be done! Listen to La Rosa!’ It was the first time I can remember that I was truly pleased with myself. I used to think of the melody all the time. It was part of the honest-singer thing—to sing the notes as they were written. Maybe it was also part of trying not to sound like Frank Sinatra, who took liberties with songs, and who was a big influence on me and a lot of other singers. This was the Sinatra of the mid-fifties, who learned from Fred Astaire, who learned how to dance with his voice, to chop off his word endings. Now I'm secure enough to take chances with the melody—to do a little jazzing here and there. My phrasing was controlled at first by my breathing. When my breath ran out, the phrase ended. I was on the swimming team in high school, and I

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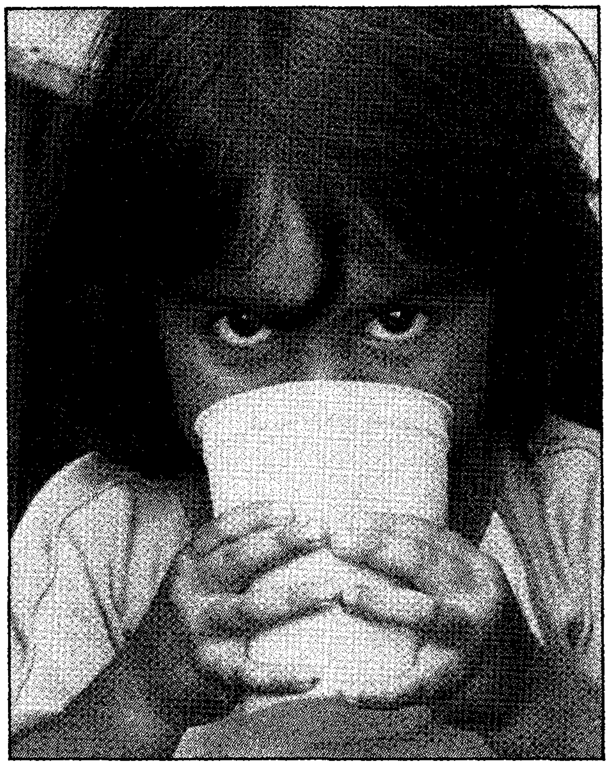

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could swim fifty yards underwater and hold my breath almost a minute. I've been blessed with a good ear and good intonation, and I've gradually got all the technical things under control—phrasing, dynamics, concentration, fitting yourself to your audience and to the room you're in, not being rattled by bad accompanists. An accompanist shouldn't tell a singer how to say what he has to say. He shouldn't make him wait for the resolution of a phrase. He shouldn't play things that are so beautiful that the singer forgets what he is doing and starts listening to the piano. An accompanist should put a nice pad under the singer. He should play what we call footballs—those nice, big, round whole notes, and not strings of eighth or sixteenth notes that serve to let you know he is there. Dave McKenna is a marvellous accompanist. He knows the lyrics, and he pays attention to them. His playing breathes. So does Tony Monte's. Mike Abene doesn't get in your way, and neither does Tex Arnold. I like Loonis McGlohon very much. The best accompanist I ever heard was Joe Massimino. He used to work with Mike Douglas, but he's out of the business now, running an Italian gourmet market in Tustin, California. When I'm singing, my mind goes wherever it wants. I think of someone in my family, of an old flame, that I better not forget the paper on my way home. In a strange way, this gets me to the juices of the song—particularly if I'm tired and it's one o'clock and there are only six people in the room and one more show to do."

La Rosa asked Mischief to go lie someplace else. The dog raised his huge head and looked in La Rosa's direction, then got to his feet like a whale surfacing. He rocked out of the room, filling the doorway, and collapsed in the hall. "I come from a demonstrative background," La Rosa said. "Not long ago, I had an argument with my mother, and I told her that if she was going to treat me like a twelve-year-old I was going to act like a twelve-year-old. We've worked it out since, just as my father and I have worked things out. He came over from Palermo in 1922, when he was sixteen. He taught himself how to build and repair radios, and he did that until he retired. He's about five feet seven. He's a benevolent man with a ruddy complexion and a small mustache—he'd shave the mustache off when he got mad at my mother. It's physically impossible for him not to tell the truth,

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and it's physically impossible for him not to shout when he's angry. He's a strong-minded man, and about ten years ago things got very cold between us. I had been going through some therapy. I had got very impatient with him—I was picking fights with him. I was in my early forties, and he was in his sixties. So one day I went to his house in New Jersey, resolved to get everything out on the table. I said, 'I know you love me, and you know I love you.' My mother was in the kitchen, and she shouted to my father, 'What's he saying?' My father shouted back, 'He's come to tell us he's seen the light!' So for the next couple of hours we fought and screamed and yelled and got it all out. We both retained our honesty, and we reached a kind of peace.

"My father's name is Salvatore, and my mother's is Lucia. She came over in the early twenties from Castel Buono, which is outside Palermo. She was fifteen and a half when she married my father, and she had had three children by the time she was eighteen. She had four in all, but two died, leaving my older sister, Sadie, and me. Sadie is a widow with two daughters, and lives near my parents. My mother is a soft, quiet, unassuming woman. People say she's too good. She has simple needs and simple wants, and what makes her happy is to see her children and grandchildren happy. Both my parents have long since lost what I call their *baciagaluppo* accents—that Italian immigrant way of speaking English where you add an 'a' to everything. My parents still lived at a Hundred and Ninth Street and Second Avenue when I was born, but I grew up in the Ridgewood-Bushwick section of Brooklyn. It's part Brooklyn, part Queens, and not far from Astoria, where Tony Bennett came from. Our neighbors were Italian, Jewish, and a smattering of Germans. I remember swastikas hanging outside German-American Bund meetings. We were poor, but we had everything we needed, and some of the extras. When they put steam heat in our building, they raised the rent from fifteen dollars a month to twenty, and my parents had a fight about whether or not it was exorbitant. We had a four-room railroad flat on the third floor. My sister and I slept in the front room on fold-up beds, and my parents had the bedroom. The kitchen was the center of the house, and food was the center of the kitchen. We never scrimped at the table. Part of keeping

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up appearances was that there was enough to eat. If you had six people for dinner, you didn't have six lamb chops—you had a dozen or sixteen. I went to P.S. 123, then to Grover Cleveland High School. I graduated in 1947. I had no real confidence in anything. I loved singing. I was a pretty good baseball player. I was a good Friday-night dancer. So I joined the Navy. It was partly an act of defiance and partly to learn about electronics, so that I could go into business with my father—a typical two-edged teenage act."

FOR many years, La Rosa and Gene Lees, the West Coast lyricist, singer, and jazz writer, have carried on a voluminous correspondence. They met for the first time several years ago. Lees recently had this to say about his friend: "Popular singing in America used to be dominated by the Irish, but since the arrival of Sinatra it's been Italians. I think Julius La Rosa is the most brilliant member of the Sinatra school. He is a born naturalist. He always sang well, but he is singing far better now. His voice has a woody, Italian quality—you hear it in Aldo Ray and Brenda Vaccaro. It's a quality of voice comedians try to get when they're doing gangsters. Julie shares the inferiority complex of New York Italians. They have a self-effacing way that often makes them pretend to be dumb. I heard Tony Bennett suddenly break off a discourse on Picasso one night, and say, 'But what do I know about Picasso?' I've heard Julie do it. But he's a very intelligent man, who writes well and knows far more than he lets on. His confidence as a singer has become solid and stable only in recent years. I've watched it grow with great pleasure, and I suspect that at last he's on his way."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

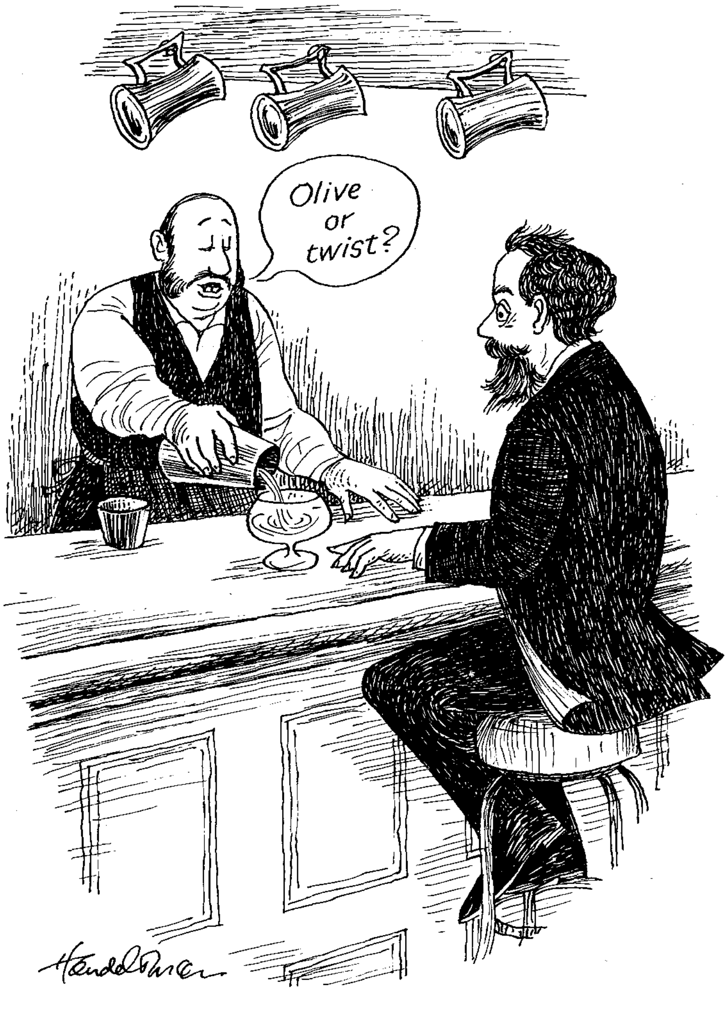
THE THIN EDGE—II

THE boot-shaped island of Negros, in the central Visayan group of the Philippines, on which I recently spent a week during a return visit to the country a year and a half after Corazon Aquino's triumphant replacement of Ferdinand Marcos as President, has become a principal testing ground for her unfinished and increasingly troubled revolution. There are a number of reasons for this, the most important being the decline in demand for the island's chief product, which is sugar. About a quarter of Negros's two million people are—or have been—sugar workers, and virtually every Negrense has been directly or indirectly dependent on sugar for survival. As recently as 1980, the price of sugar on the world market was almost forty cents a pound, but by the mid-eighties it had dropped to three or four cents; although it is now back up to six cents a pound, commodity experts believe that because of a glut on the market and the widespread use of various substitutes the outlook for the industry is bleak. As a consequence, all seventeen of the once prosperous big sugar mills on Negros have shut down or cut back production, their onetime workers are largely unemployed, and the children of these impoverished sugar workers' families are running about with distended stomachs and without shoes or clothes. In the course of its economic disintegration, Negros has become the most politically turbulent and potentially explosive island in the republic, and its eight-thousand-foot active volcano, Mt. Canlaon, has acquired a dire symbolic significance.

The situation has been further aggravated as a result of an executive order and a proclamation invoking a comprehensive national land-reform program made by Mrs. Aquino on July 22nd, only five days before a newly elected legislature convened and her power to issue such edicts expired. Her long-delayed pronouncement was the first in the complicated history of Philippine land reform to embrace all private and public agricultural lands—large and small sugar and coconut holdings as well as more readily disposable rice and corn land, which had been partly dealt with in previous programs. The framework for broader reforms which was submitted by Mrs. Aquino immediately touched off a series of angry disputes over its objectives, its legality, and the details of its execution and timing—details that Mrs. Aquino had left up to the legislature, whose membership includes a number of conservative and recalcitrant landlords. For example, although the most recent of some fifteen drafts by a government committee had proposed an ultimate retention limit of seventeen and a half acres on all types of land, the Presidential orders called on the legislature to determine maximum legal retention figures. Also, compensation for land acquired, for which landlords are to be paid in cash and bonds over a ten-year period, will be decided by the government but will be based primarily on the landlords' own evaluations of what their holdings are worth.

Most advocates of a strong land-reform program, including peasant organizations and the dominant elements of the Catholic Church, to which eighty-five per cent of all Filipinos belong, consider the executive proposals far too modest, while those opposed, especially the big sugar and coconut landlords, regard the program, as they would almost any scheme reapportioning their properties, as unfair and unworkable. The majority of the sugar planters of Negros, five per cent of whom own nearly half the island's arable land, are already in default to banks, and have threatened to resort to violence and secession unless Mrs. Aquino's plan is altered or abandoned.

The sugar workers, represented by activist unions, are opposed to it for different reasons. They are financially and physically unprepared to risk running their own farms under what they feel are unfavorable or uncertain terms, even with promises of technical assistance. The Communists of the New People's Army, who are active and well-organized in Negros, have been quick to take advantage of the heated debate and heightened tensions prompted by the new plan. Beginning in mid-August, they mounted a series of attacks on sugar *centrals* (mills), police stations, and town halls in Negros Occidental, one of two provinces on the island and the principal sugar-producing one, which within a fortnight left more than a dozen people dead and caused heavy losses in property stolen or destroyed. In one case, they attacked a train and destroyed eight freight cars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carrying molasses. Last week, the town square of Bacolod, the provincial capital, was crowded with squatters, many of whom were leftist sympathizers from the country who had been driven out of their villages by the fighting.

Mrs. Aquino's broad and often vague compromise proposals contain so many complications and imponderables that the legislature is bound to have trouble in introducing a final or even a partial land-reform program in a matter of weeks, or even months, let alone in executing it. One inherent complication is the fact that the three basic categories of land reform the proposals cover—sugar, coconuts, and corn and rice—present different problems of implementation and financing. Moreover, although a two-and-a-half-billion-dollar fund has been allocated to help finance the program until 1992, there is not enough money available to pay for it over the long run without considerable foreign assistance; and while the United States and Japan have indicated their willingness to support Philippine land reform, neither country has yet made any specific commitments. Mrs. Aquino has set a time limit of ninety days for the legislature to draft rules for the program; if Congress fails to act within that period, she has declared, her newly organized Presidential Agrarian Council, headed by her and including fifteen Cabinet members and other officials, will push ahead under its own rules. With opposition from so many quarters, however, it will not be easy to force acceptance of any program, for even if it did not lead to some kind of violence it could readily be stalemated or sabotaged.

Confronted by the nationwide Communist insurgency, by a serious Muslim separatist rebellion in the southern island of Mindanao, and by mounting dissidence and demoralization in the military—as evidenced by the most serious of five coup attempts to date, which took place at the end of August and nearly succeeded in overthrowing her government—President Aquino is felt by most observers to be entering a truly critical period of her administration. Along with a host of additional social, political, and economic problems that she inherited from years of plunder, waste, neglect, and mismanagement under Marcos, she is, in effect, in a race against time to accomplish at least some of her major goals while her popularity remains high—it has averaged between seventy and eighty per cent nationwide, although in the Visayan Islands the figures have been closer to fifty or sixty per cent. A true test of her leadership, which is being more and more questioned, will be her ability to reach effective agreements with the untried and disputatious legislature on the most important and complex issues, of which land reform and the related problem of establishing peace and order and restoring the credibility and fighting capability of the factionalized military are the most vital. These are directly linked to the restoration of the credibility of the government itself.

The latest coup attempt severely shook the administration, and brought to a head the long-smoldering enmity between the military and leading members of Mrs. Aquino's Cabinet. On September 9th, twelve days after the attempted coup, the entire Cabinet of twenty-five—including Executive Secretary Joker Arroyo, whom the military has particularly disliked—resigned en masse in order to give President Aquino a free hand in reorganizing her embattled government. Two days later, the head of the Central Bank and eight other top officials also resigned. On September 16th, Vice-President Salvador Laurel, who has been at odds with Mrs. Aquino almost since the start of her administration, announced that his resignation as Foreign Secretary, a job that he held concurrently, was "irrevocable" and that he was formally breaking his ties with the President. Although Laurel will remain Vice-President and denied that he was joining the opposition, his action, in effect, makes him a potential leader of the loosely organized conservative movement of the country that has consistently attacked Mrs. Aquino on virtually every important issue, including her alleged coddling of the Communists. Declaring that the nation was now "a house on fire," Laurel accused the President of being "soft" in her handling of the Communist insurgency, which has been the chief source of military criticism directed against her and was a principal reason for the attempted August coup. The day following Laurel's announcement, Mrs. Aquino accepted the resignations of Arroyo and Teodor Locsin, Jr., her special counsel and another of the military's chief targets. The de-facto firing of the two men who had been her closest advisers was immediately hailed by members of Congress, the military, and the business community as a positive move; Mrs. Aquino had previously accepted the resignation of Finance Secretary Jaime Ongpin, a former mining executive and another longtime member of her inner circle, who has been the chief negotiator in efforts to restructure the nation's huge international debt.

The interrelated military, political, and economic difficulties faced by the eighteen-month-old administration are especially relevant to the situation in Negros, which is the country's fourth-largest island and, perhaps more vividly than any other, illustrates the basic national predicament of a wide discrepancy between poverty and wealth. Sugar has historically been the boon and bane of Negros. Sugarcane was first cultivated in the Philippines in the third or fourth century by migrants from New Guinea. In the fourteenth century, the Chinese introduced the technology of producing sugar from the cane. Under the Spanish colonial regime that ruled from the sixteenth century until almost the end of the nineteenth, when the Americans took over, large sugar haciendas in Negros, consisting of several hundred acres apiece, were more or less independent economic units, each possessing its own sugar mill and other equipment and producing enough rice on the side to take care of its workers year-round. The rich "hacenderos," as Filipinos call the sugar planters, led self-indulgent and ostentatious if not always glamorous lives, and even their workers were able to live modestly, with some assurance of security. But over successive generations the haciendas, divided up among heirs, became ever-smaller, less productive units. To maintain the illusion of prosperity, the children and grandchildren and other relatives of the original hacenderos retained large staffs of *cabos* (bosses), bookkeepers, timekeepers, and security guards, and refused to lower their living standards or seek alternative opportunities for economic development.

DURING and after the First World War, American businessmen and technicians modernized much of the Philippine sugar industry, and in 1934, when the United States began regulating sugar prices and assigning quotas to various countries, the Philippines received a high share. Its protected quota was continued after independence, in 1946, and by the sixties amounted to about twelve per cent of

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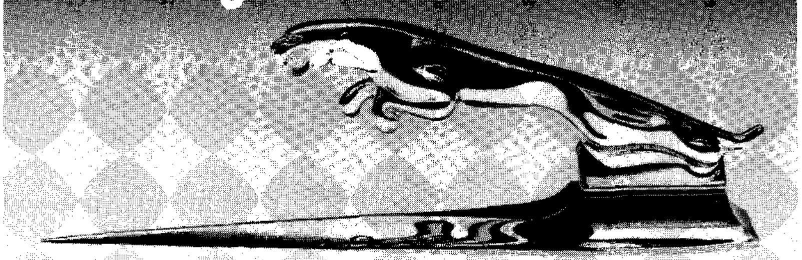

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all sugar consumed by Americans; in addition, the Filipino exporters were paid more than the world market price. But in 1974 Congress failed to renew the Sugar Act, knocking out the protective props and adding to the industry's decline, which, except for brief periods when poor weather elsewhere helped Philippine exports, has continued ever since. With almost half the total agricultural acreage in the province of Negros Occidental ordinarily planted with sugarcane (the adjoining province of Negros Oriental has always been somewhat less dependent on sugar), the drop in demand and production caused a lengthening from three months to six of the so-called "dead season," which starts in May, when the several hundred thousand sugar workers on the haciendas (who still earn less than a dollar a day) have always become jobless. Since the mid-seventies, malnutrition and hunger have increased, more and more babies have died annually, and the months between May and the beginning of the fall planting period have come to be called the "death season."

In the words of Father Hector Mauri, a Jesuit priest who has devoted considerable time to studying the plight of the sugar workers in Negros and of the poor elsewhere in the Philippines, the continued fragmentation of the haciendas left "small islands of wealth in a sea of misery, discontent, and suffering." As the number of mini-haciendas increased, conditions on them grew steadily worse. Ninety per cent had no irrigation; lack of spare parts and repair facilities caused equipment to fall to pieces, and malfunctioning tractors limped over dusty roads into Bacolod, where repair shops were invariably subject to brownouts and shortages of their own. As it became more difficult to meet production schedules, Father Mauri noted, "yellow, underfertilized cane [was] a common sight, matched only by the haggard appearance of the workers." Father Mauri and other experts warned that it was important to stop further fragmentation of the hacienda system and to consolidate the remaining haciendas into collective farms "run by the workers with the help of managers, technicians, and agriculturists." During the Marcos period, what took place was, in effect, the opposite. Instead of coöperatives, monopolies were created by Marcos's former college classmate Roberto Benedicto, who became the sugar czar. Through various new government bodies, set up with Marcos's blessing or connivance, Benedicto and his friends and the Marcoses themselves made huge profits at the expense of the growers and millers, not to mention the workers, by concentrating solely on sugar for export. When prices continued to drop, Benedicto's various commissions and agencies fell into disarray, and corruption became pervasive.

Even as seventy to eighty per cent of the haciendas were foreclosed, their proud owners went on putting up a bold front, and, naturally, their workers became more desperate. Albert Ravenholt, another agricultural expert, who is part owner of a seven-hundred-and-fifty-acre farm in Negros, has written of this period, "Now the monocrop haciendas became scenes of destitution as starving workers marched into the cane fields and took over plots to plant sweet potatoes and other food crops. Insurgent agitators and compassionate priests joined in demanding a new social order." Inevitably, as tensions increased, incidents of violence occurred more frequently and on a progressively larger scale. They reached a climax on September 20, 1985, during a protest rally called by the left-wing party Bayan, at which workers, fishermen, farmers, students, and other concerned citizens demonstrated against "extreme poverty, hunger, and the escalating militarization" in Negros. As several thousand people gathered on the highway at the town of Escalante, northeast of Bacolod, they were met by soldiers, the Constabulary, and firemen. According to a subsequent investigation by a fact-finding committee of prominent citizens, headed by Dick Romulo, a leading Manila lawyer, the official forces opened fire in "a conspiracy by concerted action." Twenty people were killed and twenty-four wounded. The committee recommended the filing of charges of murder and attempted murder against forty-seven defendants, and the case is now being prosecuted. The killings were recorded as one of the most brutal examples of terror and indiscriminate action in the final period of the Marcos dictatorship. It was not surprising that as a result of what came to be called the "Escalante massacre" about two hundred people, including many unemployed sugar workers, took to the mountains to join the New People's Army. What was surprising was that almost all of them returned within a month, because, they reported, the Communists, who depend mostly for their arsenal on capturing guns and ammunition from the government, had no weapons or bullets to spare. The volunteers had been told that unless they could obtain weapons for themselves they should go back to their villages and continue "political warfare" against the government.

When I arrived in Bacolod last May, a fortnight after the legislative elections—Mrs. Aquino's candidates had won handily—the impact of the seasonal sugar slump was only beginning to be felt; but the years of depression had left their mark. The city, which had once been one of the liveliest provincial capitals in the Philippines, was dilapidated and seedy-looking. There were only a few guests at the downtown Seabreeze Hotel, and not many customers in the city's stores and restaurants. The children looked miserably thin and listless, and the older people worn and sickly. And the unrest and discontent were palpable. The undercurrent of tension was partly the result of a number of still undetermined election contests, which had caused some violence, renewed old family feuds, and prompted new ones among supporters and opponents of Mrs. Aquino and her candidates. Some were former members of the opposition who had switched to her side; others—a minority of Old Guard conservatives, including embittered hacenderos—were still in the opposition and had voted against Mrs. Aquino and the candidates she backed; and a surprising number, who called themselves "centrists," were searching for their own solutions to land reform and other economic problems. What was significant was that, whatever their politics, all the House members elected from Negros Occidental—there were six of them—were landlords. (The twenty-four members of the Senate are elected nationally.) Another cause of the tension was that since last February, when ceasefire talks between the government and the Communist insurgents broke down—as almost everyone expected them to—the military situation in Negros had worsened, and there had recently been an increasing number of outbursts of fighting, instigated by both the insurgents and the Army or the Constabulary, which would culminate in the Communist raids in August and September on two sugar *centrals* and on several police stations and town halls in and around Bacolod. But even more alarming than the over-all nervousness and apprehension, it seemed to me, were reports of an expanding conflict between the Catholic Church and the military, and the effect this was having on the already confused Negrenses, who, although they were still generally admiring of Mrs. Aquino, were beginning to wonder what direction her uncertain revolution was taking and what it was going to mean for them.

Late in April, a month before my visit, President Aquino had gone to Bacolod, in response to the turmoil caused by the already rising number of Communist raids and by military reprisals, which included bombing and strafing attacks that had killed numbers of innocent villagers; to a series of political vendettas and revenge killings; and to a vitriolic name-calling contest that had embroiled the military and the top-ranking prelate on the island, Bishop Antonio Fortich, a leading human-rights advocate, and a number of his priests, who were accused of being pro-Communist. In one of her more forceful efforts, Mrs. Aquino had quietly but firmly read the riot act to a small group of influential citizens, among them clergymen, military officers, and business leaders. She called for "reconciliation" and demanded an end to the factionalism and the name-calling. "I believe in all of you," she said. "You have the potential for finding the solution to your problems, and I want to set you up as an example for the rest of the country." The able young governor of Negros Occidental, Daniel Lacson, described her speech as "a spanking we all deserved that should do some good." Unfortunately, it didn't do very much. Two days after the President's visit, someone tossed a grenade into Bishop Fortich's living room shortly after midnight; it was deflected by a branch of a tree so that although it exploded a few feet from his bedroom door, the only casualty was a sparrow. Bishop Fortich had the sparrow stuffed and mounted, and it was standing on his desk when I went to see him, the morning I arrived. He referred to it, with more disparagement than pity, as "a sparrow without a unit"—an allusion to the two- or three-man Communist terrorist groups called "sparrow units," which have assassinated about five hundred policemen and other government targets in towns and cities throughout the Philippines this year. Though the Bishop

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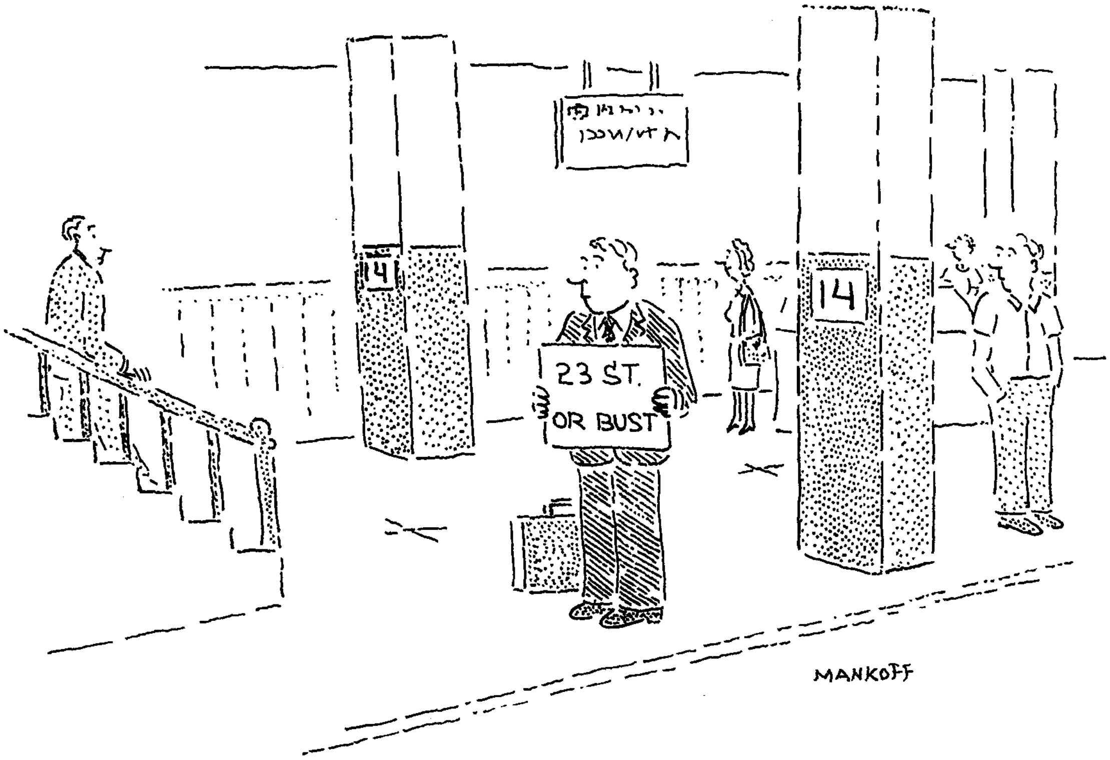

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added that he didn't know whether the grenade thrower was a Communist or a right-wing terrorist, the culprit was generally believed to have been a member of El Tigre, one of half a dozen new right-wing vigilante organizations, who was attempting to warn Bishop Fortich to stop his human-rights activities and his defense of his more liberal priests.

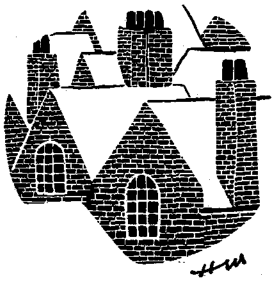
Bishop Fortich, a portly man with a calm manner and a benign appearance that mask a passionate advocacy of reform and human rights (he was one of the leaders of the clergy's opposition to Marcos), told me he had held three reconciliation meetings with the military since President Aquino's visit. "We've just signed a statement promising to work together and to report any breaches to the President's office in Manila," he said. But he admitted that he remained skeptical of the good intentions of the Negros military commander, Lieutenant Colonel Miguel Coronel. "He doesn't say much, and he's too suspicious of the priests," Fortich added. "We sometimes speak different languages, and I'm not sure how much he believes in reconciliation."

Bishop Fortich did not deny that, as head of the Catholic Church in Negros, he was finding himself at the center of the conflict that has all but polarized the island. The Church is particularly active in Negros, not only through its parishes in the towns but also through some thirteen hundred Basic Christian Communities, which are activist reform groups, mostly in remote rural areas. The B.C.C.s are led by local priests, some of whom are motivated by the concepts of "liberation theology" that have swept through Central and Latin America, and are now influencing the Philippines, too—notably in Mindanao and Negros. In many areas of these two islands, the Communists, with the help of left-leaning human-rights organizations, have infiltrated the membership of the B.C.C.s, despite the groups' efforts to maintain their independence—something they have found difficult to achieve, since they invariably operate in Communist-dominated regions. The military, backed by the wealthy landowners and businessmen, has openly accused the B.C.C.s of being pro-Communist and advocating a "godless theology." Over the past several months, this contest for the support of the peasants and townspeople of Negros has been heightened by a series of lectures that military officers have delivered in many towns and villages on "the evils of Communism"—an "educational campaign" whose effectiveness has been blunted by continuing military abuses, among them the killing of civilians suspected of being Communist sympathizers or simply caught in cross fire. Such incidents still occur fairly often, in Negros and elsewhere, though President Aquino, her chief of staff, General Fidel Ramos, and Secretary of Defense Rafael Ileto have worked hard to end the pattern of military abuse so prevalent under Marcos.

All these things have served to exacerbate the already deep social and economic cleavages in Negros, and the heated land-reform issue has recently led to talk of "open warfare" from both landlords and peasants. Although the Church is no longer a major landowner, as it was in the Spanish colonial period and initially under the Americans, it has been caught up in the post-Marcos atmosphere of open discussion and political turbulence touched off by the revived competition for power and influence. Just before Mrs. Aquino issued her proclamation and order on land reform, the Filipino bishops, in a pastoral letter read from all pulpits in the country, made it clear that the Church and the landed gentry, which had historically shared a common interest in land as the basis of political and economic power, had come to a parting of the ways over the vital matter of land reform. The bishops served notice that they were aligning themselves with the landless peasants by urging the government to "abide by the principles of social justice and the preferential option for the poor in designing a truly realistic and comprehensive agrarian-reform program." By breaking with the landlords, the Church not only put its moral authority behind the peasants but also lined up with liberal businessmen and reform-minded segments of the bureaucracy who see land reform as the best means of preparing for industrialization and economic development; industrialization would further diminish the gentry's political power. In stressing the social inequities of the landlords' position, the Church denied the gentry's argument that the redistribution of land was nothing but a Communist tactic.

The military, on the other hand, at least in Negros and in varying degrees elsewhere, has aligned itself more sharply with the gentry, and has thus widened the breach between itself and the peasants. Last March, for example, on the basis of information supplied by a right-wing priest, Father Ruperto (Perfecto) Palma, Colonel Coronel's office released the names of thirty-five priests on the island who had been accused of taking oaths of allegiance to the Communist Party and the New People's Army. Bishop Fortich reacted angrily to Palma's "utterly false, preposterous, and malicious 'disclosure,' " which was published by several local and national newspapers. But in a statement of his own, posted in all parishes and widely circulated, the Bishop admitted that "some" priests had quit the ministry, and said that "there can be no mistake as to the side they have chosen," since during the sixty-day ceasefire at the end of last year and the start of 1987 "they came down" from the hills "and the good people of Negros saw and heard them." The statement then listed twenty-five of the priests accused by Palma whose activities "are in keeping with faith and morals and in fidelity with the mission of the Church today" and "who are dedicated, hardworking and spiritually motivated . . . in building Basic Christian Communities, in the defense of human rights, and in the promotion of justice and peace."

In my talk with Bishop Fortich, he further described Father Palma's declaration as "baloney" and said that "something is wrong with his priestly life," adding, "He's isolated, but the military protects him and shows him off." Since Palma refused to retract his charges, Bishop Fortich had refused to assign him to a new parish, and he was living in the guarded hacienda of the late Armand Gustillo, for many years a powerful warlord and one of the largest landowners in Negros, and, until his death last year, an ardent supporter of Marcos. When I tried to visit Palma at the hacienda, now occupied by Gustillo's less prominent brother, Junior, I was turned back at the gate by a security guard waving a rifle. The Palma statement had simply added fuel to a series of intra-island feuds that the election and land-reform crisis had fanned into what was becoming a serious threat to peace. After Bishop Fortich published his repudiation of Palma, the Bishop was attacked, in turn, by an organization called the Concerned Catholics of Negros Occidental for being "strongly biased against the military;" he had criticized the Army and the Constabulary for killing alleged Communists but had reacted with "deafening silence" to murders committed by the New People's Army, the Concerned Catholics declared. Bishop Fortich had defended Communists as "members of the flock," they said; weren't the military as deserving as the N.P.A. to be called members of his "flock"? And if, as his statement had implied, as many as ten priests were "guilty of the charges" of being Communists, "does not this big number of Communist priests in the clergy reflect on his leadership?"



Almost all the members of the Concerned Catholics, of another more active anti-Communist group called the Negros Foundation for Peace and Democracy, and of two more recently formed organizations, the Movement for an Independent Negros and the Negros Autonomy Movement, are landowners. Over the past few months, some of these planters have collected arms and have barricaded themselves in their haciendas. The chairman of the Movement for an Independent Negros, a planter named Luz Lacson, has said that being a landowner in Negros today is "like being a criminal," and that landowners have become an "oppressed group" as a result of being "slaves to the banks" and "slaves to the government with our taxes." In this tense situation, Bishop Fortich, who is not thought by most people to sympathize with the Communists, even if a small minority of his priests do, has found it increasingly difficult to remain neutral on key political, social, and economic matters. He remarked to me, "We follow the injunctions of the Pope not to mix with politics and not to support political parties, but if politics is part of the society of good government I can't remain outside that." As for land reform, the Bishop has consistently maintained that a reform program is absolutely essential "to avoid chaos and a rebel victory." Unless a solution is found, he has warned, "the social volcano" in Negros will explode. "Land, land, land is the issue," he said vehemently to me. "It's the clamor of the masses. People are more sophisticated now and

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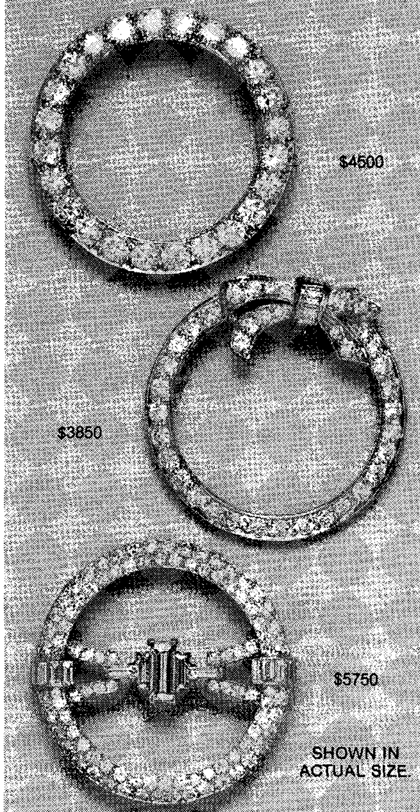

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they know what to expect. Though Cory still has influence, perhaps the people believe too much in her. Marcos made the same promises about land reform but didn't follow through on them, and the people rebelled. Cory will face the same ultimate judgment on the land-reform issue. It will be her triumph or her downfall."

MANY experts feel that the land-reform problem in the Philippines is exceptionally complex because of the long economic and social history of landownership and exploitation, which the various reform plans submitted over the past three decades—notably under Presidents Ramón Magsaysay, Diosdado Macapagal, who immediately preceded Marcos, and Marcos himself—have done little to clarify or to eradicate. As a result of this complexity and, more recently, of the growing threat of class struggle, many believe that it is now virtually impossible for a broad, comprehensive program to succeed. These analysts favor instead a series of phased programs or pilot projects undertaken over a period of time in different parts of the country. On the other hand, some prestigious and influential organizations, such as the World Bank, which has a lot to say about giving financial aid to the Philippines, strongly argue that a comprehensive approach is the only practical one if the government's credibility is to be maintained. Piecemeal or phased reform, the bank believes, will merely encourage continued opposition, from both the radicals and the conservatives, and result in increased delays and further instability. In a report issued in mid-May, the bank declared, "For the health of the economy, it is vital that land reform be performed in one operation rather than over a period of time." The bank favored the suggested retention limit of seventeen and a half acres for all private agricultural land, and stated, "Clearly the government faces a number of momentous decisions. If it resolves to undertake a comprehensive and effective agrarian reform that will provide lasting economic benefits directly to large numbers of poor people, then it must formulate a program that is simple in design and free of loopholes, allocate the required financial and manpower resources, and implement the program effectively and expeditiously." Specifically, the bank's report adjured Mrs. Aquino to "break the legal nexus between landowner and beneficiary which was created under Presidential Decree 27"—the Marcos program affecting rice and corn land, which was only partly carried out—"and substitute a legal framework for land transfer comprising two independent transactions: one involving expropriation of land by the state and the other involving distribution of land by the state to the beneficiaries." The bank's recommendation for determining just compensation for the landlord was to use "the value as declared by the owner and/or assessed for tax purposes, whichever is lower."

The World Bank is not alone in suggesting a quick, comprehensive land-reform program, embracing sugar and coconut land as well as the remaining rice and corn land. In mid-July, the Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines urged a stronger plan than the one Mrs. Aquino ultimately issued, warning in a pastoral letter that "today we are in danger of being torn apart as a nation on the problem of land reform" and asserting that "the landless, the exploited, the disadvantaged, the powerless . . . have the single most urgent claim on the conscience of the nation." In another mid-July statement, the Institute on Church and Social Issues, a quasi-official Catholic body, noted that "the landlords are bent on doing everything possible to frustrate the implementation of a genuine and comprehensive agrarian reform program," and that each successive draft proposal had been weaker, "with fewer teeth." The statement declared, further, that "not much can be expected from a landlord-dominated legislature," and pointed out that because of the long delay in issuing a strong edict landlords had already taken advantage of the government's indecisiveness "by entering into transactions which put their lands permanently beyond the reach of land reform beneficiaries," through executing "contracts for the sale, transfer, disposition, and conversion of their lands in excess of the proposed retention limit." Land-reform experts who have dealt with the problem of redistribution of land worldwide since the Second World War have emphasized that all successful programs, including those in South Korea, Taiwan, and Japan, were based on strong directives by concerned governments (in the case of Japan, by the Allied occupation forces). On the other hand, where compulsion was lacking—as in India, Bangladesh, and Pakistan; in Chile, Mexico, Peru, and Colombia; and in most nations of the Middle East and Africa—incomplete or nonexistent land-reform programs have restricted economic development.

Mrs. Aquino's critics have repeatedly stressed her élitist background as a major reason for her hesitating to push through a comprehensive land-reform program, even though she declared in her late-July edict, over objections from some of her relatives, that the family's fifteen-thousand-acre sugar plantation, Hacienda Luisita, in the province of Tarlac, in central Luzon, would be sold to its tenants. She had pledged this in her 1986 campaign speeches and had made land reform in general one of the major planks of her platform. Once she took office, however, she seemed to lose her zeal for reform. How much of the change was due to pressure from her wealthy property-owning friends, who stand to lose most as a result of land redistribution, and how much was the result of the many problems that plagued her during her first year and a half in office—particularly the sluggish economy and the growing insurgency and repeated threats of coups from disgruntled Army elements and Marcos loyalists—is hard to say. Most likely a combination of these factors was responsible, along with her inherent disinclination to take full command of a government she regarded as transitional—rather than "revolutionary," as she had initially proclaimed it to be—pending the adoption of the new constitution, which took place last February. Today, though, her failure to follow through on her promises of bold reform, including a dynamic and far-reaching land-reform program, is regarded as symptomatic of her shortcomings as a political leader, and of her essentially conservative philosophy, which is probably the result of her strict religious upbringing and her predilection for moderation and for working out solutions through consensus and compromise. Her critics continue to believe that these weaknesses may prove her undoing and cause her administration to end in stalemate or failure.

THE basic figures justifying the need for drastic land reform are eyeopening. Since 1950, the population of the Philippines has grown from twenty million to nearly fifty-seven million, and about two-thirds of the people still live in rural areas—this despite the influx into the cities, and

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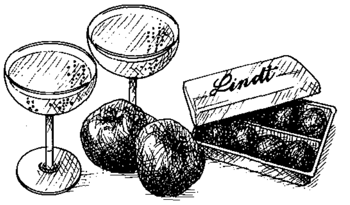
especially into Manila. (A third or more of Manila's eight million people live in slums.) Between five and seven million workers are landless, and if one includes the tenant farmers, the great majority of whom live under conditions of extreme poverty, the figure is closer to ten million. In 1950, eight per cent of the peasants had no land; today, the estimated percentage is thirty-five. Under Mrs. Aquino's plan, approximately thirteen million acres would eventually undergo transfer of ownership, yet only about a quarter of the landless peasants and tenant farmers would be affected. As for the financing of the program, aside from the expected foreign assistance the bulk is to come from the sale of government assets and from funds recovered from the seizure of properties and assets of Marcos and his cronies, both in the Philippines and abroad—an action that is bound to be a long-drawn-out legal procedure.

Most of the academic experts, the liberal clergy, and the so-called cause-oriented organizations recognize the imperatives to be more critical than the politicians as a group do, but the issue will be put to a test in the elections for governors, mayors, and town and provincial councillors scheduled to be held in January. Local politics in the Philippines has always been dominated by personalities and family feuds, and it may well be that the coming elections will follow the traditional pattern. However, if Bayan and the other left-wing parties and cause-oriented organizations are to recover from their poor showing in the legislative elections they will have to concentrate far more effectively on issues, while not neglecting the theatrical showmanship the Filipinos call *palabas*, which is very much a part of the local political scene. The Communists, having made the mistake of boycotting the 1986 Presidential election—they were divided over participation in the legislative elections last May—will almost certainly play an important role in the local vote, even though the Party has again been declared illegal by President Aquino, following the failure of the ceasefire talks and the subsequent stepped-up fighting. Both the Party and the New People's Army have continued to take the matter of land reform into their own hands. Over the past few years, they claim to have redistributed an estimated twelve thousand acres in Negros alone, simply by seizing the land from the owners and giving it to squatters and residents of



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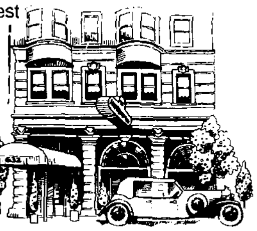

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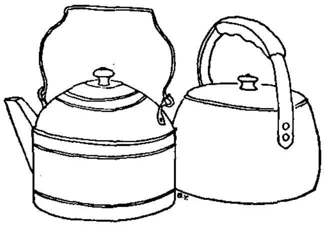
nearby villages. Similar seizures of land have taken place in Mindanao, in parts of Luzon, and on the Visayan island of Samar, which is almost completely controlled by the Communists. If they continue to gain strength over all, and control more and more territory, they will slowly extend their clandestine government into a wider network, apportion more land as they see fit, and ultimately, as happened in Vietnam, render academic whatever blueprints for reform the government has to offer.



In large measure, the mainly conservative members of the newly elected legislature reflect a general lack of awareness of the strong revolutionary undertow in many if not most parts of the countryside. To a considerable degree, the election outcome confirms an ironic belated effect of the February, 1986, upheaval, which Amando Doronila, chairman of the editorial board of the country's most respected newspaper, the Manila *Chronicle*, has described as "an extremely limited and flawed revolution." It was an uprising that spontaneously brought together a mixture of the rich, the middle class, and the poor, all of them with the common aim of overthrowing Marcos, and all of them galvanized and inspired by the nuns and priests into reacting against his flagrant cheating in the specially called Presidential election that sparked the revolt. But, as Doronila has pointed out, once the military coup and the populist rebellion had ended, after three weeks, and Marcos had fled the country, the hastily formed alliance fell apart, because it "had no ideological motivation to change the social and power structure; it merely sought to change rulers without restructuring society." During the 1986 election campaign, many landlords had supported Mrs. Aquino, because they had no quarrel with her desire to get rid of Marcos, who had stolen their money and turned their property over to his cronies. The planters in Negros were among those who had suffered most from the depredations and the humiliating overlordship of the sugar czar Robert Benedicto, whose ruinous policies wrecked the whole industry. (In a different and more insidious way—by controlling every facet of the coconut industry, from the planting process through the marketing and sale of copra, and by regulating all banking facilities—Eduardo Cojuangco, Cory Aquino's first cousin and also Marcos's No. 1 crony, dominated the coconut industry in Negros and elsewhere.) Accordingly, when the uprising took place and Marcos fled, the planters in Bacolod were "among those who danced in the streets," as Doronila put it. However, it wasn't long before they realized that the differences between them—the landed gentry of Negros—and the activist Church leaders made the revolutionary coalition of expediency "a mere shell."

The alliance all but collapsed throughout the country when the right-wing political and military forces led by former Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile broke with President Aquino. She fired Enrile in November, 1986, after an aborted coup by members of his Army faction, led by Colonel Gregorio (Gringo) Honasan, his security chief, who also led the most recent coup attempt. The issue in the aborted coup last November, beyond the personal rivalry that had grown up between President Aquino and the ambitious Enrile, was their difference over how to deal with the Communists: Enrile and the military as a whole were against her setting free several top Communist leaders and about five hundred other left-wing political prisoners who had been jailed by Marcos, and they strenuously opposed her efforts to work out a ceasefire and a peace agreement with the insurgents. As a narrowly elected senator—he finished last among the twenty-four chosen for the new Senate—Enrile has now become the formal leader of the opposition. He played no apparent role in Honasan's almost successful coup last month, though most observers believe he had known about it in advance. However, in a television interview on September 13th Honasan reaffirmed that Enrile had not been part of the coup. But Honasan did say that if it had succeeded a "multisectoral committee" would have been set up to replace the Presidency and the Congress for an "interim" period—and in all likelihood Enrile would have been a member. Honasan further denied that he had acted as a traitor, saying that he had lived up to his oath as a Filipino soldier in trying to fulfill the objectives of the 1986 revolution. He implied that there would be another

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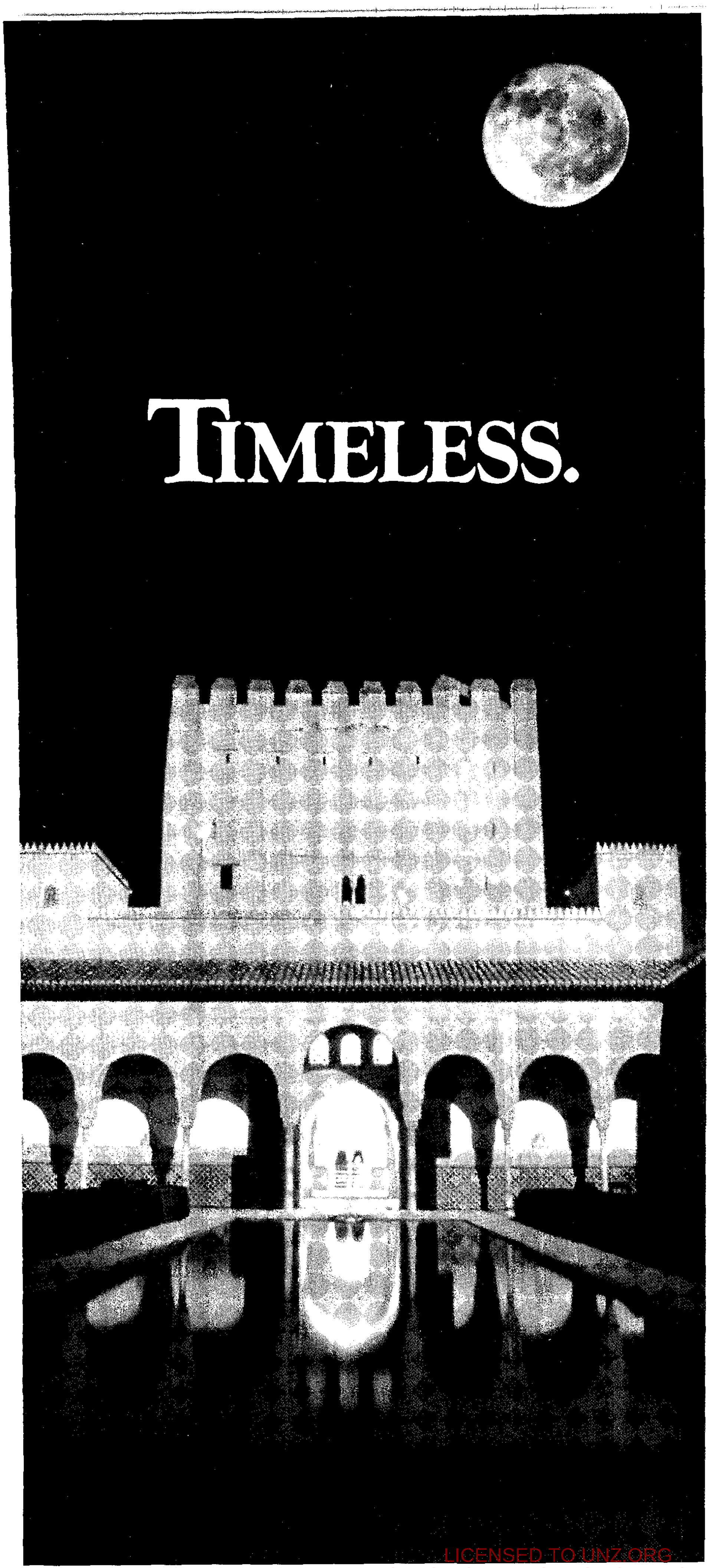
"effort," but said that he would urge more "nonconfrontational" measures in the future.

The land-reform issue, which has divided the nation even more sharply than the argument over how to deal with the Communists, was an equally important cause of the breakup of the 1986 revolutionary alliance. The clearest manifestation of this was the activity of the powerful landlord lobby, which began to mobilize before the legislative elections in May and is now continuing its efforts in the legislature—especially in the House of Representatives, where its actions amount to a counter-revolution against what took place in February, 1986. The new Speaker of the House, Ramon Mitra, himself a rancher from the southern island of Palawan, has declared that "it's only the House of Representatives that can show the real temper of the people" and no land-reform program should be drawn up by "just a group," meaning the joint committee of Cabinet members and agrarian experts who composed Mrs. Aquino's edict—after weeks of debate, during which they significantly emasculated it. Mitra was undoubtedly reflecting the sentiment of the new House, at least a quarter of which represents the Old Guard landed political oligarchy. Though Mitra is a longtime friend of the Aquinos—he and Mrs. Aquino's late husband, Benigno, were in jail together at the start of martial law—he has so far proved himself astute in organizing the new, rambunctious lower house and, in so doing, taking a position of independence rather than one of subservience in regard to Mrs. Aquino, whom he would like to succeed when her six-year term ends, in 1992. The new Senate, in contrast to its pre-Marcos predecessors, which were bastions of social conservatism, appears to be relatively open-minded, and may be more inclined than the House to support strong land-reform legislation. The veteran Jovito Salonga, the Senate president and a leader of the Liberal Party—who also wants to be the nation's next President—declared that "comprehensive and redistributive agrarian reform is the key to solving social unrest," adding that without it "there may be no morally acceptable solution to the insurgency problem." Salonga's views are likely to be seconded by a number of liberal, if not left-wing, supporters of Mrs. Aquino, including some who were friends of her husband. These men, mostly in their forties or early fifties, were elected to the Senate from Mrs. Aquino's personally chosen slate, several of them having been previously eased out of the Cabinet or executive posts as a result of pressure brought first by Enrile and then by other military leaders, who regarded them as too conciliatory toward the Communists.

As doubt increases about Mrs. Aquino's ability to reconcile the conflicting views in the House and Senate over land reform and other important issues, the anxiety over resolving these matters at the grass-roots level is also growing, as was apparent during my visit to Negros. I was there during a three-day period of fasting and prayer by nuns and priests and lay leaders, culminating in a Mass and rally in the Bacolod town square, on behalf of the reconciliation that President Aquino had called for a month earlier; but it was obvious, from the deliberate absence of the military and the tone of defiance adopted by Bishop Fortich and other members of the Church, that reconciliation was a long way off and what was taking place was a show of clerical force. At the Mass, in which about five thousand people participated, Bishop Fortich said, "Please understand the role of the Church. We are fasting and disciplining ourselves as an act of penance, to inspire people to work for the welfare of God, and to do what God wants us to do. To work for the poor is God's command; it is an act of love. It is strong evidence that the priests are truly religious, and not Communists. So why do they call the priests Communists? We are not doing this to expand the Communist ranks but to help people, to work hand in hand to give Negros a chance for peace to reign and justice to prevail." Though the gathering was orderly, tension and polarization could be felt in the stirring of the crowd and in its conflicting reactions. The priests of Bacolod distributed a circular supporting the Bishop's call for "the building and strengthening of the Basic Christian Communities." The statement added, "We feel the suffering and the anguish of the majority of Negros because of hunger, joblessness, sickness, subhuman wages, and landlessness." At the same time, under the imprimatur of the Negros Citizens' Alliance Against Communism, an anti-clerical circular was being distributed as an Open Letter to Bishop Fortich. It said:

> You have run out of good will in this city. Your credibility is zero. Your life is at stake from both the right and the left and from the centrist citizens who just want



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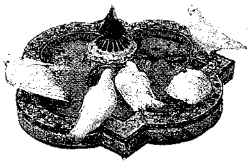

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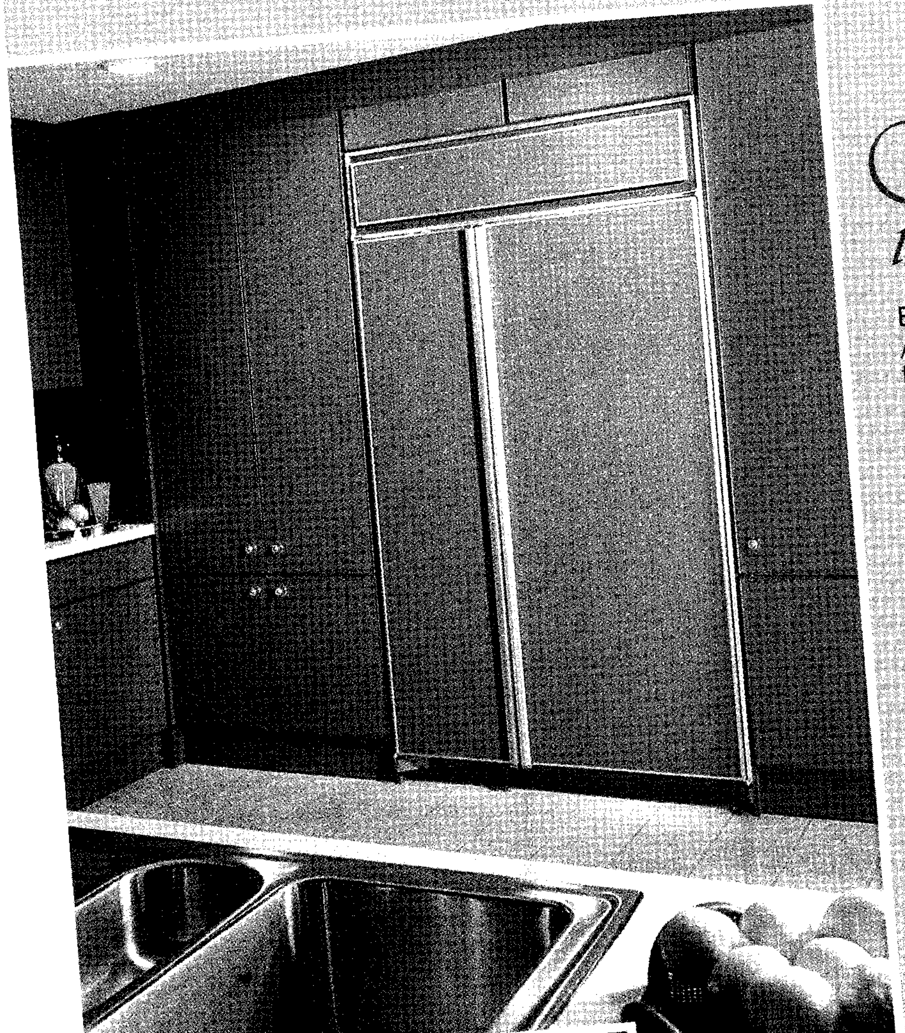

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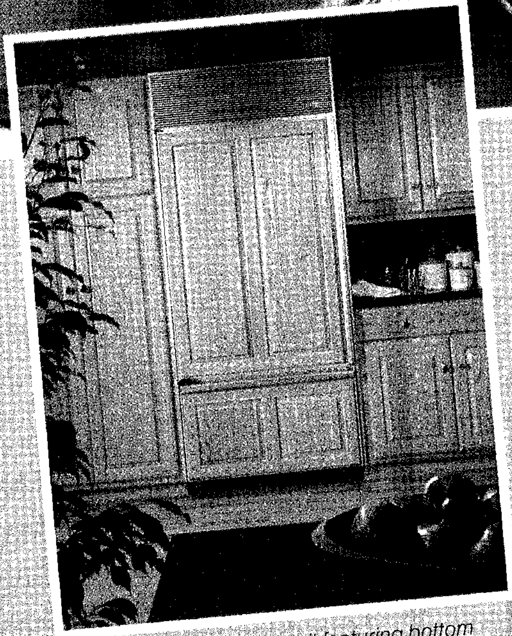
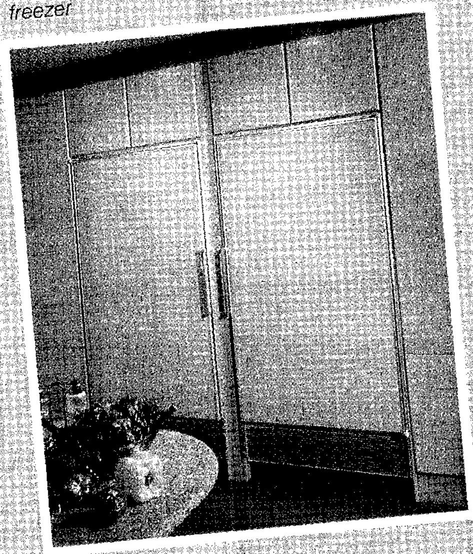
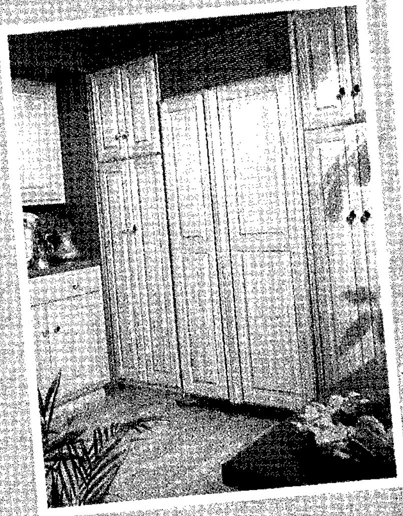


Model 550 combination unit featuring bottom drawer freezer

Model 501R refrigerator and Model 501F freezer





Model 561 combination refrigerator/freezer

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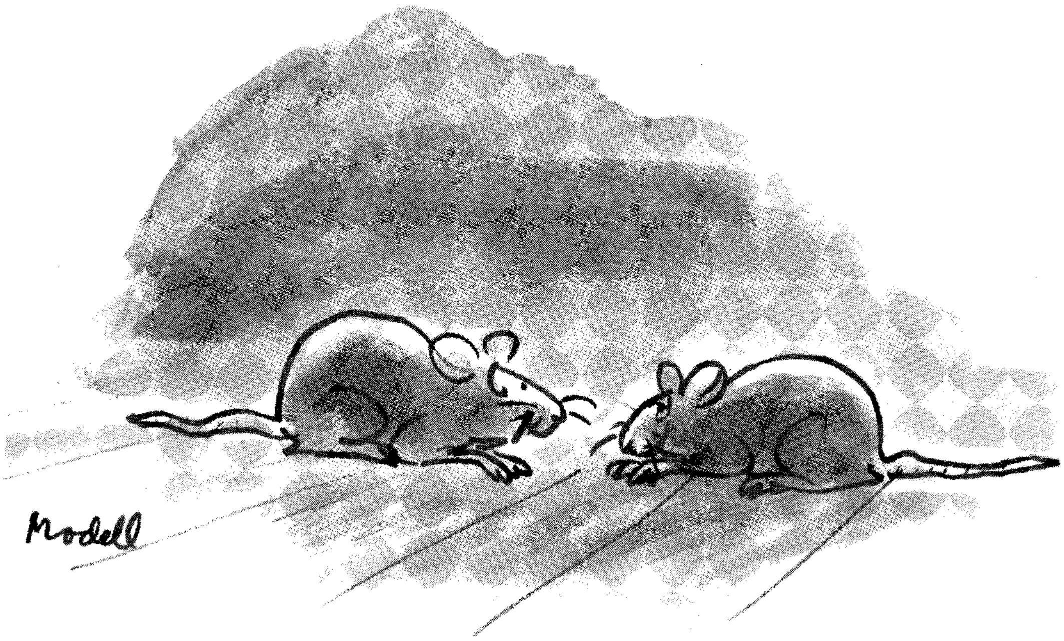
> peace and who don't need the National Democratic Front [the Communist Party's main umbrella organization] using the Catholic Church for their nefarious activities. . . . We don't need you as our Church leader in Negros. . . . You and your leftist priests are a cancer here. Why don't you get out? . . . Go abroad and take along your accursed priests.

In a conversation I had with Father Rolex Nueva, an activist priest from the southern part of Negros Occidental—where poverty is at its worst, with virtually all farmers living at subsistence level, and where the Communists are strongly entrenched—he held out little hope for Mrs. Aquino's policy of reconciliation. "Our faith in Cory is eroding," he said. "Unless she controls the right-wing groups, there will be an escalation of violence. After the collapse of the ceasefire, propaganda against the Church rose dramatically. . . . The military is deliberately trying to divide the Church here and throughout the Philippines. The effort has become systematic and programmed. The perception here is that Cory has no hold on the military, which is not really open to reconciliation. For ten days recently, the Army in my area went around to the Christian communities and accused me and them of being Communists. The people told the soldiers it wasn't true, but I'm hated by the military. The big landholders are in cahoots with them and the private armies. Right after the revolution, I thought Cory would overhaul the Army and the Constabuary and restrain them, punish the violators, and change things, but here has been no change. People are more afraid than ever. We've liberated ourselves from Marcos but not from he octopus of feudalism. Marcos created a military monster and it's still here. The situation will come to a new climax in two or three years. Land eform is a good idea, but putting it nto effect is bound to bring violence. Violence may become the only alternaive, though we favor nonviolence. It emains to be seen what the color of his government really is."



"I don't know why, but you look particularly mousy today, dear."

• •

Despite the drastic polarization, what struck me most during my visit to Negros was the degree to which President Aquino has remained the respected centerpiece of attention and conversation. Though it was not altogether clear why, her popularity was almost as great as ever even among those who were critical of what she was doing (or, more important, not doing). She was still regarded as a savior, who had not only rid the nation of Marcos but, unlike the politicians around her, both good and bad, managed to retain her special position, above and beyond politics. The miracle of February, 1986, has in many ways proved to be a mirage, as Doronila and other critics have said, but the miraculous aura surrounding Cory Aquino has endured, although it is beginning to lose some of its appeal. Whatever her deficiencies in leadership and firmness of action, her lack of a clear agenda, and her procrastination on key issues and programs, she has continued to give the impression that she is trying, without bias of any kind, to do what is best for the country. One of the leading centrists, a woman named Jean Trebol, who is a landowner and also a member of the Negros Foundation for Peace and Democracy, criticized Mrs. Aquino, as many do, for "not putting her own house in order, for appointing the wrong people to her executive staff, and for condoning continued corruption," and then expressed the common sentiment when, in answer to her own rhetorical question "Do we believe in Cory?" she said, "We have no choice, we have to believe and hope. If we lose faith in her, God help us! She *must* succeed!"

The foundation was set up in mid-1986, as a result of concern over "the dominant Communist presence in the province" but, at the same time, to counter the "hysteria . . . created by overnight 'Rambos' who . . . wanted nothing more than to wipe out every known, alleged, or suspected 'Communist.' " Along with most of Negros's five thousand other sugar planters, Mrs. Trebol and two co-founders of the Negros Foundation, Sonny and Lito Coscolluela, who are cousins and with whom I also spoke, have recently lent their support to an alternative to Mrs. Aquino's land-reform plan, drawn up by Daniel Lacson. His proposal is to divide the six hundred and seventy thousand acres of land in the province originally planted with sugarcane—about half its total agricultural land—three ways: sixty per cent would be retained by the landowners for production of the country's domestic sugar requirements, United States quotas, and reserves; thirty per cent would be ceded, voluntarily or optionally, by the landowners as part or full payment of their arrearages with the banks, and would be used primarily to establish joint ventures or coöperatives, organized by the government, in new agro-industries; the remaining ten per cent

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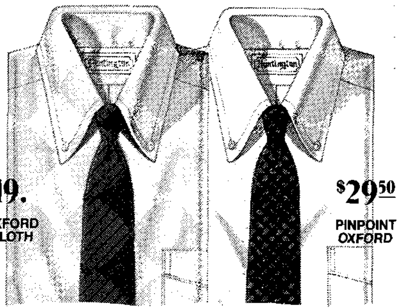

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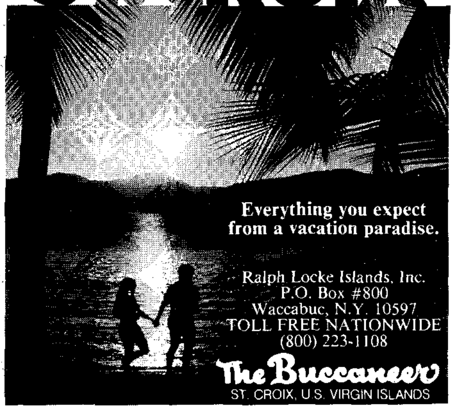

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would similarly be ceded and then redistributed by the government to the agricultural workers who have been living on the sugar estates, with each family receiving about a thousand square metres for its own use. The plan, which was tentatively approved by a Presidential task force but then sidetracked by Mrs. Aquino's comprehensive program, was originally designed by Lacson toward the end of the Marcos era, as an emergency measure, to stave off hunger and raise the income of farm workers; to assist distressed planters by utilizing their resources, including their already foreclosed properties; to avert bankruptcy and prevent the collapse of the lending banks; to increase employment in other industries; and to provide opportunities for farm workers to learn more about agricultural techniques and management.

When I spoke with Governor Lacson, who, like other provincial and local officials, was temporarily appointed by Mrs. Aquino and has to run for election next January in order to stay in office, he told me that the aim of his plan was "to accommodate everyone as best we can," and explained, "We can't survive overfragmentation. This will keep the landholders on their lands, at least temporarily. We can't afford to kick them out—they have nowhere to go, and we don't want to lose their skills by having them leave. Right now, eighty-six per cent of them owe the banks a lot. To sweeten the pot, we promised we would forgo some of the surcharges and help restructure the banks. The landless laborers will get at least part of the land to till until we move into industrialization. We want to diversify into such things as cacao, black pepper, mangoes, and tropical fruits, all of which we can grow here, even on the mountainsides. The coöperative sector can produce such cash crops as sweet potatoes, corn, watermelon, and bananas. The greater the diversification, the less the vulnerability. About three hundred thousand workers are now dependent solely on sugar. The key to the success of the plan is voluntarism. Many of the landlords have already voluntarily turned over some of their land to their laborers."

Lacson began to formulate his plan after the islandwide crisis in 1984-85, "when we faced a national strike and we felt we were losing the war," he said. "People were converging on Bacolod, some of them after a seven-day walk, and were lined up in the

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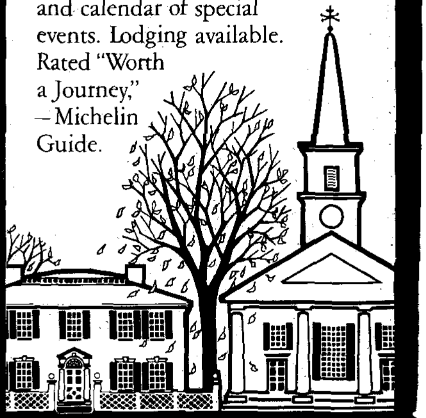

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streets. The sugar crash was on its way, and there was already a tremendous flight of capital. This was only a year after Ninoy Aquino's murder. There was a real feeling that the Communists might take over." Lacson later told Mrs. Aquino that his scheme was designed as "a temporary measure to make all sectors survive until we can assure a greater restructuring of society." Only after President Aquino had prepared her order for land reform, however, did members of twenty-six planter organizations and eight labor federations, representing about two-thirds of the workers in Negros, officially endorse the Lacson plan, and the two largest and most active of the unions have made it clear that they still favor the eventual dismantling of the haciendas and full redistribution of land. The most adamant of the planters remain equally determined to hang on to their property and are among those who have been collecting arms and are barricading themselves in their haciendas. It would have been a lot easier, Lacson says, if his plan had been adopted and put into effect last year. "Most of the planters now realize that giving up ten per cent, or even forty per cent, of their land is a lot better than losing all of it, but it's taken them too long to reach this conclusion," he said. "They thought their problems would just go away without their shouldering responsibility for social justice." Now he is afraid that, despite Mrs. Aquino's having previously indicated approval of his plan, it will be set aside in favor of an ineffectual legislative alternative to her comprehensive program, and that this will create serious problems in Negros, possibly including increased violence.

Lacson's plan also has the approval of Bishop Fortich, as "the best practical solution for Negros, even though t's not really land reform." The centrists I spoke with—Mrs. Trebol and the Coscolluelas—accept the plan, for reasons of their own. While expressng the general feeling of the planters hat "comprehensive land reform is unfair and counter-productive," they agree that Lacson's solution is "a proper middle ground" and a practical "interim solution." Mrs. Trebol said, "At least, it doesn't deprive the productive planters, doesn't punish them, and still gives those in trouble who are hreatened with foreclosure a break. Lacson is trying to buy time, to allow he landowners a way to put cash into new investments. That's something

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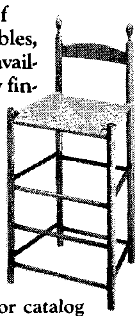

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worthwhile, but it will take time and money. The Communists are trying to deprive us of both. Many of us have already begun to diversify, to put part of our land into other crops, into prawns, and into ramie, which is a wonderful fibre for making shirts and suits, and we've already given our workers some of our land. But, like Governor Lacson, we're afraid that his plan will now be preëmpted by the government's comprehensive one or by something else."

Nevertheless, when I saw Lacson late in May he was encouraged by a number of developments, including the fact that he had just made an arrangement with the Philippine National Bank to receive twenty-five thousand acres of land, mostly sugar, that the bank had foreclosed on after the fall of Marcos. He had immediately begun to redistribute it to farmers, who will be allowed to pay for it over a twelve- to fifteen-year period, on the basis of various productivity formulas, and plant it with other crops, with the help of private organizations, such as the Philippine Businessmen for Social Progress, in Manila. He had also finally won government approval for a quarter-million-dollar food-for-work program, which, with the help of the United Nations Development Fund, will supply food for laborers constructing new school buildings and other projects.

Lacson's pet scheme, which has received strong support from planters and other entrepreneurs in Negros, is to build up a prawn industry along the coastline. In the past two years, about three thousand acres of land have been converted from growing sugar to raising prawns. Though the cultivation of prawns doesn't require much labor—an individual fisherman who grows the eggs can start a prawn farm himself—the need for hatcheries, feed mills, and processing plants means work for a number of people. "As soon as we can convert twenty-five thousand acres to prawns, we'll generate an income of a quarter of a billion dollars a year by exporting to Japan and the United States," Lacson told me. "We've already got two feed mills going up, and three new processing plants. The pump-priming is beginning to work. New roads are being built, too, so there is a demand for sand and gravel. We've begun to make aerators and pumping equipment for the prawn farms. There are some other signs of increased prosperity, such as an increase of forty per cent in the sale of beer and thirty per cent in the sale of soft drinks. Ordinary workers are earning about ten per cent more than they were a year ago, and the government has increased teachers' wages by twenty per cent. We still have a long way to go, and getting together to solve our problems and reconcile our differences won't be easy. At the moment, only fourteen sugar mills are functioning, and those at only about forty per cent of capacity. The Communists went on the offensive after the peace talks collapsed, and they're still strong in the hills. There are some signs, though, that they're losing their mass base in places. On the other hand, the military is not yet equipped to mount an all-out offensive and is still guilty of abuses against the people. As for the vigilantes, they can be effective, both against the insurgency and on behalf of peace and order, but the danger is that they'll get out of control."

A CLASSIC example of local confrontational politics and violent family feuding—which also involved the Communists and the military and was typical of what was going on all over Negros and elsewhere in the Philippines—was racking the town of Cadiz, about twenty-five miles northeast of Bacolod. With two other correspondents, I travelled there by car, and our first stop was the office of Acting Mayor Rowena Guanzon, who, like Governor Lacson, was appointed to her post when Mrs. Aquino took power, and will run for a regular term in January. No sooner had we stepped inside than Ms. Guanzon, a personable and dynamic woman of thirty, demanded, "Can you imagine that S.O.B. charging me with fraud and terrorism? He must have been talking about himself!" Ms. Guanzon, whose family has long been involved in Negros politics—her grandfather was mayor of Cadiz, and her mother, Elvira, was running her campaign—was referring to Joseph Marañon, who had just lost the election for a seat in the House of Representatives to Manuel Puey, whom the Guanzons had supported. The Marañons are bankers and planters who have been politically active in Cadiz for many years, and they previously backed Marcos and his party, the New Society Movement. They and the Guanzons have accused each other of seeking to become the heirs of Armand Gustillo, the late local warlord. Joseph Marañon, who was contesting his election loss, had charged

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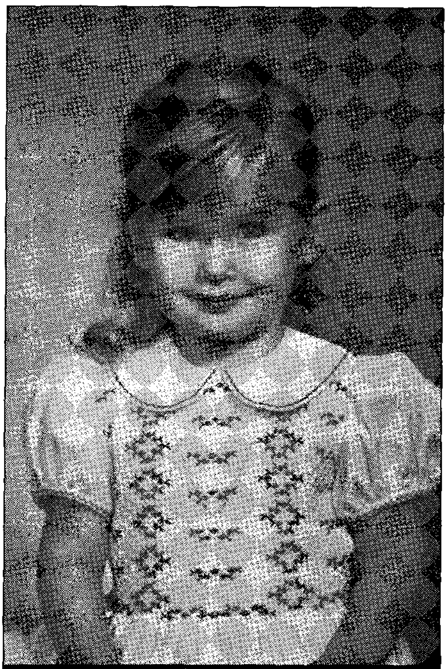
"Supermom and Superdaughter," as he called the Guanzons, with cheating him out of victory by manipulating the ballots in Puey's favor; on Election Day, bodyguards of the Mayor and Marañon had engaged in a shooting match, in which one man was killed and two were wounded. Mayor Guanzon had been present during the shooting, and she admitted to us that at the time she had been carrying a forty-five-calibre revolver in her pocket, as is her custom, but assured us that she did not participate in the shooting. "Our feud goes back a long way," she said, with a mixture of a growl and a grin. "This was all a dress rehearsal for the election in January. Marañon and his goons—including Junior Gustillo, the brother of Armand—wanted me to run for Congress instead of Puey, so that my vice-mayor, Jane Benedicto, could take over my job and they could continue running the show here. I told them to go to hell. I came home from Long Beach, California, where I was leading the easy life—tennis and good restaurants—in order to support Cory and help the poor, and to run for mayor myself. Negros has got to change."

The battle between the Marañon-Gustillo group and the Guanzons, with its overtones of recrimination and revenge, was further complicated by Marañon's accusation that Mayor Guanzon had solicited and accepted the support of the Communists. "Me a Communist? Hah!" she said. "I'm a centrist, like Cory. My family has two hundred acres of sugar and rice in the south, but we had to leave, because the New People's Army was taxing us too much. It's the same story up here in the north. Sure, I've been in touch with the N.P.A. and tried to get them to come over to our side peacefully, but they told me they'd wait. I've brought them doctors and dentists, food and seeds, to help them choose, and we're also working with them on community development—roads, schools, handicrafts, and so on. But I don't need the support of the Communists to win an election. The military know I've got only one barrio up here that the N.P.A. has infiltrated. They know I'm not with the left. I'm just one of Cory's mayors, a populist, and I'm trying to run this town better than it was run before. I'm going to fight the N.P.A. and also protect my people. We want to end this war. The polarization can be stopped, but we've got to get real land reform. Lacson's sixty-thirty-ten plan is just a land-use



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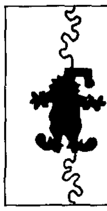

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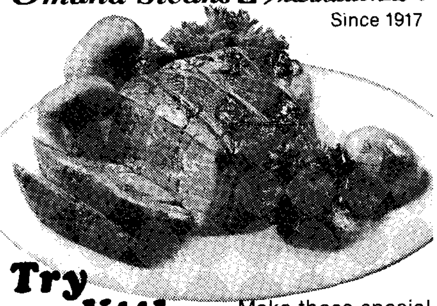
idea. We have to give the workers and farmers their own land to till and enough added support to make it productive, so we can upset the Communist timetable and turn this situation around in two or three years."

Given the already deep conflicts over land reform in Negros, now exacerbated by President Aquino's program and the strong opposition among planters in the legislature, it seemed to me highly unlikely that any workable compromise would soon be reached. And the rising level of fighting in Negros, which will in all probability increase further before the local vote in January, did not substantiate Mayor Guanzon's hopes for a peaceful solution soon. Although the military maintains that the New People's Army has only about five hundred regular armed guerrillas in Negros, along with twice that number of partly armed militiamen and a mass base of approximately five thousand, the Communists appear able to sustain a pattern of ambushes and sporadic attacks that keep the government troops off balance. This frequently provokes rash counterattacks, which cause civilian deaths and do other harm to the civilian population. Moreover, the Communists are still steadily capturing weapons from the government forces; that is their chief means of arming themselves, and is supplemented by purchases from the black market in Southeast Asia operated by smugglers and undercover agents.

The pattern of fighting in Negros and the havoc it is raising, politically and psychologically as well as physically, are exemplified by events that began late in April and continued into September. On April 20th, during the noontime siesta, a force estimated at a hundred N.P.A. regulars attacked a company headquarters of the 57th Infantry Battalion, which has become notorious for being ruthless and operating outside the chain of command. The Army admitted that three soldiers and a civilian were killed and five oldiers were wounded, and other ources told us that the military's casualties were greater. The guerrillas ransacked the armory and seized two mortars, two machine guns, about wenty rifles, and ammunition. According to Mayor Guanzon and several civil-rights groups, members of he battalion had been given a party by Marañon the night before, at which they got drunk, and that accounted for their being so easily overrun. However, units of the company, reinforced by about fifteen men from another unit, under the command of Captain Lescadio Santiago, and supported by a helicopter gunship, counterattacked within an hour. According to Captain Santiago, they killed five Communists, wounded a score, and recovered virtually all the weapons. Beginning on April 25th and continuing for several days, the 57th Battalion mounted a series of attacks in the area, including one on the barrio of Hiyang-Hiyang—the only one in Cadiz that Mayor Guanzon had said was Communist-infiltrated. As a result of these attacks, particularly on April 25th and 26th, fourteen civilians were killed. A number of civil-rights organizations sent people to Cadiz to investigate the incidents at Hiyang-Hiyang, and while we were there they issued reports, naming all those who had been massacred, tortured, or wounded, and giving a detailed list—down to the last carabao and chicken—of property losses, which were heavy. Mayor Guanzon's own investigation confirmed these reports, she told us, and she had taken her account to Manila and given it personally to Chief of Staff Ramos.

It was apparent from our conversations with Mayor Guanzon and Captain Santiago that there was no more love lost between them than between the Mayor and Marañon. She told us that Santiago was "close" to Marañon and that she considered him "biased." "I want him out of here," she said angrily. Santiago, whom we interviewed at his hilltop command post, said he knew Marañon, but went on, "I see him only as being against the N.P.A.," and added, "I don't know what the Mayor sees wrong with me. I don't consider her an opponent. She really has brains, she's a brilliant lawyer." On being asked if Mayor Guanzon was "out to get" him, Santiago replied, "If the local politicians feel I'm not acceptable, I'm willing to leave. I'm just trying to do my job." He said that before being sent to Negros he had been among the young group of military reformists who had taken part in the February, 1986, rebellion in Manila. At present, he added, his company was operating at only a third of its normal strength, or about thirty-



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five men, plus some local vigilantes. “We're short of ammunition, and I don't even have a rifle of my own,” he said. “We're short of everything—I'm trying to beg or borrow vehicles. Establishing discipline and authority in the Army now is a very slow process. My men think the Americans are hedging about giving us more aid, waiting to see what will happen. Factionalism within the military doesn't help us, and there's a lot of it down here in Negros—political factions. Our soldiers need to be politically educated, just as much as the people here do. They should know what they're fighting for, and sacrificing their lives for if necessary.”

Barbara Shelley

Before leaving Negros, I travelled eleven hours by bus from Bacolod, in the northwest, to Dumaguete, in the southeast, which is the capital of the island's other province, Negros Oriental, and there I visited the farm of my agriculturist friend Albert Ravenholt, who is also a writer. A long bus trip in the Philippines is probably the best way to get to know the country and the people. Most of the trip was along the coast, but for stretches we dipped through the mountains, creeping from village to village and often stopping every hundred yards or so to pick up or drop off passengers—they flagged the bus to get on and shouted to the conductor when they wanted to get off. Packed with men, women, and children, the bus jerked and sputtered its way along dusty, potholed roads as the conductor climbed around with astonishing agility, clutching a wad of dirty peso bills in one hand and his tickets and a punch in the other, and using the punch to bang on the stanchions or the sides of the old bus to let the driver know when to stop. Every time he did that, youngsters with wicker trays of dried fish, bananas, hard-boiled eggs, nuts, crackers, sticky candies, and other delicacies to sell to the passengers would somehow manage to squirm onto the bus before it stopped and off after it started up again. At one point, I found myself seated next to an overburdened elderly woman with a cage of chickens, a bulging basket of clothes, a big basket of food, and two crying youngsters, one of them an infant; after considering what would be the easiest to handle, I volunteered to hold the chickens, and immediately they became the chief interest of an uncaged bobbing rooster at the end of a string being held by a man in the seat in front. For a time, the rooster, too, sat in my lap. The passengers, like the scenery, changed every few miles; out of some three hundred transients, I was one of only three, and the only foreigner, who made the entire journey to Dumaguete. There was considerable banter—practically all of it in the Visayan dialects of Ilongo, which is spoken in Negros Occidental, or Cebuano, spoken in Negros Oriental, which is only a few miles from the island of Cebu—and laughter, much of it, I gathered, the result of curiosity about me and why I was subjecting myself to such a long, uncomfortable ride. What struck me most strongly about the scenery was the poverty of the towns and villages we passed through and the obvious effects of a long drought, the worst in years: it had left the countryside brown and bare rather than its usual lush green. The images that have stayed with me are of dried coconut husks and of the swollen stomachs of naked children playing in the dust.

It was therefore all the more exciting to visit the farm—seven hundred and fifty acres, half owned and half rented from the government by Ravenholt and eight partners—in the hills above Dumaguete. Ravenholt met me in the city when I arrived, at dusk, and after a good night's sleep at a small hotel we travelled sixty miles to the farm along a bumpy road in a rented jeepney (a jeep-jitney). The last twelve miles of this road had been laid out by Ravenholt in 1959, when the surrounding country was all wild cogon grass and was inhabited only by some fifty peasants, who scrabbled out a living by slash-and-burn methods. About five thousand small farmers have now settled along the built-up but still primitive route. The accomplishments of Ravenholt and his partners are in keeping with the highest aims and standards of the green revolution: using the best techniques known and the best scientific skills available, they have turned what was a large wasteland area into verdant farmland. As a result of applying the right fertilizers and providing constant irrigation obtained from three reservoirs they have built over the past fifteen years, they now have a farm that produces coconuts, rice, cacao, coffee, mangoes, and varieties of green vegetables; pigs, cattle, chickens, and ducks are also raised. Originally called the Philippine American Timber Company, the farm is now known as PATIC Agro Mineral Enterprises; part of the land "was taken by Imelda Marcos in the seventies, after she and her husband got wind of what we were doing," Ravenholt told me. "They flew over the place in a small plane to spy on us. We were planting thirty times as many trees as we were cutting, and they couldn't understand how we did it."

Eventually, the partners managed to lease back a small portion of the part of the farm that the Marcoses had grabbed, and they replanted it with trees like ipilipil, which provides crop nourishment by taking nitrogen from the air and fixing it in the soil, and also prevents erosion. Ravenholt is especially proud of his mangoes. "You need good tree crops for soil stability, and continuous production," he told me as we sat over lunch in a spacious two-story house he and his partners had built; one of them, a Filipino named Romeo Aranzazu, is general manager and lives there year-round. "If you build up the soil with nitrogen-fixing trees, and cut them back periodically, you can provide continuous nutrition, which will enable you to grow seventy-five thousand kilos of mango per hectare annually," Ravenholt explained. As we sat sipping cold drinks and nibbling on delicious fresh ackfruit, it all seemed too good to be true, and I suddenly wondered what sort of security Ravenholt and his partners had. He said that their work force, of between sixty and seventy-five families, had all been given their own plots to farm. "Some of them are undoubtedly N.P.A. members or sympathizers, and we know that the N.P.A. is all around us up here in the mountains," he said, pointing off to one side. "But we don't bother them, and they don't bother us. They know hat we're giving the people jobs and and, and that they can get all the food hey want here. As a matter of fact, he N.P.A. seems to regard us as a sort of rest camp. All this might change omeday, of course, but so far we've stablished an unspoken arrangement hat seems to work."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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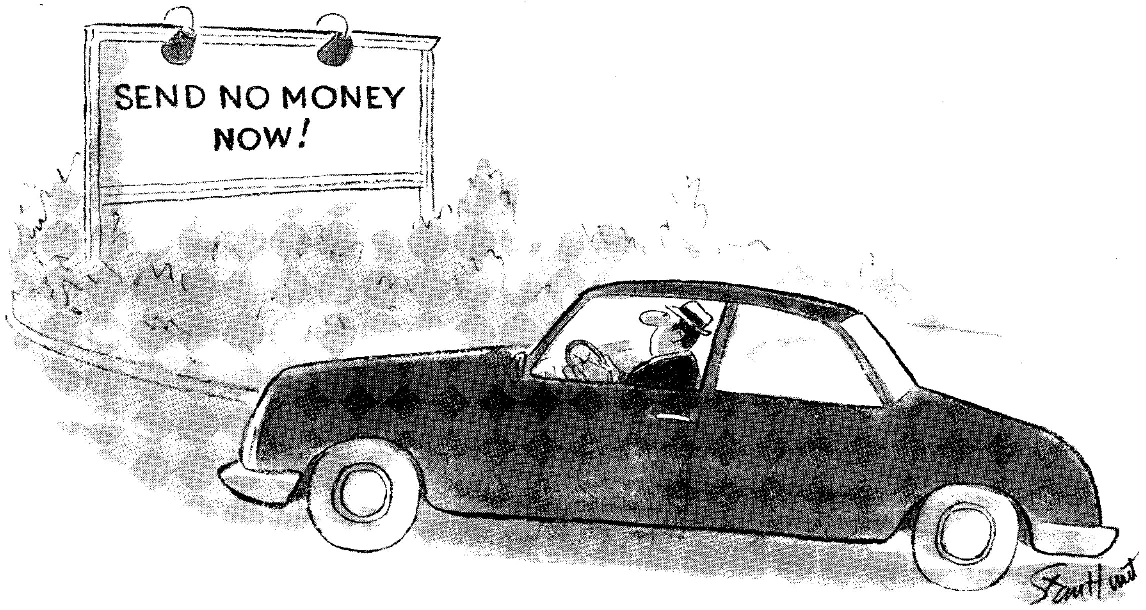
FIVE DAYS IN FINLAND AT THE AGE OF FIFTY-FIVE

As I get older, my childhood self becomes more accessible to me, but selectively, in images as stylized and suspect as moments remembered from a novel read years ago. In one of my first memories, I am lying on the floor reading newspaper headlines to my grandfather, who has been temporarily blinded by a cataract operation, and the cartoon on the editorial page shows a little fellow on skis defiantly standing up to a huge bear, who is wearing bandages and has the cartoon symbols signifying dizziness and pain scattered about his head. The bear is Russia, and this must be the Russo-Finnish "Winter War" of 1939-40, when I am seven. At some later moment in my childhood, I am pondering a photograph of Jean Sibelius, perhaps in *Life*. His head is spectacularly bald, whereas all the other composers I have seen depicted are very hairy. His eyes are shut, as if he were intently listening or were in pain, perhaps from the veins that stand out on his bald head. He lives in Finland, the caption tells me, among lakes and forests. Finland: a cold, shaggy place, far away. To me at that age the world is like a coloring book, full of outlined spaces. When one visits such a space, that colors it in.

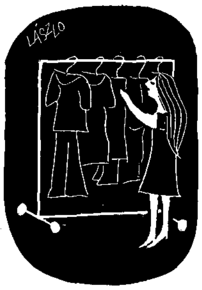
Though, by the age of fifty-five, I had been to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and, on the far side of Scandinavia, the Soviet Union, I had never been to Finland. All I had added to my images of Sibelius and Finnish valor was yards of splashy Marimekko fabric, with which my first wife had draped our windows and herself. Then an opportunity arose: I was asked to come to Sweden for a conference, and agreed if I could also spend five days in Finland, for fun. People seemed amused. Finland? A number of my professional acquaintances had attended conferences in Helsinki, much as they had in Tokyo, Aspen, and Atlantic City. Helsinki to them was a set of hotel rooms, a city without qualities.

But I take an interest in hotel rooms. To the man travelling alone, his hotel room, first entered in rumpled clothes, with a head light from sleeplessness, looms as the arena where he will suffer insomnia, constipation, loneliness, nightmares, and telephone calls; his room will become woven into the deeper, less comfortable self that travel uncovers. My room in Helsinki was shaped like a triangle with a tip cut off, and in the truncated corner was fitted a long wooden tray that would be my bed. Pieces of upright varnished wood were spaced about on the walls, notched as if for some utilitarian purpose but revealing to inspection no other purpose than to look Finnish. Wood, it seemed, was the Finnish look—wood, and a certain determined stylishness of design. The closet coat hangers were especially progressive—abstract sculptures of white plastic it took some practice to manipulate. One's hotel room is a place one is always trying to leave and yet always returning to. Staying in it, alone with the television set, seems cowardly and a waste of the airplane ticket, and yet leaving it—stepping into the long, windowless, carpeted hall, letting the door click shut as you tap your pocket to make sure the key is there—has a sadness, too: the sadness of rejecting a symbolic mother, a place that would serve as home.

It was raining when I arrived in Finland, in mid-August of what people told me had been the coldest and rainiest summer in a hundred years. I set out from the hotel room to walk around Helsinki, but the rain defeated me. I found a handsome esplanade, of unoccupied benches and tightly shut kiosks, but there was no place, at six o'clock on a Saturday evening, where I could buy an umbrella. In an American city, some capacious all-night drugstore would have had a basket of umbrellas tucked away over in a corner by the discounted bathing caps and welcome mats, or some boutique would have hungrily kept open an extra hour to catch the stray tourist, but here a grave mercantile decorum had shut up everything except for a bright-yellow *hamburgerrestaurant* called Clock. The Finns had umbrellas, most of them, and some even wore boots—ankle-high wading boots with pale soles—but others, the younger ones, walked along as if the rain were all in my mind. I ducked from doorway to doorway along the esplanade until I arrived at a harbor where a towering white ferryboat was slowly turning its stern upon the city and heading out through a misty maze of islands. Destinations that are not ours always seem romantic. I was in Finland, but was sitting on it like a raindrop that, unlike the drops on my scalp and raincoat, had not begun to soak in.



Next day, a Sunday, I took a train to Savonlinna, the heart of the region of lakes and forests. In the railroad station, a brilliant arcade of food shops contrasted with the abandoned gloom of most American terminals, and I attempted to start soaking into Finland by making a purchase. In a candy store I spotted a bag of what in England are called licorice all-sorts. I read on the label ENGLANNIN LAKRITSI; these words seemed within my capacity to pronounce, but the woman at the counter stared at me with alarmed incomprehension, and even my pointing gestures took her time to decipher. She counted out my change for me in a mincing, rebuking English. The Finnish language, a non-Indo-European tongue that is related to Hungarian and Estonian and has a number of minor variants like Karelian, Olonets, Lude, Vepse, and Vote, yields few clues to an American. As a focus of Finnish nationalism, maintained through centuries of domination by Sweden and, after 1809, Russia, it seems to resist loan words, though *apteekki* identifies an apothecary, *posti* a post office, *poliisi* the police, and *esplanadi* and *moottori* what you might imagine. *Postipankki* is a postal bank, but Päivärannan Ruusu is the name of a flower shop, and not a Russian restaurant. During the six-hour train ride to Savonlinna, I kept seeing on other railway cars "AIDS ON TAPPAVA TULIAINEN." I thought the first word could not be what it seemed, but it turned out that indeed the Finns had borrowed the English acronym and were publicizing a campaign against the disease. There is a certain bliss in being surrounded by a language that no one expects you to know. Nevertheless, it annoyed, and even frightened, me that for five days I was unable to recall so much as the word for "thank you," which is *kiitos*. The double "i" would come to mind, but the consonants kept scrambling.



Through the train windows, the Helsinki suburbs fell away, and lakes and forests began. Relatively few species dominated—Scotch pines, their trunks pinkish, as if rubbed raw, spruces, and white birch—with here and there silvery willows, twinkling aspens, rowan trees decked out in their bright-orange berries, and alders clogging the drainage ditches. The fields, irregular in shape, were all drained by ditches, and the stands of rye and wheat were partially flattened in ragged patches, as if by rambling dogfights. It seemed a restless, struggling agriculture: some fields were being reclaimed by the forest, and others had been recently cleared, with heaps of stumps left to dry and blanch in grisly bone-colored tangles. Muddy cabbage patches near the tracks flicked by, and towns assembled and dispersed. The traditional wooden architecture mingled vertical and horizontal boards in a way that looked faintly barbaric, like the hatching in a Steinberg drawing; the older houses showed a complex abundance of gables and dormers. These domestic fortresses, whose prominent double-casement windows implied winter's long siege, were roofed mostly with ridged tin, and sometimes with tile, rather than with the battened planks of earlier centuries. A picture-book farm whose manse and outbuildings bore matching red sides and minty-green roofs—Christmas colors—made me realize how few of these habitations could be called pretty. Like the Finns themselves, the houses seemed more sturdy than ornamental.

The landscape, with its rubbed-looking pines and low granite outcroppings, didn't much vary. Monotonous landscapes, perhaps, are the most penetrating, and inspire the most intense nostalgia: we love countries that dare to bore us. As the train looped north, it passed, I could see by the map, very close to the Russian border, but I failed to spot, above the bristling tree-line, the watchtowers I had been told were there. Lakes opened up on both sides of the tracks as we rolled along the famous, photogenic Punkaharju ridge—Finland's postcard icon, its Mt. Rushmore or Eiffel Tower. The morning's windy bits of blue sky had closed up and it was raining again, and the lake water looked black and bitter, slapping the embankment with little dirty waves. I still had no umbrella.

Savonlinna itself, where I found my hotel by crossing a narrow bridge in a drenching rain, had the wistful melancholy of a summer place out of season—empty balconies and outdoor tables, deserted docks and diving boards, boats moored in waterlogged rows. European vacation places always seem a bit slick and tinny to me, perhaps because they awaken no memories of childhood holidays. Yet, after eliciting tea from a waitress in the bar and letting my raincoat dry for an hour, I borrowed an umbrella at the hotel desk

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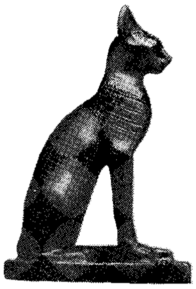

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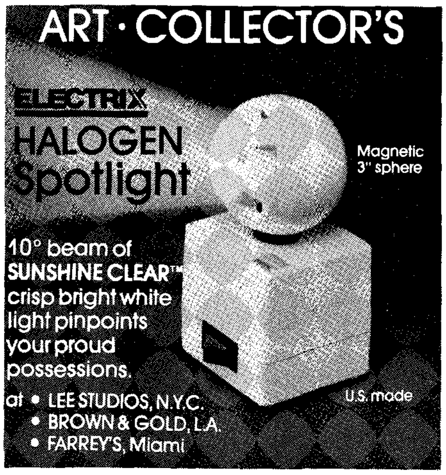

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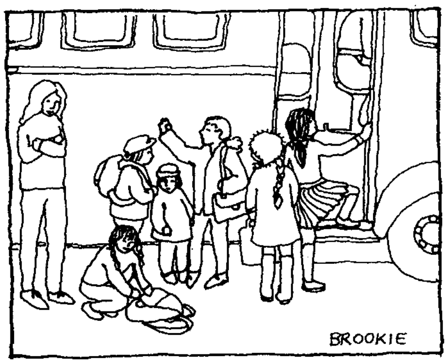
and set out to see what wet sights there were. It reminded me of, years ago, setting out up Wilshire Boulevard, in another Sunday twilight, to fulfill a lifelong ambition to view the La Brea Tar Pits. On the old Jack Benny program, they used to crack jokes about the tar pits, and though I was in Los Angeles for only a night, and had a worrisome toothache, I had waited much of my life for this opportunity. Oddly, though I could only peek through a fence, and a tar pit in the dark is not much to see, I was not disappointed. A sight is composed, in large part, of our desire to see it. And as we say on a golf course when it rains, "At least it's kept the crowds away."

Cozy beneath my borrowed umbrella and dizzy with jet lag, I walked along the lakeside, beneath dripping linden trees, past pastel holiday homes and shopwindows hopefully displaying images of bronzed beauties. A beach that in the tourist brochure I had studied had brimmed with basking flesh seemed in reality no bigger than a hall rug, set out to soak. Olavinlinna Castle, approached across a little bridge, where my umbrella nearly blew inside out, was closed—the floating walk to it was being rather gleefully tied up on the other side of a kind of moat—and a trio of German hikers clowned away their disappointment in the small green park on our side like sparrows frisking in a birdbath. But the civic museum nearby, surprisingly, was open. Our trips to Europe pay off in these unexpected admissions.

Within, it was dry, and dim, and almost deserted. On the first floor, primitive Finland explained itself in geological maps, neolithic artifacts, rock paintings done at heights that indicated shifting lake levels, agricultural tools of a touching cleverness and gawky beauty, a reconstructed peasant's house with one dummy in a rocking chair and another tucked asleep in a nook against the wide, whitewashed fireplace chimney. On the museum's second floor, a new exhibit revelled in the ingenuity with which Finland's proud and perennial harvest of trees was conducted: logs used to herd logs—logs lashed into chutes and bumpers and, when wide lake water was reached in the logs' watery descent toward the sawmill, into great floating corrals, pulled to the next river by oared or steam-driven boats. The chains of logs had been tied together with knotted withies, and snow as well as water had been used to skid the trees out. The tools of this epic labor—the axes and grapples, and the marking sledges that branded the logs like heads of cattle, the measuring callipers and primitive chain saws, and the files that restored the metal's virginal edge—composed that solidest type of poetry, the shapes of fact and necessity. The poetry sang without words to me, for the only words in English were "DON'T TOUCH THE OBJECTS, PLEASE," a command that in Finnish was even more forbidding: "NÄYTTELYESINEISIIN KOSKEMINEN KIELLETTY!"

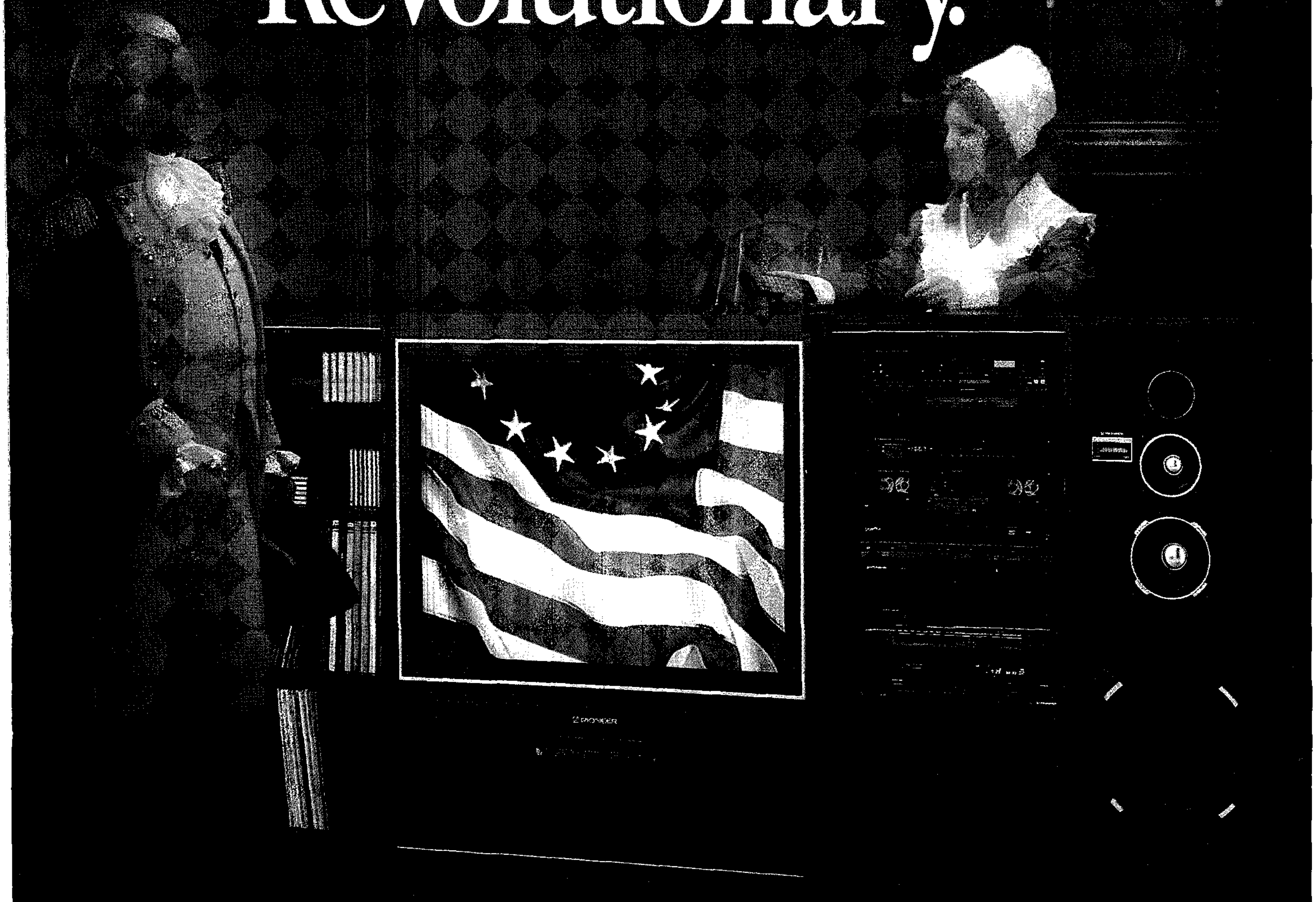
As if worn out by all this vicarious logging labor, I fell asleep easily after dinner in the hotel; but I awoke at two, and stayed awake until six, when it would have been eleven at night at home. The bone-deep self-estrangement of jet lag: is it for this racking existential confrontation that we travel? In the wrestle with insomnia, my heart felt stuffed with tremulous agitation, and my head seemed a bundle of electricity irrepressibly twitching my body. All the people of my life, from my eighty-three-year-old mother to my three-month-old grandson, passed through my consciousness in a murky, nebulous cloud of unfulfilled responsibility. Dread crystallized as a strange, periodic, unlocated clicking from the direction of the bathroom. The hotel room was paler and more modern than the one I had left in Helsinki and would return to, but the bed also suggested a tray—a tray on which I was being offered to Morpheus, who turned up his nose. In the vain effort to escape myself, I shifted the pillow and my head to the bed's other end, and then I stepped onto the balcony and gazed at the sleeping resort city. The names of hotels and stores were spelled in light, but nothing moved. Not even the clouds moved—yellowish layers of nimbus that seemed the hellish underside of some other realm. I had never before been—not in Leningrad, not in the Orkney Islands—this far north on the planet, and the arrangement of reservations and obligations whereby I would make my way home seemed impossibly rickety and precarious. The precariousness of being alive and human was no longer hidden from me by familiar surroundings and the rhythm of habit. I was fifty-five, ignorant, dying, and filling this bit of Finland with the smell of my stale sweat and insomniac fury.



But in the morning, a Monday morning, the stores were open. It was so blowy and cold the people in the market were wearing gloves and wool caps. For twenty Finnmarks—a bargain—I bought an umbrella from a girl in a market stall. "Cold," I said. She laughed: "Very cold!" The joys of exchange. Because it was so comically cold, I bought a hat and some candy along a street of stores that reminded me of one in a busy English tourist town, like Windsor—especially the sweetshop, down a few steps off the street, with candies and nuts loose in jars, and a bored girl weighing the purchases on a computerized scale. At times during the past two days, as when I watched a solemn Algerian documentary on television, or observed the elderly, slightly shabby Finns around me in the hotel, I had felt I was in a Socialist country—a relatively liberated one, like Yugoslavia—but Monday morning banished any doubt that consumerism reigned ir Finland. The department store, in its layout and contents, spelled out ar intelligible code, even to the word *kassa* for cashier; the language of buying and selling, of displays and price tickets and receipts and correc change, was one I could speak, though I couldn't manage to say *kiitos*. Th rain, once I had my umbrella in hand ceased to fall. Perhaps it *had* been al in my mind.

When I was back in the hotel room a newspaperwoman called, asking fo an interview, and this, too, like spending money, was familiar, friendly territory. I swapped an interview for a ride to Retretti, a partly subterranea art center twenty-three kilometre away. Vast underground caverns ha been blasted out of the bedrock a fev years ago by a young entrepreneur Pekka Hyvärinen, to serve as art galleries, a concert hall, a restaurant, an a night club. It was hard for me t believe that the excavations hadn't already been there, carved for some governmental purpose like the storage c armaments or of nuclear wastes. Bu

Not Evolutionary, Revolutionary.



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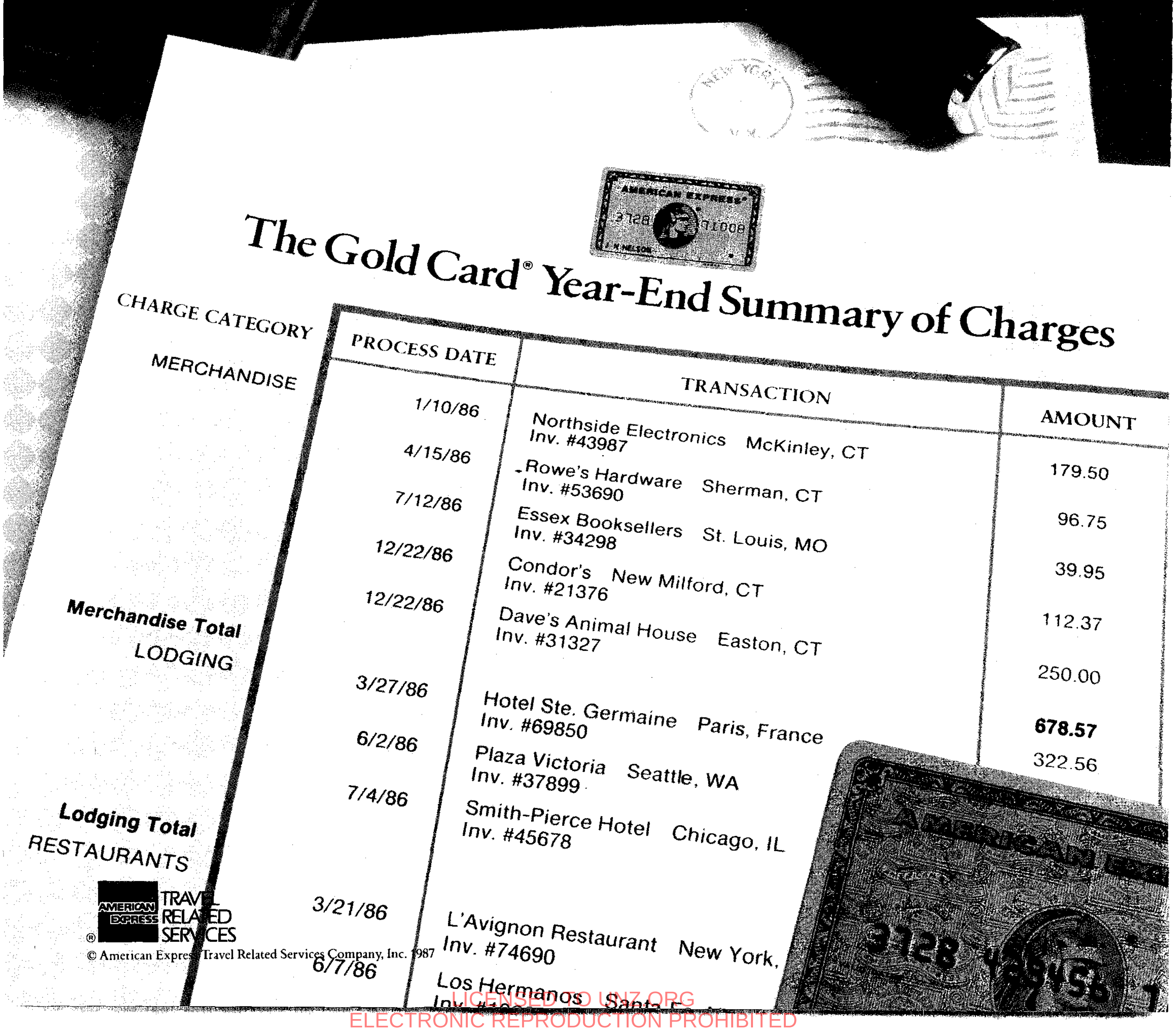

The Gold Card® Year-End Summary of Charges

CHARGE CATEGORY	PROCESS DATE	TRANSACTION	AMOUNT
MERCHANDISE	1/10/86	Northside Electronics McKinley, CT Inv. #43987	179.50
	4/15/86	Rowe's Hardware Sherman, CT Inv. #53690	96.75
	7/12/86	Essex Booksellers St. Louis, MO Inv. #34298	39.95
	12/22/86	Condor's New Milford, CT Inv. #21376	112.37
	12/22/86	Dave's Animal House Easton, CT Inv. #31327	250.00
Merchandise Total			**678.57**
LODGING	3/27/86	Hotel Ste. Germaine Paris, France Inv. #69850	322.56
	6/2/86	Plaza Victoria Seattle, WA Inv. #37899	
	7/4/86	Smith-Pierce Hotel Chicago, IL Inv. #45678	
Lodging Total			
RESTAURANTS	3/21/86	L'Avignon Restaurant New York, Inv. #74690	
	6/7/86	Los Hermanos Santa	

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no Finn I talked to admitted that this was the case. Finns seem to cherish the aesthetic uses of dynamite: one of the few sights I was taken to after I returned to Helsinki was the Temppeliaukio Church, a large, round church blasted out of rock in 1969, and capped with a skyey roof suggesting a hovering spaceship. In the towering, dripping Retretti caves, chunks and hardened pud-dles of glass, by Timo Sarpaneva, were displayed. I ascended from this min-eral world into miles of Surreal art, hung in a huge shed. Surrealism, I began o feel, had only two ideas, blasphemy and pornography. Outdoors, lumps of cracked stone and grassed-over earth, by Olavi Lanu, defied recognition as sculp-ure.

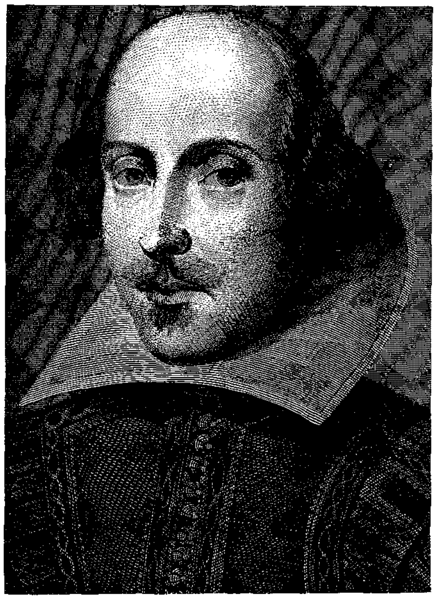
"But please feel free to correct me. I really do hate to be always right."

• •

RETRETTI boasts of being the largest art enter in Finland, and it was certainly too large for me. Not many miles away, t Kerimäki, stands the argest wooden church in he world. I did not visit it. In Helsin-i, however, I did visit what was al-leged to be the largest bookstore in Europe, the Akateeminen Kirjakaup-a. This yen for largeness may be a mark of young countries; Finland chieved national independence only n 1917. I was assured that other coun-ries consider Finland "the America of Europe." I suppressed my incredulity: he Minnesota of Europe, at most. But he Finns are proud of the indepen-ence they managed to salvage from wo world wars fought on the losing de, and of the enterprise that has nabled them to exploit to their eco-omic advantage their potentially op-ressive closeness to Russia. More than nce, I heard the joke that Finland eats the Soviet Union as its colony—nporting raw materials (oil and nat-ral gas, above all) and exporting manufactured goods. But the Soviets, I was also told, are beginning to want ot Finnish shoes but Italian shoes, nd the Finns must improve their rade relations with Western Europe n order to preserve the prosperity that heir endless forests and their special Russian connection have given them since the war. They hope, specifically, that the Soviets will build a highway south from Leningrad to Poland, which would enable the Finns to drive their cars and trucks into Europe instead of, as now, shipping them by ferry across the Baltic to Sweden, driving them across Sweden, and ferrying them again to the European mainland.

Helsinki is a handsome city—not playful, like Copenhagen, or elegant, like Stockholm, or crabbedly picturesque, like Oslo, but with a certain sombre, massy grandeur in its center and a fragrant woodsy looseness in its parks and suburbs. I was taken to one of its four "tourist islands," Seurasaari, where antique buildings from all over Finland have been assembled, so that one can experience here the space and the furniture, and even the aromas, of a village parsonage, a sod-roofed hut from Lapland, and a low-ceilinged farmhouse from the time of Napoleon. It was Napoleon who, to bring pressure on Sweden, persuaded the czar to annex Finland. Down near the South Harbor stand the prodigious Russian Orthodox Cathedral and, at the top of the St. Petersburg-like Senate Square, the pale-gray Lutheran Cathedral. This square, rimmed by Italianate Empire façades housing government, university, and police offices, has in its center one of the few statues of a czar left standing anywhere in the world—of Alexander II, whose government granted Finland, organized as a grand duchy, with its own language and institutions, more autonomy than had the Swedes. When, in 1917, the czarist regime in Russia collapsed, the Finnish Parliament declared first limited and then total independence. In the course of a brief but bloody civil war between Reds and Whites, the Germans came in to help drive the Russians out. After the Winter War, Finland was dragged into the Second World War as a reluctant co-belligerent with the Germans; in 1944, as part of the terms of their separate truce with the Russians, the Finns were compelled to drive the Germans out, and they did, from Lapland into Nazi-occupied Norway. Such are the shifts of keeping intact a small nation among mighty ones.

It is a fashion now in Scandinavian



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It may just be the factor that decides whether this year's sales goals are to be or not to be.

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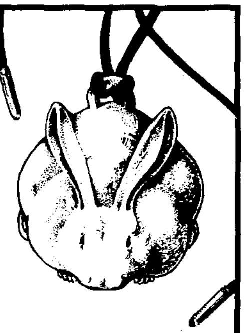
countries for blond girls to dye their hair shoe-polish black and to dress in black jumpsuits, so that they suggest lissome trolls. Punk goes well with the mischievous Finnish looks. The English language sweeps in all day long as English and American rock throbs over the radio and from restaurant walls, and as American television serials play, with subtitles, on state-run Finnish television. Whatever the makers of "Dallas" and "Dynasty" and "Falcon Crest" intended, it was probably not to give English lessons to millions of European children. This is, however, what such programs do. With a Swedish-speaking minority of about six per cent, Finland is officially a bilingual country, and has signs in two languages, as Canada does, yet in its schools English has thumpingly replaced Swedish as the second language of choice. My Finnish publisher, Matti Snell, who knows Swedish as well as English and Russian and French and German, lamented to me that younger Finns can talk to the Swedes only in English, and that Finland is generally losing its old cultural contacts with the Continent as the electronic winds blow in from London and Los Angeles. Three-quarters of the books used by college students are in English, and four-fifths of all works translated are American or English titles. American-style football, even, has caught on here, and the Finns were hosts of the European championships at the time of my five-day visit.

ON my last night, I was free in Helsinki, and took a looping trolley-car ride that my guidebook had recommended. In my Finnish hat I sat disguised as a workaday passenger and let the city glide by. Some of the neighborhoods looked rather sullen, architecturally, but none looked poor, and there were streets that still had wooden houses, in the complicated gabled style. The trolley passed the stadium for the 1952 Olympic Games, its entrance marked by a quite naked statue of the other Finn (besides Sibelius) who won global name recognition, the great runner Paavo Nurmi. I had read in my guidebook about Finnish drunkenness but in fact had seen only sobriety. Now onto the trolley car unsteadily climbed a number of men who, in response to the white summer nights or the gray winter days, to Russian fallout or American popular culture, were taking the alcohol cure, and they sat with the stillness of those



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who, like pregnant women, are holding a wondrous world inside themselves. A dating couple side by side across the aisle, in a fine sweat already, took alternating pulls at a beer bottle, and the girl began to roll a cigarette. "All You Need Is Love," said the marquee of the Svenska Teatern, the Swedish Theatre. On the façade of the railroad terminal four stone giants held globular lamps in two stone hands each. I was back in the middle of town.

Almost at home in Helsinki, I went, at last, to the *hamburgerrestaurant* and, surrounded by denim-clad patrons less than half my age, watched Finland get beaten by West Germany in American-style football. It looked much like the real thing, even to zoom shots of the frowning Finnish coaches, both black Americans; but the European players had a disconcerting way of carrying the ball in two hands, like the statues on the railroad terminal, and swinging it daintily back and forth as they ran. They seemed lighter and bouncier than their American counterparts, so that long unimpeded runs occurred, on a somehow more spacious field. They hadn't yet learned how to invest the game with our lumbering passion.

I had been warned that the Finns put ground-up fish in their hamburgers, but mine, under its burden of obligatory condiments, tasted remarkably like those being served up four housand miles away. The planet Earth is like our allotted span of life—ample but finite. Seven continents, even decades. As a child, I used to wonder whether or not I would live to he year 2000. It seemed incredibly far away. Now, here in Finland, I sat white-haired among unintelligibly hatting teen-agers who had every expectation of entering the twenty-first entury. I was happy in their comany. The two national treats that ourists are expected to savor—taking sauna and eating reindeer meat—I ad managed to avoid, but I had surived my nights in hotel rooms, and I ad brought sunlight to this waterogged land by the simple act of buyng an umbrella. I had seen the lakes nd forests. I had filled in another lank space in the coloring book of the world.

—John Updike

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DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

[*From USA Weekend*]

Much of Elvis' appeal, Vester says, is ue to the fact that he was "a poor boy ho made well."

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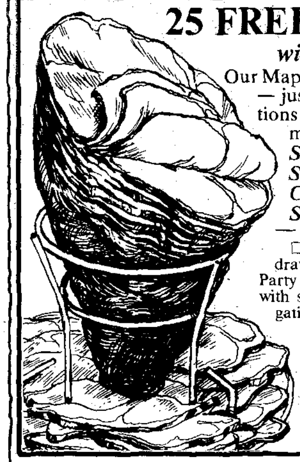

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BOOKS

Stevie Smith

SOME would say that Stevie Smith was as daft as a brush. Others would say that she was pretty much of a bitch. Calling her mad was always the best way to get out of admitting that she could be cruel, just as calling her naïve was always the best way to get out of admitting that her poetry made almost everybody else's sound overwrought. It was an effect she intended, and was not above occasionally crowing about:

> Many of the English,
> The intelligent English,
> Of the Arts, the Professions
> and the Upper Middle Classes,
> Are under-cover men,
> But what is under the cover
> (That was original)
> Died . . .

Few people except the Queen, who gave her a medal and asked her to tea, were brave enough to let on in public that Stevie Smith's poetry was the kind they liked best because it didn't sound like poetry at all. In private, however, she always had a following, which in her later years grew to embrace a large minority of Britain's intelligent readers, so that she became something of a living treasure. Sir John Betjeman was more widely loved—he was more lovable—but the more bookish were proud of Stevie as the British sometimes are of an old concrete pillbox that is allowed to go on disfiguring an otherwise perfect cow pasture because it reminds them of a time when they felt united:

> Perhaps England our darling will
> recover her lost thought
> We must think sensibly about our
> victory and not be distraught,
> Perhaps America will have an idea,
> and perhaps not.

She fitted in by not fitting in at all. Least of all did she fit into modern literary history, and that is probably why there has always been a certain amount of interest in her across the Atlantic from where she lived and wrote. Some of the brighter young American academics, hankering for a less deterministic version of their subject, would like to see it refocussed on the individual talent. A more individual talent than Stevie Smith's you don't get.

"And the lighting. Candle, incandescent, neon, or house?"

THIS excellent biography—"Stevie: A Biography of Stevie Smith," by Jack Barbera and William McBrien (Oxford; $24.95)—originated in the United States. Its authors cherish Stevie in the same intense way as those American liberal-arts professors on sabbatical leave who, having booked into a different West End theatrical production every night, end up, sometimes at the expense of their judgment, more in love with London than anyone who lives there could ever be. But the tireless Messrs. Barbera and McBrien—they even sound like a pair of sleuths—have cracked the case. They have fallen all the way for Stevie's marvellous spontaneity without being seduced by that little-girl act of hers or overawed by the ostentatiously suicidal Weltschmerz that for most of her long adult life made it seem unlikely she would get through another day without trying to end it all under a bus. To what degree her naïveté was false and her vulnerability tougher *au fond* than an old boo will remain conjectural, although nobody from now on will want to conjecture without adducing at least some o the evidence that Barbera and McBrien so meticulously provide. Bu there cannot now be, if there ever was any doubt about her poetry. It wa never naïve and seldom out of control Stevie Smith was an artist of the utmost sophistication, pursuing the classic course of returning to simplicit through refinement, calculating he linguistic effects with such precisio that they sound as innocently commanding as a baby's cry in the night:

> Nobody heard him, the dead man,
> But still he lay moaning:
> I was much further out than you
> thought
> And not waving but drowning.

Stevie spent most of her almos seventy years looking after her aunt i Palmer's Green, which in the cours of time graduated from being nea London to being well inside it bu without getting any closer to the center of the literary action. She woul journey in by public transport to he stuffy job as secretary to a publishe and, at the end of a tiresome day, journey back out again. Weekends i the country—she had Rilke's knac for securing invitations, although nothing like his punctilio as a guest—provided what little adventure she ever knew. Her prewar "Novel on Yellow Paper" (an unforgettable work that has nevertheless needed to be rediscovered several times since the day it was first greeted, correctly, as a masterpiece) contains most of whatever had happened to her up until then, and altogether too much of what had happened to her friends, some of whom never forgave her for putting embarrassing facts unaltered into her fiction. She had been to Germany and found out something about it, although not enough to help her realize that the old-style anti-Semitism of Hilaire Belloc had irrevocably lost whatever charm it had ever had. For a while, she was fashionable, but she did not live fashionably. On those smart country weekends her only function was that of spare wheel. Her sexuality was either infantile or uncommonly well hidden for someone who made a practice of saying unfortunate things. What she really knew about was books.

She read prodigiously, absorbing the whole of English poetry right down to he level of its technique. At school, he had been obliged to get poems by eart. Sayability was her criterion, ven during the ten years it took her to ind her own voice. After she found it, he never wrote a line that could not e read aloud by a bright child. No hild, though, has ever had her range f allusion. In "Novel on Yellow Paer" the narrator—called Pompey but therwise indistinguishable from the ctual Stevie—wonders whether she as read too much. Stevie probably did ead too much for her own happiness, ut for her poetry the result was a well f association sunk through centuries. he also read a great deal outside English, particularly in French, and esecially Racine, whose decorous example helped inspire the finely calibrated lay of tone which permitted her to un wild in an ordered manner. A line f hers may look as shapeless as a oldall but it can take a long time to npack:

> Come death, you know you must come
> when you're called
> Although you're a god.

t is meant to be Dido speaking, but ou can't, and aren't meant to, read e words "Come death" without inking of the song "Come away, ome away, death" in "Twelfth ight." On the page opposite "Dido's arewell to Aeneas" in the "Collected

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"Perhaps Mrs. Yglesias' best book."
—COLIN WALTERS,
The Washington Times Magazine

THE SAVIORS
A NOVEL BY HELEN YGLESIAS

Jacket design: © Louise Noble 1987

"[Yglesias] traces the trajectory of a woman who has embraced the familiar causes of the radical political movements of the last half-century, and examines, with skill and irony, the borderline between idealists and charlatans."
—TONY TALBOT, New York Times Book Review

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Poems" (Oxford, 1976), the first line of "Childe Rolandine" shows how the frame she constructed for her seemingly primitive pictures was, in the strict sense, a frame of reference:

> Dark was the day for Childe Rolandine the
>   artist
> When she went to work as a secretary-
>   typist. . . .

It was a dark tower to which Shakespeare's—and, later, Browning's—Childe Roland heroically came. Stevie, unheroically rotting behind a secretarial desk, has found a way to raise her lament beyond the personal. In this borrowed poetic context, a prosaic complaint brings the reader bang up to date:

> It is the privilege of the rich
> To waste the time of the poor . . .

Throughout her work, free-verse poems alternate with more formal compositions, but the free verse always gestures toward form and the forms always wander off. She strove industriously to make it look as if she didn't quite know what she was doing. She knew exactly. Her poetry has the vivid appeal of the Douanier Rousseau's pictures or Mussorgsky's music, but where they lacked schooling she only pretended to lack it. Closer analogies would be with Picasso painting clowns or Stravinsky writing ballets. She knew everything about how poetry had sounded in the past, and could assemble echoes with the assurance of any other modern artist. Clearly, her historicism was, in her own mind, the enabling justification for plain utterance. How the two things were technically connected is more problematic. When she uses the cadences of the Bible to promote her atheism, the trick is obvious, but often the most an admiring reader can do is ruefully admit that she somehow reminds him of every poet since Chaucer while speaking so naturally that she might be just coming round from a general anesthetic.

"Not waving but drowning" was, and remains, her most famous line. No doubt the Queen asked her about it while pouring the tea. After a long time in critical oblivion, Stevie returned to ex-cathedra applause in the sixties, both as a poet and as a performer. But the pundits were outshouted by the public. Her little-girl act was a big hit on the stage, where, once again, she knew precisely what she was up to. At any poetry reading in which she participated, she was the undisputed star turn. Not drowning but waving, she took her curtain calls like Joan Sutherland. Yet there is no reason to doubt that her life was desperate to the end:

> Why do I think of Death as a
>   friend?
> It is because he is a scatterer
> He scatters the human frame
> The nerviness and the great pain
> Throws it on the fresh fresh air
> And now it is nowhere
> Only sweet Death does this . . .

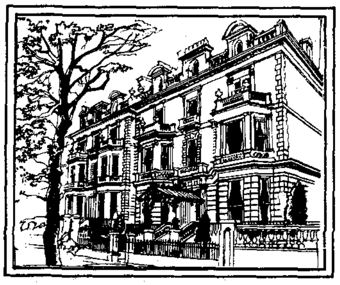
Her poems, if they were pills to purge melancholy, did not work for her. The best of them, however, work like charms for everyone else. Barbera and McBrien were right to go in search of her. It was worth the legwork and the long stakeout. Stevie Smith is a rare bird, a Maltese falcon. English literature in the modern age, crushed by the amount of official attention paid to it, needs her strangeness, the throwaway artistry that takes every trick, the technique there is no point in analyzing because you would have to go on analyzing it forever. In life, she could be a pain in the neck even to those who loved her. Her selfishness was a trial. She would heist the salmon out of the sandwiches and leave the bread to be eaten by others. Even in her work, she can be so fey that the skin crawls. But when she is in form she can deconstruct literature in the only way that counts—by constructing something that feels as if it had just flown together, except you can't take it apart. —CLIVE JAMES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ILLUMINATION NIGHT, by Alice Hoffman (Putnam; $18.95). A marvellous novel, set on Martha's Vineyard. There are two heroes: an extra-small four-year-old and an extra-tall twenty-four-year-old There are at least three heroines the most important being the four-year-old's teen-age babysitter, temporarily living next door, whose bedtime stories about a local gian lead him to learn too much too soon about death. The story spans two celebrations of Illumination Night a midsummer rite featuring a firefly-like light show, but the story' spirit is conveyed better by the dus jacket's haunting illustration: a basket of eggs, brushed by pale-blue moonlight, resting at the top of short flight of weathered steps.

THE ABIDING GOSPEL OF CLAUDE DEE MORAN, JR., by Jack Farri (St. Luke's; $14.95). Mr. Farris i



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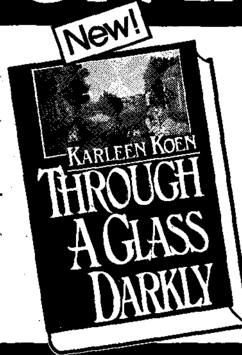

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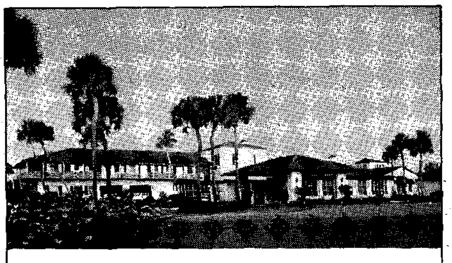
the author of the widely admired "Me and Gallagher" (1982), and this, his first novel since, is also much to be admired. Claude Dee tells us in his Arkansas-country-boy tongue how he served four years and some months in Pordell prison for shooting his best friend when he returned home from squirrel hunting earlier than expected and found him in bed with his wife, how he took to reading the Bible at Pordell, how he came out with a call to be a revivalist preacher ("Sin ain't nothing but Satan rolling seven") with the help of a runaway tomboy and an old friend, how that didn't work out, how he moved on to become a town marshal and failed at that, and ended up, through the kindness of his heart, back at Pordell. Claude Dee and the girl (called Henry) and all the rest are strange but real, and Mr. Farris knows everything there is to know about small-town Arkansas and its vernacular.

BRENDAN, by Frederick Buechner (Atheneum; $17.95). St. Brendan, born near Ireland's west coast in 484, earned the sobriquet "the Navigator" in the course of his ninety-four years. Mr. Buechner, whose sources run from the tenth to the twentieth centuries, has Brendan sailing by chance to Newfoundland and Florida, and visiting King Arthur in Wales. This enchanting first-person narrative, which alternates between Brendan's words and those of a sidekick named Finn, conveys the old faith's animistic wonder and the new faith's emphasis on mercy and grace. Passages in Brendan's log recall Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry ("Stump-tail fulmars follow us in hope of slops;" "Even middling waves loom over us like blue downs"), while Finn's log sometimes recalls James Stephens' prose. Even as Finn admires Brendan's spirit, he hints at homesickness, picturing whales as "old milkers in a blue meadow."

GENERAL

THE RUSSIAN ALBUM, by Michael Ignatieff (Viking; $18.95). An oft-told tale beautifully retold in this family memoir of the Russian nobility. The book centers on the author's grandfather, Count Paul Ignatieff, who was a liberal, reform-minded Minister of Education in Czar Nicholas II's last Cabinet, and his grandmother, née Princess Natasha Mestchersky. Count Paul



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fell victim to an incapacitating nervous depression at the very time the Bolsheviks were lighting fires all over Russia, and the Ignatieffs' flight from the country with their five sons was improvised and managed in large part by the mother and the boys' English nanny. The family found haven in England, and afterward in Canada—where, in a tiny garden, the old Count raised kohlrabi and beetroot. The author, a historian and television scriptwriter living in England, has recaptured, with the aid of his grandparents' unpublished memoirs and the reminiscences of his father and uncles, the last years of imperial privilege in feudal Russia, and the cataclysm of revolution that cut him off from his roots, and has done so in a way that avoids clichés. More than that, his book is a reflective essay on the harsh fact of permanent exile. Photographs.

THE COURT AND THE CONSTITUTION, by Archibald Cox (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). A history of American constitutional law written for the educated layman. Professor Cox generally traces issues in chronological order, starting from John Marshall's assertion, in Marbury v. Madison, of the Supreme Court's power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. He demonstrates a remarkable gift for putting himself—and his readers—into the minds of American jurists of bygone eras to clarify the reasons that our constitutional law has evolved as it has. We come to appreciate that although our government and legal system have not always responded swiftly to growth and change, they have provided continuity and, sooner or later, have reflected the moral and economic development of the nation. The book benefits from the author's recollection of his own public service.

MARILYN MONROE: AN APPRECIATION, by Eve Arnold (Knopf; $30). The life of Marilyn Monroe, says this distinguished photographer, "reads like a fairy tale fashioned by publicists and promoters"—but, she adds, "with help from the lady herself." And no aspect of the construct, Miss Arnold suggests, was more important than Monroe's pursuit of the still camera. She had an instinct for the camera, and always seemed to know how best to present herself when the lens was focussed on her, even casually or from a distance. This is the record, in pictures (both black-and-white and color) and prose, of six photo sessions the author had with the star over a ten-year period. Some were one-afternoon affairs, but the longest, and most rewarding, stretched over two months, when Miss Arnold was assigned to cover the making of "The Misfits." The photographs taken on the lot of this movie are poignant and revealing, as are Miss Arnold's memories of Monroe's shifting moods.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BERKUT, by Joseph Heywood (Random House; $18.95). Adolf Hitler, aided by two S.S. desperadoes, escapes the Berlin bunker, leaving a dead double behind to fool the world. The Russians are suspicious, and Stalin sends in a team to determine what really happened and, if Hitler is still alive, to track him down and capture him. The ensuing chase wanders through a good deal of Germany and northern Italy, with side excursions to Moscow and Switzerland. Mr. Heywood's Nazi escape plan is almost a ingenious as his Soviet trackers are and his research is both meticulou and exhaustingly detailed. It is long and complicated pursuit, derailed from time to time by a subplo involving an American O.S.S. agen who blunders into the middle o things.

STRAY CAT, by Don Matheson (Summit; $15.95). Charlie Gamble, former computer salesman wh achieved a comfortable nest egg b way of some perfectly legal blackmail, lives contentedly alone on three-hundred-thousand-dollar sail boat in a Boston Harbor marina until he takes in a beautiful stray c named Rosemary Marlette, who arrives at his slip in a red Ferrar Rosy, it turns out, has been supporting herself pretty well by accepting gifts of expensive jewelry fro admirers. Then one of the admire turns nasty, and a series of serious troubles comes down on Charli and Rosy. This is a first novel to b enjoyed.

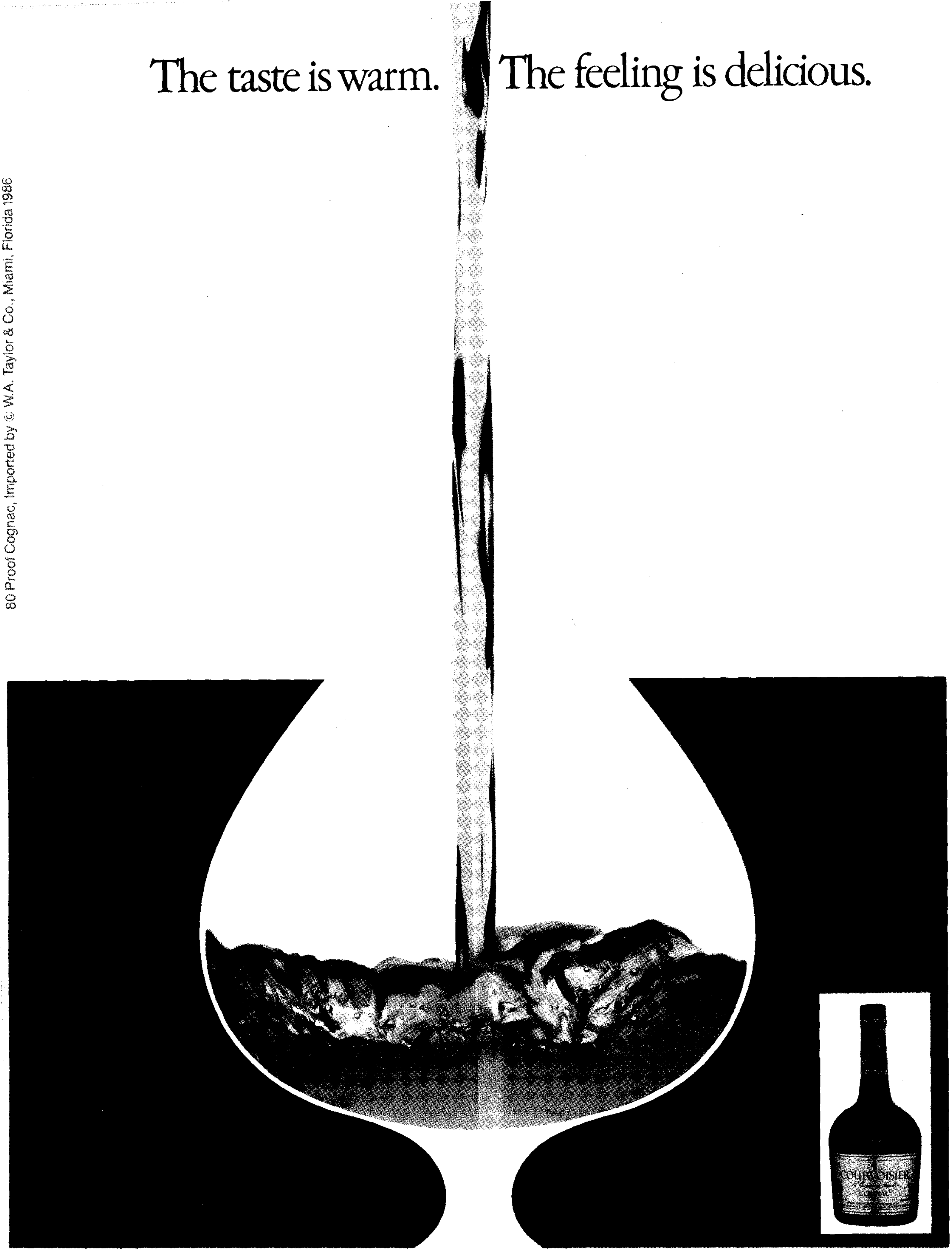
•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Atlanta Journal & Constitutio*

"Death is the ultimate negative patie health outcome," said William L. Rope director of the Health Care Financing A ministration (HCFA), which administe Medicare.

The taste is warm. The feeling is delicious.



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